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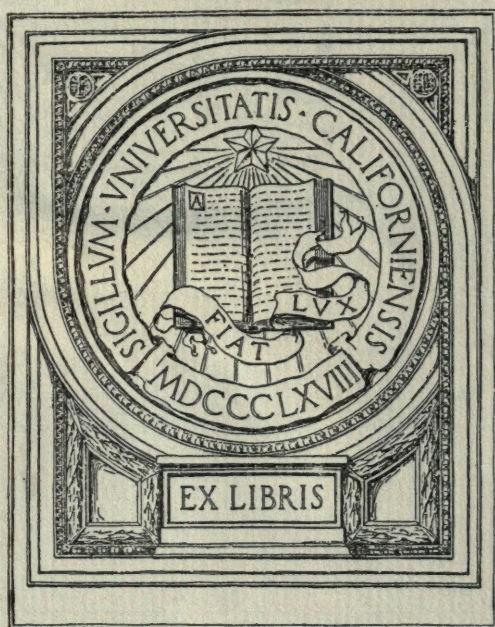
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CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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Out West

A MAGAZINE OF
The Old Pacific and the New

EDITED BY
Chas. F. Lummis
AND
Charles Amadon Moody

VOLUME XXX
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1909



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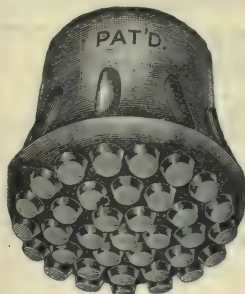
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THE OLD WATER WHEEL, AT SILVERTHORN'S FERRY, SHASTA COUNTY

These wheels were used by the 'Forty-niners to raise water for ground-sluicing; they are now used to lift the water into irrigating ditches.



Vol. XXX. No. 1

JANUARY, 1909

'IN THE LAND OF THE 'FORTY-NINERS

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

II.



F the brave, splendid, careless, gold-threaded story of Old California is ever told in full there will be a laugh and a sob on every page and the spirit of quenchless youth and big adventure in every line. There are men yet who remember, men who were part of it all, and who know how lean the fullest record is and how wide astray the ideas of a later generation can go.

One of these "comrades of Jason" sat under an apple-tree in his orchard, and recalled the days of his youth. The sunlight glistened on his white head and on the piles of yellow fruit; the lusty young trees that his old hands had planted when the wander-days were over were rooted down into gravel that had once been "pay dirt," and the half-obliterated mark of long-abandoned sluice-ways scarred the slope outside the fences and ran down to the creek below in weed-grown drifts of tailings.

The pine-cloaked hills were streaked with abrupt red banks and bluffs and deep-guttered gulches, the track of his gold-seeking and that of his comrades; and down across the basin and out among the hills wound the wagon-road he had builded when the building was called an impossible venture. Now camp after camp through the tangled mountain ranges were bound together and tied to the world outside by trails of his surveying, and the "giants" of a new day in mining gnawed their way into the hills by force of the water whose first track down from the distant cañons he had marked and builded.

His tall, broad-shouldered body still held the poise of some great pine, which storms may beat over and years ripen to grayness, but which not storm nor years can rob of a primeval kingliness. The keen, wise, kindly old face was like a time-mellowed parchment on which the record of a heroic era had been written. There were indeed "giants in those days," and the very wilderness must have felt them worthy comrades.

"It makes me laugh," he said, "to see the sort of pictures that artists draw when they want to illustrate a story of early mining days here in California. They make the 'Forty-niners old men, bearded and wrinkled, and dressed like dime-novel heroes. Why, we were just boys, most of us, and trousers patched with flour-sacks were more common than red sashes and fancy-buttoned coats. I remember we paid thirty dollars a pair for heavy cow-hide boots to wear in the ground sluices—that was before rubber boots came along.

"The oldest man in camp here in Weaverville was short of thirty, but we called him 'the Old Man,' and one of my pardners never had any name but 'Empire Mills,' because that was the brand on the flour-sack he happened to reseal his breeches with.

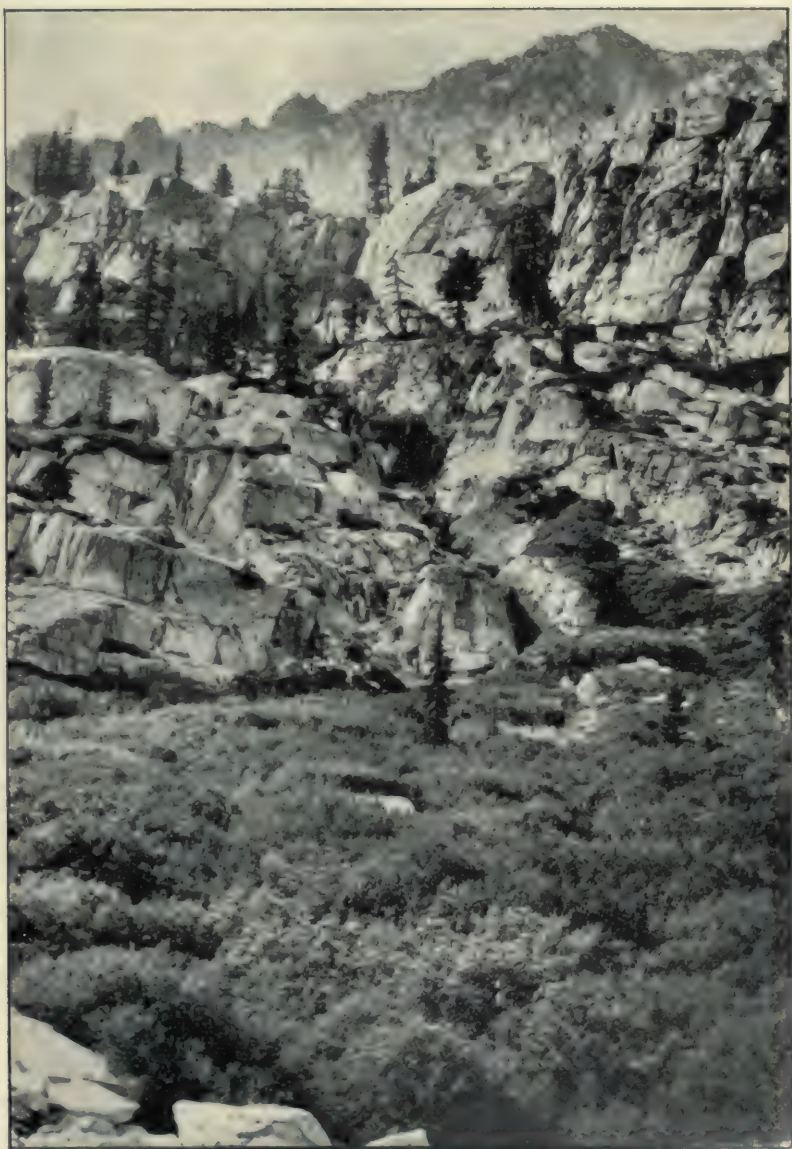
"We were just a lot of rip-roaring young farmer-boys turned loose in a country where we expected to shovel up gold like corn at home. We didn't come to California to stay—we didn't think it was a white man's country anyway. Every one of us expected to wash out a peck measure of nuggets, and go back home. We used to say that the best thing Uncle Sam could do was to dig out all the gold and give the country back to the Mexicans.

"Some of us had seen lively times getting across the plains. I had walked most of the way myself, and dodged Indians and Mormons; the Saints had it in for me and a lot more of the Gentiles, and they would have paid us off in lead if they could have got the chance. I got to California in time to be a 'Forty-niner, and in May of 'Fifty I was camped down below town on Weaver creek with three pardners.

"The placers on Trinity river had been discovered the year before, but we thought we were the first prospectors on Weaver creek that spring. We made a temporary camp, and were turning the water along a little island to get at the channel and see if it would pay. Grub wasn't any too plenty, for we had packed all we had over from Redding Springs—it's Shasta now. We didn't want to cook dinner, but we knocked off for a lunch of sardines and ship-biscuit.

"When we went back to work, the water was muddy—and that meant somebody at work up stream. I took one man and went up the creek to the hills and turned across right toward where the town is now. Crossing Blue Gulch, we came on an old sailor who was rocking gravel in a log that he had hollowed out—just shaking the log and letting the mud run off and scooping up the gold out of the bottom.

"The old fellow took us for Indians for a minute, and was ready to make a run for the brush—the Diggers were thick here then and on the watch for any stray miner—but I called down and asked



HEAD OF STUART'S FORK

Lake Diamond lies on the second terrace of the cliff—a tiny glacial lake held in a cup of ice-carved granite.

him if there was gold where he was at work. He said he had got all he wanted and was going out, and that the whole gulch was good.

"I asked him where we could stake a claim, and he said 'anywhere,' but he offered me his claim for four ounces of dust. I paid him four Spanish doubloons worth sixteen dollars each, the same value as an ounce of dust, and sent him with my pardner to bring up the men and outfit from down the creek and make a permanent camp. I loaded up the log, and before they got back I had rocked out more than enough dust to pay for the claim.

"The old sailor got busy cutting a canvas shirt into pockets, and sewing them on a sort of waist-belt and harness to go over his



NORTH FORK OF TRINITY RIVER

Showing worked-out placer banks. This stream yielded much gold, and is still washed in a small way.

shoulders. The next day, when it was done, he uncovered a pile of gold hidden under the leaves and had nearly enough to fill the pockets, about all he could walk with, and he struck out across the mountains and we never heard of him again.

"We worked the gulch till summer, when the water gave out and five of us took an outfit and went over into the wild country to the north. Nobody knew what was there, but we expected to strike rich ground somewhere. We discovered the Salmon river and good diggings, but we had to go to Redding Springs again for tools and grub for the fall work, and when we got back we found a lot of people had followed our trail and located the best ground on the river.

"That was always the way—a few daring men struck out into

the wilderness and a lot of people hanging around the towns and camps waiting for news of a strike would stampede along their trail and locate everything in sight. The men who found the best diggings never got the most gold. They were too restless—they always had to go on over the next range and see what was there. Some plug who could sit on one rock all day came along and made the clean-up.

"We were disgusted and made up our minds to go on further north, but we couldn't move without being watched and followed. Everyone was dead sure we knew of something rich and were trying to sneak off and work it on the sly. One day we loaded our mules and started off up a steep mountain-side without a sign



A WATER-STORAGE PROJECT ON A GLACIAL LAKE

of a trail. As we got up higher it was about like looking down the roof of a house, and by noon the whole mountain was covered with men following us.

"It was a warm summer day and no water except what we carried in our canteens, and that was soon gone. Some of the men behind us didn't have that much, they had started in such a hurry. I never saw such suffering from thirst and heat, and some of the men gave out entirely and crawled under the brush too weak to go on or back.

"At night our party left the mules and outfit on top of the mountain and went back to the river for water. We filled all our canteens and camp-kettles and carried it up to the suffering men and pulled them through, but when we got to the top of the mountain again the mules were gone. We took their tracks at day-



LAKE EMERALD—LOOKING UP THE GLACIAL
LAKE SAPPHIRE AND LAKE

light and found them at a little spring where there was grass and water.

"From here the stragglers went back to the Salmon river camp, but we went on and in a few days came to an open, marshy place grown over with wild onions. Vegetables were a great rarity and we were all fond of onions, so we decided to camp a few days and enjoy them and kill deer and make jerkey for the trip.

"One day one of our party happened to look back the way we had come and the whole mountain-side was covered with people; the stragglers had gone back and told others and the whole outfit had started on our trail, thinking we would be at our mines by the time they caught up with us. Some of them were pretty mad, and none of them believed us when we said we had no mines and were just out for a trip to see what we could find.

"At last the ones who had no grub or horses went back and a party of 56 men and 152 animals was made up to go on toward the north. There were no trails or known landmarks; we traveled by compass and by guess. Coming down a mountain above the valley of the Klamath river, we landed on a little bench where there was hardly standing room for us all and no way to get on down or back up. If we moved around, the animals nearly pushed us over the bluff. There was nothing to do but go on some way, so we tied the picket-ropes into a line long enough to reach to the



CANON AT HEAD OF STUART'S FORK
DIAMOND LIE ABOVE

bottom of the cliff, took a reef around the tail and neck of an animal and let them down one at a time till the whole outfit was landed in the valley.

"At the Klamath river a tribe of Indians came out to meet us. The chief was a fine-looking man and friendly. One of his men spoke the 'jargon' used in Oregon and by the northwestern trappers, and two of our men spoke it well, so the chief was delighted and made a big speech and promised to be friends. His people had good log- and bark-houses and big salmon-traps across the river, where they got all the fish they wanted.

"They gave us fish and guided us across the country to a small stream, telling us that on the other bank we would have to be careful, for the Indians there would kill us if they got a chance. We found they were right, for the Indians on the other side fired on us almost as soon as we crossed, and killed one of our party. A few days after we had a fight and killed a lot of them, and had one of our men shot through the lungs. We got him to the river, found a canoe, and took him across and carried him right to where Yreka now stands, and laid him down—and then our trouble begun in earnest.

"There had been plenty of quarreling before; there were a lot of Yankees in the party, men from New England and along the Atlantic coast, and they didn't mix well with the Western men



IN THE ALPS OF

from Illinois and Missouri and Iowa. It's queer, but men are a lot more clannish off in some wild country where, as we used to say, 'If we didn't all hang together, we was mighty likely to all hang apart,' than they are right in a city.

"There had been plenty of threats to split up the party, and the five of us who first started out wouldn't have cared, but it wasn't safe to break up in a country lousy with Diggers on the war path. The Yankees wanted to abandon the wounded man so we could travel faster, but the Western men wouldn't hear to it. Both sides grabbed their guns, and I guess the poor fellow thought his time had come, for he lay on the ground right between the two parties and begged us not to fight till he was dead anyway.

"We were all holding our breath and keeping our fingers on the trigger when the oldest man in the outfit knelt down between us and went to praying. He was a wrinkled-up little old man with gray hair, and when he got right down to business it acted like throwing a bucket of cold water over a dog-fight. We all felt sort of sick and limp, and there wasn't any fight left in us; we camped a couple of days and fixed up our outfit and I let the wounded man ride my horse when we started on. She was a thoroughbred Kentucky mare that I had bought from a gambler, and she traveled like a rocking-horse.

"But if we had peace in camp, we had war outside, for we had



TRINITY COUNTY

to fight Indians all the way back to Shasta and live on what we could find while we were doing it. We were about starved when we found a cache of dried salmon the Indians had left. It was full of worms, but that didn't count—we just knocked a salmon across a log to shake out the biggest ones and were mighty glad to get it. We lived on wormy salmon for a month and got back to Shasta without a color in our pockets and with mighty little clothing on our backs.

"You know Ten Cent Gulch over by East Weaver Creek? Well, just four years after I made that trip on wormy salmon, I saw the fight of my life over there on the flat between the gulch and the creek. The Trinity placers were right at their best, and a lot of Chinese had come in and scattered out over the country like geese in a wheat field. They followed along after the white miners and gleaned about as much as our harvest I guess. Some trouble was going at home in China, and the Trinity Chinamen divided into gangs and took it up. They slugged each other in the dark, and raided sluice boxes, and used up all the Chinese cuss-words and backhanded compliments when they met, till it got along where a general pay-day was necessary.

"There were two main gangs, the Cantons and the Hong Kongs, and one day the boss of the Cantons came into the blacksmith-shop at Weaver with a pattern for the iron head of a war-implement, a

sort of cross between a scythe and a three-pronged fish-spear, and engaged a hundred like it. Pretty soon the boss of the Hong Kongs came along with his particular pattern of lance-head, and offered to raise the price and take two hundred if the blacksmith would take his order and throw off on the Cantons.

"They outbid each other and brought along new patterns till the shop was running day and night turning out tridents and glorified pitch-forks and brush-hooks and double-bitted meat-axes by the hundred, and the Chinamen paid the bills and carried off the war-tools before the iron was cold. They had relays of Chinamen out in the hills cutting poles about fourteen feet long and trimming them down to mount the weapons on, and the day of battle was set.



IN THE TRINITY ALPS

"The sheriff of Trinity county got wind of it and served an injunction on the blacksmith and was going to fine him \$500.00, but at the price of lance-heads he concluded that it was cheaper to pay the fine than throw up the job. The sheriff notified the Chinamen that they must not interfere with any white man, and he appointed a lot of us boys as deputies to go from camp to camp and try to get them to make peace. The rest of the boys may have thrown some oil on the troubled waters; but I set a match to it, I guess, for I rode around and told each outfit that the other fellows were calling them cowards and sons of pirates and rat-eaters, and all the other soothing things I could think of, till the sheriff concluded his deputies had better be called off.

"Both parties drilled and paraded in the streets of Weaver, with



THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH AT FRENCH GULCH

the understanding that if they tried any of their fancy war-tools on a white man they would all be killed. The day before the fight the Cantons paraded down the main street with all their war-paint on, red silk streamers on their pikes and swallow-tailed dragon-banners flying, giving the Hong Kongs a chance to see their strength.

"The day of the battle the miners all gathered to see the fun, but the Chinamen seemed willing to take it out in bad language and fist-shaking. About two o'clock in the afternoon they faced each other on the flat beyond Ten Cent Gulch and used up the rest of the Chinese language without coming together. About forty



A ROUGH TRAIL AND A HEAVY LOAD

of the Hong Kongs were armed with squirt-guns filled with vitriol, and we didn't think that was square, so we cut them out to one side and kept them out of the fight.

"That encouraged the Cantons, and I got right in the middle of the gang and urged them to sail in and lick the Hong Kongs, and some of the other boys got behind the Hong Kongs and drove them along with sticks and stones till the mix-up was worse than a dog-fight in nigger-town. The Cantons swept me right along with their charge like a commanding general, and I dodged meat-axes and pitch-forks for all I was worth till I could get out and let my noble warriors go it alone.

"Losing their squirt-gun brigade took the courage out of the Hong Kongs and they turned and ran, with the Cantons at their heels. Some of the miners drew their pistols and fired in the air to help out the stampede, and the Cantons jabbed and slashed at every flying pigtail till the enemy was lost in the hills outside of town.

"The Cantons celebrated their victory with a fine big free-for-all spree at the leading saloon in town, and the next day went out and gathered up the dead, some fifteen or so, and buried them on a little flat about a mile down the creek. There was a lot of wounded and the whole thing went to promote permanent peace, for the Hong Kongs had to lay low or leave the country."

To this day Trinity county has a Chinese situation peculiar and apart. When the easiest early placers were worked out and the white miners flocked on north to the Frazer and John Day rivers, the main body of Chinese followed or slowly scattered, and those that were left drifted into a certain citizenship which made them an unquestioned and picturesque part of the community.

In every long-abandoned camp, where the tailing dumps are overgrown with vigorous young pines and the houses are falling away to ruins, there will be some cabin with smoke curling up from the chimney and a white-headed old Chinaman with a face like wrinkled yellow wax peering out from the door or patiently picking out scant colors of dust from among the boulders. He will have the woven straw or bamboo hat of the coolie at home, and seldom more of the white man's dress than a pair of heavy shoes, and he will weigh his hoarded dust in the old Chinese gold-scales with a fiddle-shaped case of dull ebony or teak-wood and queer sliding weight.

He will date his coming in the 'Fifties, he and all his countrymen, whom an almost forgotten tide of human activity receding left like bits of strange driftwood on an alien shore. The Chinese merchants of Weaverville, respected and reckoned as rightful members of the community, have built their thick-walled, fire-proof houses of burned adobe as they were built in China a hun-



THE GREAT BANK AT LA GRANGE
THE SLANTING BED-ROCK IS

dred, perhaps five hundred, years ago, and the gorgeous gilded and painted paper joss looks down from his high niche upon such a medley of Chinese wares and delicacies and American mining tools as has met the calm gaze of his predecessors since the 'Fifties.

These Chinese citizens have their families, and their children go to school along with the other children of the town and are bright and sturdy young Californians; and when a tenderfoot Chinaman strays in across the mountains he is met by a deputation of his pioneer countrymen and firmly told that the stage leaves for Redding on such a day—and on that day there will be an outward-bound Celestial tucked into some corner between the luggage and the other passengers. "Trinity for the pioneers" is a motto as efficient as a close labor union.

The little joss-house, half hidden among the trees, on a tiny bench looking up to the graveyard where many a 'Forty-niner found his homestake, is a bit of old China, from the fantastic carved and painted entrance to the wooden dolphins and prayer symbols along the comb of the roof. Blue and white and red and yellow and gilt, brilliant strips of Chinese pictures on cloth-like crepe paper, and gold lettering, and carved flowers in rich red and green, make an oriental jumble of color under the rough porch and around the big doorway.

Inside, the dark, rich altar glows with curious inlayings and carven



SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET HIGH
SHOWN IN LEFT FOREGROUND

figures and gold-crusted embroideries and scarfs. Tall banners of heavy satin and brocade, with thick embroidery of gold and colors and glittering sequins, range along the sides on gilded standards, and many tapers break the dusk with dull eyes of light. The purple smoke of the joss-sticks curls up into the musky air, and the opium-sodden priest nods silently leaning against a dim side entrance. It is China, old China, with all her atmosphere of mystery and fading tinsel.

"It seems mighty strange now to think of California running a chance of being a Slave State," the white-haired gold-seeker was balancing a pear as yellow as a nugget in his hands, "but I remember when all through the mines there was a strong feeling that way—and one man turned it—Frank Pixley. Frank Pixley of the 'Argonaut.' He was a great man, a great orator; when he realized what the feeling was he left San Francisco and started out to talk in every camp.

"Eggs were too dear in those days to waste even a rotten one on a public speaker, but Frank Pixley got about everything else in the way of abuse. I remember he came up the Trinity river on a mule. He was billed to speak at Big Bar—it was a good camp then, one of the richest gravel-banks on the river. He had a hall engaged, but the man that owned it was on the other side and went back on him. There were only two men in camp that favored him,

and I was one of them. There was talk that he would be mobbed if he tried to speak.

"Pixley rode in about dark and tied his mule in front of the store and tried to get supper and a bed. 'Are you Frank Pixley?' the landlord asked. 'If you are, there's no place in Big Bar for you; you can't speak here.'

"Pixley sized up the situation and walked over and asked to buy an empty box near the store. It was sold to him and he rolled it out into the road and turned it bottom side up and, jumping up on top, he shouted: 'Citizens of Big Bar, I am billed to speak here tonight for Abraham Lincoln. I had a room engaged, and the



THE "TRAVELLING BANK" AT THE UNION HILL MINE

owner refuses to let me use it. They tell me I can't speak here—that I will be mobbed if I try it.

"Gentlemen, I have bought this box and paid for it, and it is my property. This road belongs to the State of California. At eight o'clock tonight I shall speak from this box, and I shall say what I please—and if any man is looking for trouble let him come on.'

"No one came. Frank Pixley made the speech of his life right there on that box in the middle of the road. He had just two friends in the crowd when he begun, and every man was with him when he quit.

"Do you know what will happen if you fellows get your way?' he said. 'No? I'll tell you. Your gravel-bars will be worked out by slave niggers; your hills will be gutted of their gold to make some slave-holder rich. What's to hinder? Can't a nigger shovel

gravel as well as he can hoe cotton? You're blind. You'll have something worse than Chinamen in your camps. Keep this great state for white men.' He said a lot more, but that got them. The idea of slave-worked placer-diggings went home, and when they came to vote they voted right. Frank Pixley was a great man—bigger than a whole lot that have come along since and made more noise."

It is an interesting thing that the best method of working a gravel-mine had its beginning in California and still has its largest and most perfect example in Trinity county. Given enough water and grade and dump, there is nothing that will eat the heart out of



WAITING TO BE UNLOADED

a gravel-bank as fast as the steel-blue bar of liquid fury shot through the mouth of a "giant;" and yet the 'Forty-niners tell that the first hydraulic outfit applied to mining was a whiskey-barrel set up on a hillside under a spring, with a length of ship's hose to carry the gentle stream that helped the dirt on its way down the sluices.

This "plant" is a tradition, but it is on record that a Connecticut man with true Yankee ingenuity bought up a lot of rawhides from a local butcher, hired a sailor to sew them into a hose, and through this hose conveyed the water to his gravel-bank and discharged it through a wooden nozzle cut out by hand—and made his crude outfit pay. Edward E. Mattison deserves to go down in history as at least the step-father of hydraulic mining.

The next year, 1853, a miner on American Hill "went him one better" with one hundred feet of stove-pipe and a canvas hose.



THE ALPINE MEADOW

Slowly by experience and experiments the science of hydraulic mining was developed and the necessary machinery invented and perfected. For some years all the hose was sewed by hand, until a machine was invented which did better and quicker work; and as early as 1856 a San Francisco firm began to make wrought-iron pipe for use in bringing water to the gravel-banks.

The gold-mining methods of all countries seemed to meet in the early California diggings. The pan was borrowed from Mexico, where it was only a naturalized citizen, and the rocker and Long Tom came with the prospectors from Georgia, where they had their beginning in a placer-gold discovery earlier than California and now almost forgotten. There is a hazy tradition that the rocker or "cradle" really had its inspiration in the slow, regular swing of a baby's cradle, which suggested the rude, screen-bottomed box on rockers, that grew by natural stages to the larger "Long Tom."

The first mining ditches along the Trinity were located to carry not so many "miner's inches" of water, but so many "Tom heads," measured by the water necessary to run one Long Tom. Out of the Tom grew sluice-boxes and the ground sluicing, but at first the ground-sluice method was looked on with contempt as only fit for Chinamen working in low-grade dirt.

In the first days, when claims were only thirty feet square and a shovel of dirt might yield more than a hundred dollars, as has been known in the Weaver diggings, the pan and rocker and Tom



ON STUART'S FORK

and pick and shovel and wheelbarrow were enough; but when the cream was skimmed and the channels and lowest bars were barren, something else had to come. It was all right to shake a rocker on dirt worth two bits to the pan, and shovel into a Long Tom gravel worth half as much, but when it came down to two bits or half as much to the *yard* the despised ground-slucice of the Chinamen recommended itself and the more powerful hydraulic had steady development.

Here in the Trinity basin ditches were very soon taken out and the shallow bars ground-sluciced away; in the 'Fifties the water was often lifted from the river into the ditches by bucket-wheels, and some ambitious efforts to bring ditches from a long distance up stream and so secure more grade and consequent cutting and carrying power were made, and for the most part failed. The great flood winter of '62 sent most of the water-wheels into the sea, and they were never rebuilt in any number, but gradually every deep bank became the scene of some form of hydraulic mining.

One of the best known early camps was McGillivray's, between Weaver and North Fork, where in 1869 Joseph McGillivray threw a wire suspension bridge across the Trinity river and on it brought over a line of 15-inch wrought-iron pipe carrying water from a ditch 240 feet above the bridge. The little paper published in Weaverville during these years contains the advertisement of ex-



UNLOADING THE LUMBER TRAIN

pert hose-sewers who were prepared to take orders for all sizes and sorts of hose, and of various kinds of nozzles; but in 1870 the first "Little Giant" was patented, and canvas hose and all the old nozzles, brass or iron, went out of use except in the remoter places.

An interesting form of early gravel-mining common in the Trinity country was the tunnel-mining. Tunnels were driven into the gravel-banks following some "pay streak" or channel, and were timbered and carried almost unbelievable distances till a whole bar might be honey-combed. The gravel taken out was wheeled in car or barrow to the mouth of the tunnel and washed in Long Toms or sluices, and sometimes a ditch-head of water was dropped through a shaft into the tunnel and ground-sluicing was actually carried on under ground, with the tunnel-mouth down on the bank of the stream or gulch out of which the tailings were discharged.

The weed-filled mouths of these old tunnels still yawn along the stage-road where the old, old camps fall year by year into further decay. Sometimes the road skirts round a hole where the roof has caved in and the top of a tall young tree climbs out through the opening, and again a little spring trickling down sings and ripples through the dark over the rotting fragments of old sluice-boxes. There were tunnel-mines in Bret Harte's land too, and in one of them the "Little Postmistress of Laurel Run" saw her husband buried in a cave-in while he worked to save his men from death back in the sluices.



T LAKE EMERALD, STUART'S FORK

In some of the gravel-mines, where more grade was needed to give sufficient dump, the ground-sluiice began in a cut, which became a tunnel in which the string of sluice-boxes were set and into which the sheer bank was hurled by the "giants" and carried down to the dump at the cut's end. These old tunnels, lost and forgotten, have been found when recent working cleared away the debris of half a century, and rusted hatchets and miner's candle-sticks and old hand-barrows have been taken out of them, mute witnesses of the hope and toil of another day.

There is still one fine example of this type of gravel-mine in operation in the Trinity country—the Union Hill, a mile up the river from where Douglas City of long-forgotten fame and ambition stands in a wide circle of torn and cliff-like red gravel-banks and wastes of barren boulders.

In early days the richness of this great bar was known, and with such ditches as could be built with the means then available the face of it was worked and long tunnels driven in the bed-rock, to be forgotten and uncovered again in a later day. But this is a strange mine—no ordinary bar, but the channel of some long-lost river; some slow, careless, primeval water-dragon that wound his slimy length far across the country and now lies buried under the tangled mountains and uplands, with only a faint hint of him showing now and then many miles apart.

Slim young pines with the wind singing through them cover all



"GIANTS" PLAYING

the beautiful wild park that seems meant for a little mountain-farm and is in truth the mine, the gravel deposit itself. Today this park ends sheer in a great sharp half-moon bank facing toward the creek something close to a mile away—a bank near a hundred feet high, strange, half alive, always creeping forward toward the creek, so that whether the "giants" are at work or not big slides of earth fall away and crash down on the rough, dark circle of bed-rock and pile up and choke the sluices if the water stops.

When everything is idle and the air is still and the very pine needles scarcely rustle, a crack in the deep red bank will open and twist like a snake, and slowly some green-branched tree with all the bank on which it stood will slide and sink and slip down, swaying and reeling in protest with a human helplessness.

Just so, long ago and nearer the creek, the bank slid and crawled till it buried the tunnels and filled the sluices and drove out the early gold-seekers. And then for years it lay mostly idle till another generation of Argonauts challenged it with the weapons of a new day. A ditch was built and big pipe-lines laid to bring water from the Trinity river, and the powerful "giants" have held the creeping bank in bound.

At the present time the tunnel sluiceway is more than fifty feet below the surface of the bedrock and has been driven several hundred feet through the hard blue stone that was the scaly breast-plate of the old river-dragon. Down through this big, dark channel



HEAD OF SLUICE

the yellow water roars and rumbles and beats up in dirty foam as it hurries the boulders and mud down to the distant creek and spits them out through the long trail of boxes, "the tail of the sluice."

At one end of the long half-moon face of the bank, the lost dragon shows his trail to the dullest eyes, layer upon layer of marl filled with fossil shells as delicately whorled and perfect as if the water had washed over them only yesterday; and in among the shells lie big bones like smooth, polished dark wood—huge ribs and joints and fragments of horns. The marl bed was a trap, and these are the river's victims, the toll he took of the prehistoric animals that came there to drink.

Beyond the marl-bed is a layer of "baby coal," crude and slate-like but true enough to burn, and beyond that a creamy-white deposit of talcum smooth as a powder puff. The very stones in the bank show the trend of the old water-course, and the bed-rock is washed here and there into pot-holes as smooth as the odd little water-worn "tanks" in many a rocky cañon today. The channel swings away from the present river and crawls under the low, forested mountains that rise around the little park, and the "giants" following it cut deeper and deeper every year, leaving the old stream-bed bare and skeleton-like.

It is a wide reach from Edward Mattison's rawhide hose and wooden nozzle and Craig's hundred feet of stove-pipe on American Hill to the most complete hydraulic gravel-mining plant in the



SWINGING FOOT

world, at La Grange four miles across the hills from Weaverville—and some trace of almost every step between can be found at one place or another in the Trinity country.

In front of the blacksmith's shop at Weaver, where the heavy-headed "California" picks are still turned out, is an old pipe roller, for shaping the wrought-iron pipe which came up from the coast in the big freight-wagons as flat sheets of iron and was rolled and riveted by hand when it reached the scene of its future usefulness.

Piles of this old hand-made pipe, worn and rusted with half a century of use and weather, lie at the Hupp mine on East Weaver creek scarcely out of sight of the town. It was made in 1863, and the water it carried, discharged through a canvas hose and old-time nozzle, cut down many a yard of rich dirt and sent it through the sluices.

This mine, still worked by the sons of the Argonaut who located it so long ago, keeps, in spite of its modern equipment, more of the old-time atmosphere than any other in the basin. Here the banks are rich but not uncommonly deep, and the gravel deposits typical rather than unusual, and the whole plant an excellent example of hydraulic mining uncomplicated by any special problems.

The road from Weaverville to La Grange is like a history in brief of placer mining. Within one sweep of the eye lie low bars



RIDGE AND FLUME

of clean-washed tailings where pan and rocker and Long Tom reaped the first harvest and the ground-slucce gleaned all they had left; and the bare bones of Sidney Hill, where many a man found fortune and more than one met death under the caving banks, shine yellow, overgrown with rosin-weed as bright as the old-time gold.

Here a log cabin falls to decay, half-buried in the drift of old sluices; and here are acres of boulders laid up into regular walls, debris from the smaller claims of the past, when most of the work was done by hand. Here, too, all alone on a sheltered hillside, a ragged group of gray old apple-trees bend under loads of dwarfed fruit—trees that have outlived the hand that planted them and seem almost part of the wild forest all around.

La Grange, the king of gravel-mines, lies high across a mountain-side facing Oregon Gulch, one of the historic camps of early days. Hardly another tributary of Trinity river was worked earlier or yielded better returns, and here and there an old roof or chimney-top stands up above the flow of tailings to mark the site of the lost camp. No river-dragon shaped this wonderful mine with its gravel-banks hundreds of feet deep, but here some ice-giant, some great glacier overtaken with weariness, dropped his accumulated load of earth and boulders and gravel, and the ages since have rounded it into low mountains overgrown with Digger pines and chaparral.

The boulders are still scarred and scored with ice-carved lines, and smoothed as with the wash of some primeval ocean, and all sorts of tramps and wanderers from many a distant formation are flung together here as enforced companions. Perhaps the gold-harvest of Oregon Gulch was only the lost seed washed down by slow erosion from this mountain-side store-house; at least the gulch led naturally to the hill, and its richness was known to those early miners whom its size and the difficulty in getting sufficient water baffled in all their attempts to work it profitably.

La Grange today is a remarkable illustration of that bull-dog grip which man takes on the throat of nature wherever she has seeded the earth with gold. Somehow, some time, he will make her "stand and deliver," as she is delivering at La Grange after a struggle of more than a quarter of a century. The very servants that she used to build up are turned against her, and the water that locked in the gold is set like a slave to let it free again.

The mine is like some great pit scooped out by a gigantic cloud-burst—a deep-troughed cañon leading down from a big curved bank, bare and sheer as a knife-slash against the face of the mountain—a bank 650 feet high and 2000 feet in breadth, the sharp top edged with green pines and little shrubs that seem to lean over and draw back with fright.

All along the cañon-bottom huge piles of boulders are heaped in skeleton mountains or built into rough walls on the barren bed-rock, and the derricks with which they were lifted from the head of the sluice stand like tall spiders on stilt legs among the debris. On the left hand, facing the bank, the hard gray bed-rock slopes down like some steep roof, some "Devil's slide," almost polished in places and scored with ice-carved grooves and lines; to the right it is softer, rougher, folded into miniature cañons and ranges like a relief map, a rugged blue-gray shoulder thrust up from the mountain-core as if to hold the gravel with an eternal grip.

Down the center of the cañon-trough the sluice-boxes, six feet wide on the bottom and six feet high, riffled with railroad iron of special pattern, string their length three thousand feet, forking into a great Y at the lower part, and through them a thousand yards of gravel pours each working day to swell the earth-river in Oregon Gulch, already forty feet deep.

Three thousand miner's inches of water, and nearer four thousand when the season is at its full, beat down through the big iron pipes like great arteries, and, divided into the seven iron-throated "giants," hurl against the bank like bars of living steel.

A wide reach, this, from the first "water mine"—some little stream, perhaps the swift rush of water from some sudden storm, sweeping over gold-sown gravel and leaving shining grains in the



THE CLEAN-UP CRADLE AT LA GRANGE

little hollows and depressions in its course when the earth and stones had gone on to a lower level. No one can know what far-off man stooped to wonder at those shining grains and gather them up to play with and presently to barter with his fellows. But some time long ago man learned that gold is a reluctant traveler and will stay behind if it can find any lodgement, and since that day he has set all sorts of traps for it.

The golden fleece of Jason has a parallel in the sheepskins and rawhides and blankets used to catch the gold in the first rude sluices, and the heavy iron rails in the big boxes at La Grange are only the latest step on above the sharp-edged rock in the little stream bed. Many an old-time miner took peculiar pride in his



THE RESERVOIR AT LA GRANGE

riffles and smoothed the slender strips of wood and built them into a fantastic gridiron pattern in the bottom of his boxes; but soon rough-sawed heavier timbers took their place, and later still the sawed cross-sections of pine logs, set with the stubborn grain of the tree to take the ceaseless pounding of the water-driven gravel.

Here at La Grange success has come by the incessant pitting of human wits against the strength of nature. When the water closer at hand was seen to be too little, there was one recourse—to bring down a mountain stream from its source thirty miles distant, across an alpine reach of cliffs and cañons and forested ranges; leading it in flumes along sheer rock-walls, crossing mountain ridges with three inverted siphons, one of which has a depression of 1100 feet vertical, and on in the big ditch to a reservoir scooped out of the mountain side high above the mine.

When at last the captured water leaps out through the "giant's" jaws, it seems no longer liquid—a compound velocity of nearly 1800 feet a second has turned it into a rigid bar of living force that tears at the huge banks savagely. It snarls and roars like some great maddened beast as it springs, and tons of earth crash down and melt away into the foaming ground-slucice that sweeps into the boxes like a mill-race or the swirl of a landward tide in a narrow channel.

A stone of tons' weight is a plaything tossed up and down and hurled aside like a ball from the player's hand; a man would be no more than a fly in front of that gracefully fluted steel-blue stream that flings cascades of foam and rainbow spray off like sweat-drops



CLEANING UP THE BLOCKS IN THE SLUICE-BOXES AT LA GRANGE

as it toils. The very iron "giant" seems to thrill with life. It responds to a hand touch, left, right, up or down, as the man at the lever wills, and when the work goes swiftest he springs on its back and rides as on some armored stallion of war.

The great yellow bank quivers and reels to its full height with that furious force; whole avalanches of gravel loosen and crash down, and along the top the pines stagger and bend and seem to clutch at the sky in protest before they topple over and plunge headlong to their end. It is awesome, Titanic, as if the old earth-forces were let loose in some wanton play. The wet rocks gleam and glisten like nuggets, the water in the sluiceway boils and foams, and the boulders swept along in it crunch and grind and pound on the iron riffles as they pass.

As the "giant" is raised and aimed at some more distant part of



STEEL-RAILS USED AS RIFFLES AT LA GRANGE MINE

the bank, the long curved arch of rushing water takes on jewel colors in the sun; a dim golden mist enfolds it; it seems like the bridge Bifrost over which the Norse gods journeyed to Asgard—a beautiful, wonderful play of primal forces, not the mere battle of man with the earth for her gold.

Yet it is that. All along the 3000 feet of sluice-boxes the gold is lagging behind and falling of its own weight to the bottom and settling into the spaces between the iron riffles. Here the quick-silver finds it, that restless, shimmering metal that is like molten moonlight and that shepherds the particles of gold into lumps of silvery amalgam in every corner and crevice of the whole length



SLUICE-BOXES WITH FULL, PIPE HEAD



THE LA GRANGE DITCH COVERED
DEEP WITH SNOW



FLUME CLEANED OF SNOW



BRIDGE ON WHICH BIG

of boxes. Every day a certain measure of quicksilver is poured into the boxes, and at the end of the "run" when the "giants" stop work and the "clean-up" is made, nearly every ounce of it will be found, heavy with the herded gold.

No part of the work at La Grange is more interesting than the clean-up. The giants cease cutting on the banks and are only used to clean the bed-rock and the head of the sluice, and a smaller head of water under easy control runs down the boxes. Still in their long rubber boots, the men enter the boxes and loosen the iron rails and the wooden braces that hold them down, and lift them out.

Every rail and brace is brushed and washed to free it of any last "color," and the finer gravel that has lodged with the amalgam between the riffles is shoveled over and over and finally washed in a swinging pan with a perforated bottom which sifts out the pebbles and the nails and bolts and bits of iron that have found their way into the boxes during the run. With remarkable certainty every bit of metal that goes in will be found before the clean-up is over, and small coins are sometimes dropped in and recovered later to please the curiosity of some visitor.

Slowly the amalgam is separated from the sand through all the length of the boxes, and the harvest is over—a harvest of heavy, dull-silver particles, greasy to the touch with the quicksilver. And now what water has gathered fire is set to purify.



SIPHON CROSSES STUART'S FORK

Every old prospector who has ground-sluiced in some little hill-gulch knows the trick of retorting in a potato, and from this crude camp-use to the furnace and retort-room at La Grange is the full gain that mining has made since the day of the 'Forty-niner.

The washing-out of the gold seems always a triumph of physical force, of quick wit and strong hand; but there is something of the mystery and fascination of alchemy in the retorting. It seems as if a baser metal were being transmuted into gold before one's eyes. The amalgam, squeezed dry of all the "quick" it will give up, is packed into the thick iron retort and the heavier cover put on and sealed fast with fire-clay. There is one opening, a long iron tube leading down to a vessel in which, as the furnace heats and the quicksilver vaporizes, it will condense again into silvery globules ready to shepherd the gold down the boxes of another "run."

Deep in the furnace, where the fire glows like gold itself, the retort grows hotter and hotter till at last it is lifted out with big tongs and a dull-glowing cake of gold, clean of "quick," turned out into a pan and weighed and broken into pieces convenient for the melting which will make it in truth pure gold, or nearly so.

If the fascination of alchemy hangs round the retorting, the melting has all the weird mystery of the Rhine-gold mingled with the fine accuracy of science. The graphite crucible is filled with the dull, rough, broken gold from the retort and shut into the



"GIANTS" CLEANING THE

oven, where the clear white heat leaps out and strikes the face like a blow and dazzles the eyes like a lightning bolt.

Slowly, yet not so slowly, the rough mass sinks and settles and reddens and flows suddenly into liquid fire, a deep flame like the heart of some great star. It bubbles and shudders and heaves, and the heat beats on, relentless, searing, till the air in the melting room seems to swim with waves of mirage like the desert in August. The big iron mold is made ready, the men wait with strong tongs, their hands in thick woolen gloves which they wet over and over in cold water.

At last! The crucible seems full of molten jewels. It glows all over like some huge fire-hearted gem as it is lifted out. No easy task this, lifting a more than white-hot mass. The tongs grow hot, the woolen gloves steam dry, but the lip of the crucible is over the edge of the mold. The glowing mass leaps and sputters a moment as it strikes the metal, and boils and bubbles as it flows down, streaked with ruby and green and yellow gleams of light.

It heaves like a pulse and glows duller, the surface wrinkling and breaking into pitted bubbles like miniature craters, till it smooths and settles and the waves of color die to blurred gold. The "dust" is melted, the bar is poured; and presently, sewed into a stout canvas cover, this gold, so lately an inconsiderable part of a wild and beautiful mountain-side, will travel away to swell the mass of the world's wealth—to be coin with which comfort is bought, or rings for some loved hand, or a drinking-cup for a king.

A great mine is a kingdom in itself. Its needs create other industries and draw the natural products of other parts of the country to its own service. Because there is gold in the great



HEAD OF THE BOXES

gravel-banks at La Grange, there are saw-mills away in the deep mountain cañons cutting the tall pines into lumber, and the water of distant snow-peaks is turned from the channel it has cut for itself and led away to work or be idle as its captors will. Little lakes lying deep in the heart of remote mountains are set to fill fuller their glacier-carved bowls that there may be a longer "run," where already "the topography is being sent down the sluiceway at the rate of about three million cubic yards a year."

It is one more witness of the splendid daring and keen perception of the Argonauts that they, too, tried to build a way across the mountains for the water of Stuart's Fork; and if the great siphon pipe which they hauled by wagons and packed on mules and by hand collapsed with the first intake of water, and the ditch line swung along deep mountain-sides is now only a pack-trail, it is still a monument to courage that refused to be beaten without a fight.

Stuart's Fork of the Trinity river, out of which the most permanent water comes for the mine at La Grange, is one of those rare spots of beauty which nature loves to make inaccessible that they may be kept for the joy of friendly eyes—a wild and lovely Sierra-hedged cañon, leading back to the ice-carved peaks and pinnacles and glacial lakes of a miniature Switzerland; an alpine land, remote and rugged, austere and almost solemn in its calm grandeur.

The wagon road from Weaverville goes less than half way up the cañon, which deepens mile by mile. There are a few little ranches, the fields shut in by forest; and here, as everywhere in the Trinity country, old, old homes deserted and falling to ruin, and

long-abandoned log cabins hewn and dove-tailed together with the precision of an artist in wood, the work of some ship's-carpenter turned gold-hunter.

The road dwindles to a trail climbing high along "hog-back" ridges above the cañon, following the grade of the old ditch overgrown with bracken and thimble-berry vines and poison oak and tall tiger-lily clumps, with old-time "scouring rushes" and lance-leaved flag where the little springs trickle down.

The forest changes with every mile. Firs and spruce mingle with the yellow pine, and giant oaks make a green dusk down in the stream-bed where vine-maple and black-alder crowd, and the rose-red seeds of the dog-wood and wine-dark bear-berries and big red rose-haws gleam among the leaves.

The earth is lost and hidden in a tangle of undergrowth so dense that the trail seems like a green tunnel cutting through it and the



MAIN STREET, WEAVERVILLE

trees rise as out of a many-hued velvet carpet. Slender vines reach up the rough-barked trunks, and brilliant moss cloaks them to the topmost branches, each tree in its own fashion; big patches of brown-green plush on the oaks, yellow and black and gray-green fringe on the shaggy spruce and clean-barked pine, and fairy carpets of deep-piled green on every fallen trunk.

Always the way grows wilder, great boulders crowding the clear water into pools and narrow channels; up above, against the very sky-line, cold, clean granite cliffs rise out of the forest green. The moss and tall sword-ferns divide to let silver threads of water slip through, and one wild spring glides down the groove of a huge log where the bark has rotted away, and leaps laughing into the creek below.

Through the primeval beauty, the clean, balsam-sweet air, the forest silence broken only by an infrequent bird note and the swift, shy scamper of some wild thing among the leaves, the whistle of a steam engine cuts with strange clearness, and just

ahead a little saw-mill sits on the creek-bank, spitting like a wild-cat as it saws the big sweet spruce-logs into lumber and heavy timbers for flume and bridge and the dams at the lakes above.

There is a jingle of bells on the trail ahead and a mule-train swings in, such a train as brought the mill itself and will distribute the lumber wherever it is needed. The Trinity country is still a packer's country, and no more is thought of loading a saw-mill on a dozen mules and setting it up in some cañon twenty miles from wagon-road than one would think of packing a suit-case for a week's trip. All sorts of things are packed on mules—cook-stoves, hydraulic pipe, parlor-organs, everything that is worn or eaten or used in many a settlement in the hills.

Trinity county has several times as many miles of pack-trail as it has county roads, and they are kept up by public fund as the roads are. There are settlements fifty years old that still reach the outside world by trail alone, and people who have never seen wagon or railroad train.

"You get a mighty lot of respect for mule sense," said an old head packer. "Between mules and folks I'd bet on mules most of the time. Mules don't get a square deal in this world, only sometimes by accident.

"I knew a mule had one of the biggest funerals in Weaverville though. He was one of the city fathers, you might say, along when the camp was starting. Any fellow that wanted to move his tent and rocker over to another bar always borrowed old Jack, and paid him off in the slap-jacks left from dinner, or a handful of sugar. Jack naturally thought he had a right to anything he could get away with, and he could get away with most anything that wasn't red-hot or nailed down.

"Us boys didn't begrudge Jack his vittles, but we did get the habit of keeping the sugar-sack tied up under the head of the bunk. You might have found a grizzly around here them days without looking much, and Jack give us a good many scares prowling around after provinder at night. He prowled once too often, for some tenderfeet that didn't know his habits took him for a bear and blew a hole in him big enough to drive a pack-train through.

"There was grief in camp, I tell you; and as we couldn't bring Jack to life, we give him the best send-off we could. We dug a right good hole and rolled him in and covered him up like a white man. There was a fellow in camp that started out as a lawyer, and he give old Jack a send-off a long way ahead of anything I expect to get when I'm planted. It made us boys feel so bad we went up to the saloon and took about all we could carry to cheer ourselves up. We fixed up a pine slab for a head-board too, and the lawyer wrote a fancy motto on it: 'Here lies the body of Sir William Jackass, who lost his life in a raid on the camp of the Philistines who knew him not.'"

The trail above the saw-mill is rougher with every turn and the cañon more beautiful, walled with gray granite cliffs and bare peaks ice-carved and weathered into fantastic shapes. Everywhere the mark of the old ice-war is clear—grooves and lines gouged out of the stubborn stone, a boulder-piled moraine across the cañon bottom, a great "cirque" cut out of the high cliffs sharp as a knife-slash and long talus-sweeps far down the mountain-sides.

Ahead, the mules step carefully over the broken stone in the trail. Each one is loaded with heavy timbers for the dam at the lake above—timbers twelve feet long and weighing 300 or 350 pounds to the load, balanced with the utmost nicety on the pack-saddle and lashed with ropes to hold them in place. They reach out in front over the ears of the patient beasts, who grunt and groan as they pick their way over the boulders and along steep hillsides.

Every foot of trail rises sharply; the peaks, saw-toothed and sharp against the sky, are 9000 feet above the sea, and the deep green lake that flashes in sight around the topmost turn of the trail lies 6000 feet above sea water. Lake Emerald—there could hardly have been another name, in English speech at least, for the water lies in the clean white bowl of granite like a great emerald in a silver setting. The granite cliffs rise straight and high on every side, with pines and spruce and tamarack trees clinging in the crevices and on every bench.

In the jaws of the cañon, where the clear green water slips over into Stuart's Fork, the dam is building, and the mules stop one by one and grunt and sigh with relief as their loads are loosened and lifted off. They have carried every stick of timber in the dam that runs straight across from one granite reef to the other and seems a work of wonder in this untracked mountain solitude. A row-boat, packed up in sections on mule back, rocks in the waves which a sudden wind sends running across the lake; there is a rugged granite cliff beyond the lake, and still higher cliffs and peaks against the farthest sky, closing in the head of the cañon in a deep circle.

The water parts like glass under the prow of the boat, every stone is clear below, every leaf and branch broken from the pines above, every blade of the water-grass clinging to the bottom; only when the very depth shuts out the light, it is like rowing over polished jade. There is a trail up the farther cliff among the service-berries and rich-tinted poison oak and gorgeous toyon bushes. Blasting powder has left a raw scar along the granite, but there are scars older, remote as the forces that carved the clean white bowl of the lake—ice-scars where the long lost glacier fought his way.

A miniature glacier still lies under the farthest cliff against the sky-line, where year by year the new snow meets the old and blends with it into a big white arrowhead in the curve of the talus-sweep. And there below—the gleam of shimmering water! Lake Sapphire, blue as the sky above, the little waves dancing up gold-edged in the sharp mountain wind. Here in the dip of the cliff, where the water finds its way to the lake below, a second dam is growing and the water-level of both lakes will presently rise some feet up the rim of granite.

Lake Sapphire lies 6600 feet above the sea, and the crystal water has the temperature of an ice-bath. Here, too, is a row-boat carried up the trail on the shoulders of men and anchored in the lee of a big slab of granite fallen from the cliffs. It is half a mile, perhaps, to the farther end, where the long marsh-grass makes a green meadow over the little level of broken granite and the blue berries and velvet red sumac shine like flame against the cliffs.

Here the sheer walls of granite make a ragged and saw-edged sky-line far above, and midway up, where a cluster of furry looking tamarack trees huddle on a rocky bench, a shining, silver stream of

water leaps out and beats into dazzling spray along the cliff and loses itself in the green below, the overflow of Lake Diamond set jewel-wise at the very head of the cañon. Only the tall-crested blue-jays, and the hawks and eagles, and perhaps some bear-mother seeking a safe home for her cubs, know well the beauty of this last wild lake which the mountain wears like a diamond brooch. Now and again some human intruder climbs up and looks, and slides down with thankfulness for unbroken bones crowding out the memory of that glorious picture.

These beautiful lakes have been known less than twenty years, even to the wilderness men who penetrated most corners of the hills. Until the storage of water for La Grange led to the building of trails they were all but inaccessible, and the Baron La Grange nearly lost his life in trying to reach Lake Sapphire. From November to May they lie lost under snow that whirls over the great cliffs and fills the narrow, sunless gorge to great depth, and makes the lonely cañon indeed akin to the high Alps of Switzerland.

When winter falls in the Trinity mountains, all high trails are buried till spring. Remote cabins are stocked with food for snow-bound months, and the crew on the big La Grange ditch begin a winter's fight to keep the water running. Here the snow may bank over a flume till the sheer weight wrenches it from the walls of the cliff; an avalanche may wipe out yards of ditch or pack it full of snow as solid as stone; a bank may freeze and crack and let the whole ditch-head plunge headlong down a mountain-side.

There is one deep-scarred cañon-side where two ditch-tenders disappeared together in such a break and were never seen again, lost under tons of debris. But again the snow will pack and pile above and the water keep its way clear below and flow through a pure white tunnel till the winds of spring set it free. Always the snow is welcome, for much snow means plenty of water in the spring. In the old days this meant that every little gulch would be staked by some miner and worked with rocker and Long Tom.

In 'Fifty-two Weaverville had such a winter and no one had expected it; the only properly provisioned establishment was the camp livery-stable, whose foresighted owners had gotten in a big stock of barley. They sold barley at forty cents a pound, and the staple food was barley ground in coffee-mills and made into bread and mush. Long before the trails were open a pack train was reported at Lewiston on its way in with supplies. The barley-weary citizens turned out and shoveled open about twenty miles of train—to find the incoming train loaded to the last pound with whiskey and rocker-iron for the spring boom.

Dewey, Arizona.



A GROUP OF EAST-INDIAN STUDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE PICTURESQUE IMMIGRANT FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND

WHO HE IS AND WHY HE COMES TO AMERICA.

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH



IF ALL immigrants who drift to North America, none surpasses the Hindu in picturesqueness. He usually lands at one or the other of the large Pacific ports—San Francisco, Seattle, Victoria or Vancouver—although stray members of the fraternity have been known to enter the continent by way of New York, New Orleans and Montreal. He comes clad in countless curious styles. Yards upon yards of cotton, calico or silk are swathed about the head of one, forming a turban, cone-shaped or round like a button-mushroom, with a wave or point directly in the middle of the forehead or to the right or left, as variable as the styles of American women's pompadours—some with a long end hanging down from the back, gracefully and somewhat coquettishly dangling over one shoulder; others with the end securely tucked into the twisted rolls that twine round and round the head. A scarlet Turkish fez tops the head of another, while a third wears an ordinary cap or hat, and a fourth goes about bare-headed.

A smart English military uniform, with the front plastered over with metal medals, a voluminous turban and a bristling beard, distinguish the tall, lanky Sikh soldier who has served in King Edward's native army in India and elsewhere. The man with the fez is usually a Mahometan and is apt to wear a long-flowing coat reaching almost to his ankles and leaving partly visible his pajamas, which fit tightly around his shins. He is sockless, and the toes of his slipper-like shoes curve fantastically over the top of his feet. The man with the Western cap wears clothes of pseudo-Occidental style, which he fondly believes to be up-to-date, measured by Western standards; but the sleeves invariably are too short and end nearer the elbow than the wrist, while the coat and nether garments are tight where they should be loose, and baggy where they should be tight. As a rule, the clothes are dilapidated in appearance and frequently second-hand, and the whole combination is grotesque except in the eyes of the newcomer himself. These specimens of the Hindoo genus homo are almost invariably workingmen or peasant-laborers.

The bare-headed Hindoo is without a coat. A longish shirt, resembling an artist's apron, reaches nearly to his ankles. He wears long stockings like a woman's and rope-soled half-shoes. Circling his left shoulder and waist like a marshal's sash, is a *daupata*, a strip of cotton cloth, a handsomely-embroidered piece of silk or a long, soft shawl. In many cases, instead of the long shirt, the

man drapes around his legs and trunk a sheet of cotton or silk known as a *dhoti*. Again, the *dhoti* is worn in combination with the shirt, the trunk covered by the shirt, reaching just below the thigh, and the *dhoti* loosely wound around the legs. This type of Hindoo is usually a religious missionary intent on spreading his cult on the Western Hemisphere.

Some there are in the group straggling across the gang-plank with whose dress even the most fastidious American could find no fault. Their clothes are of the latest approved style in cut, color and material. The well-dressed East-Indians are merchants, students or men of means who are traveling merely for the sake of pleasure.

All the Hindoos who come to America have hair varying in hue from brownish-black to purplish or an intense raven-black. The entire gamut of styles of hair-dressing is run by these visitors from the land of Ind. Some of them are shaved so closely that not a hair is visible on their faces or heads. Others have the hair cut in various lengths and styles; while many have every hair with which Nature endowed them, just as Providence let it grow, without the intervention of scissors or razor. Their long, luxuriant locks are tightly braided and doubled up like a horse's tail in muddy weather, being held in place by the turban. Some let their long hair flow, unbraided, at full length over their shoulders and back. A few have longish wavy hair, carefully parted and combed like a mulatto barber's, while the locks of others are stiff and straight, almost like horse-hair in texture. A number of the Hindoo immigrants have kinky hair like a negro's wool.

The hide of the Hindoo varies from the dull, pale, sallow-brown of a Mexican to the extreme black of an African. The man who hails from the highlands of northwestern Hindustan is a shade darker than olive. A few coming from Kashmir have fair skins, light hair and blue eyes. Those who come from the low plains have darker complexions and an extremely sun-burnt appearance.

In stature and physique the East-Indian immigrants differ as materially as they do in their style of dress. Representatives of the soldier clans, such as Sikhs, Rajputs and Mahrattas, possess fine, athletic bodies and are usually tall and "well set-up." The peasants from the Punjab and contiguous districts are less athletic in build, but possess hardy frames, capable of great endurance. The people from the lowlands of Bengal and Deccan are somewhat shorter and slighter than the men from the North; but starvation and sun have weathered them so that they are able patiently to undergo pinching poverty and privations of every sort.

In cast of features almost all East-Indians look alike. They have intelligent faces, keen eyes, compressed lips and determined chins.

This type of countenance is distinctly Aryan, as all the Hindoos who come to the land of the Stars and Stripes are descended from the same branch of the human family as the Anglo-Saxons.

One of the chief points of difference between the emigrant from India and those hailing from Europe lies in the fact that the European brings along with him his family—his wife and children and perhaps aged parents and grandparents—when he emigrates to America. Only one sex is represented among the Hindoo immigrants. Probably the greater percentage of them are married—for Hindoos marry young—but they leave their wives and children behind them and venture alone to find a fortune in the West. There is only one Hindoo woman on the North American continent. She lives with her husband, a doctor of Vedic medicine, in Vancouver, B. C. So far as can be learned, only one Hindoo—the writer of this article—has married an American woman.

The East-Indian immigrants possess many forms of religion. He may be theist, atheist, agnostic or idol-worshiper. He may believe in the unity of God, or be a Christian and profess faith in the Trinity, or be a worshiper of thirty-three millions of gods.

The dusky immigrants belong to different grades and castes of society. The newcomer may be of the Brahmin caste (the priestly caste), the Kshatrya (soldier), Vaisha (merchant) or Sudra (servant) caste. This, however, makes little difference, as wedging outside influences have broken the back-bone of caste and are crumbling the institution into dust. The immigrants, despite their origin and hereditary caste-prejudices, are usually willing to make common cause with each other and do any kind of work they may be able to secure.

The students, merchants and missionaries hailing from India's coral strand are invariably equipped with a thorough knowledge of the English language, and are able to talk with the fluency and directness of a native-born American; but the average immigrant has merely a smattering of English at his command, just enough to enable him to explain his needs in broken language.

Motives diverse and complex bring the Hindoo to North America. He may come to the United States with the intention of arousing the American mind, gone mad in the dollar-chase, to a sense of his higher self. He may be in the West with a view to enlisting the people's sympathy in the uplift of the East-Indian masses. He may come to the land of the free and the home of the brave to equip himself at a University to be of service to his country. Haunted by the howls of the hunger-wolf, he may emigrate to these shores hoping to be able to live in America, by hard work, in comparative comfort.

America first became aware of the presence of the Hindoos in



A TYPICAL HINDOO STUDENT

the United States during the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. Swami Vivekananda, a dusky man with a masterful mouth, prominent nose, large eyes and a massive forehead, lectured to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago and conquered a critical (albeit provincial) audience in a single speech. He may have been preceded by some East-Indian teachers and students, but they were not great enough to make any lasting impression upon the American people. The silver-tongued Swami served for Hindustan in the capacity of a John the Baptist, and his proved to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

The first batch of Indian workingmen landed on the North American continent somewhere between 1895 and 1900. It is



A BRAHMIN PRIEST

more than likely that the pioneers came from Burmah, Malay Straits Settlements and China rather than directly from India. They were a group of enterprising men, discontented with the life they had been leading and desirous of settling in a new land where they would be able to find better opportunities. They came singly, or in very small groups, the main current directing itself to the Canadian rather than the American West.

The early settlers had no difficulty in finding plenty of work at good wages. They worked as unskilled laborers in factories and mills, tending gardens, clearing ground of stumps and preparing it for agricultural or building purposes. Gratified with their success, and not meeting with any resistance or opposition from the people



HINDU MISSIONARIES TO AMERICA

These five missionaries came from as many different East-Indian provinces—and represent as many varying religious beliefs.

amongst whom they had settled, the pioneers wrote optimistic letters to their friends and kinsmen in India and other Oriental countries. The glowing accounts of golden opportunities in America influenced others to come to the Occident, and a stream of Hindoo immigrants came pouring into British Columbia. The largest proportion of the immigrants came from the rural districts of the Punjab, and represented the Sikh, Mahometan and Hindu communities. By the middle of the year 1903, probably 2,500 Indian immigrants had settled in Vancouver, Victoria and neighboring territory.

The British Columbians looked upon the swarthy men from India with contemptuous indifference so long as they came to the country in straggling groups; but when they commenced to arrive by every steamer in knots of twenty or more, the white residents became alarmed and conceived the notion that Hindoo hordes were about to invade British Columbia by way of the Pacific Ocean and thrust them out of the way.

The spirit of antagonism did not express itself forcefully until the latter part of 1906, when a liner of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and Steamship Company brought a ship-load of Indian immigrants to Vancouver. The city authorities prevented the immigrants from landing for three or four days. When they were finally allowed to debark, the difficulties of the bewildered East-Indians were intensified by the inadequate housing accommodations provided for them by Vancouver. They also met with considerable opposition in securing employment.

Disgusted by the treatment accorded them, the Hindoos left Canada and came to the United States, drifting to Everett, Bellingham, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Berkeley, Los Angeles, and other Western cities. Almost immediately they realized that instead of coming to a haven of rest, they had literally jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The Canadian agitators contented themselves with the mere putting of obstructions in the way of the Indian immigrants to prevent them from securing lodgings and work. The American hooligans treated the peaceful Hindoo with absolute violence. A riot took place at Bellingham, Washington, and the immigrants were forced by the mob to cross the line and once more enter Canada.

Some of the immigrants sought to become naturalized citizens of the United States, believing that better treatment would be accorded them if they became citizens. Their applications were rejected. Protests were made, but the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Attorney General of the United States, issued a ruling debarring them from citizenship upon the grounds that the statute authorizing naturalization applied only to "aliens being free white persons, and



A SIKH AND A MOHAMMEDAN

to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." The sun-browned, sometime kinsmen of the American Anglo-Saxons were refused their papers because they were too much darkened by the sun and simoon of the tropics to pass for "white," and they were not negroes. The opposition encountered by the immigrants has given a rude set-back to Hindoo immigration and effectually stopped the incoming tide.

The East-Indian religious teachers and students have received better treatment than the Hindoo laborers. Of all men from India who have visited the United States, the late Swami Vivekananda stands pre-eminent. He seems to have won an instant way into the hearts of American men and women, and his personality today



TWO MILITARY MEN FROM INDIA

is very much alive in the hearts of thousands of Americans of the highest intellect and culture. His reputation and influence in no sense are merely local. They extend from one end of the United States to the other. In every large American city, Vivekananda's name is familiar to those who aspire to know something regarding the highest self, and his memory is respected and revered by all who met him.

Since the days of Swami Vivekananda, a number of learned Hindoos have visited the United States. Most of them have confined their efforts to delivering itinerant addresses in the country, but a few of them have started schools and classes endeavoring to spiritualize materialistic America. In fact, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston and New York City have become vital centers of Hindu culture, and the effort is being made to introduce the wedge of East-Indian spiritual ideals into American lives.

Besides the teachers of religion and philosophy, there are other educated Indians in America engaged in commerce and professional business. Their number is limited, but it is rapidly increasing, as the chances for making money and building up a reputation are plentiful and tempting.

Among the immigrants settled in the Pacific Coast States, some peddle wares from door to door. They buy the goods at wholesale prices and make fairly large profits, which they re-invest, constantly adding to their capital and their stock in trade. Some of the shrewder ones have evolved from the chrysalis to the butterfly stage and are opening stores.

The Hindoo fortune teller in America is a bird of passage, flitting here, there and everywhere, evading those States where it is a criminal offence for him to follow his profession. He travels all the time, from town to town, county to county, State to State and coast to coast. He plies his trade wherever he can, and usually makes a success of it, for there is a mystical charm attached to him in the eyes of credulous people seeking to peer into the future. It is sufficient for them that he comes from the "East." It must follow that he is a "Wise man."

Indian students are attracted to the United States in order to obtain practical training. Some seek a professional education, chiefly medical, surgical and dental. Commercial or trade training appeal to a few. Engineering and agricultural studies attract a number. One or two have shown an inclination to join the American army and learn to handle fire-arms and become expert soldiers.

When the Indian student first sets his feet in the United States, his slow gait, limp, listless ways, lifeless, inert talk, tranquil looks and distinctive dress attract the attention of people amongst whom he is thrown. The din and noise, the turmoil and constant hurry of American cities jar upon the nerves of the newcomer. The harsh tones and nasal twang of the Americans grate upon his ear. Woe betide the Indian student who, in addition to a swarthy face, has curly, intensely black hair. He is certain to be mistaken for a negro, and treated contemptuously, in many cases insultingly. Many Hindostanees, on account of this color-prejudice, find it difficult to secure entrance to lodging houses, restaurants, cafés and society in general. Some of them have met with heart-rending experiences on this account.

In order to attain their individual ambitions the students pursue different courses. The large majority enter a technological institute or the medical, technical or agricultural department of some prominent university. Some continue to study in the educational institutions until they secure their diplomas. Others merely gather a rudimentary knowledge and quit their Alma Mater.



A SIKH PRIEST

East-Indian students in America have friends everywhere in the country. American friends of East-Indians in New York and Boston have formed themselves into organized societies to assist them in the United States. The associations are endorsed and supported by men and women of national reputation. Good care is taken of the student during his sojourn in America—so much so that, in a short time, he ceases to look upon himself as an exile from home.

No matter to what station of life he may belong, or what culture he may possess, the East-Indian immigrant, when he leaves America, takes home with him a dynamic love of liberty and sentiments of democracy. America sandpapers his caste-exclusiveness and instills within his heart a sense of brotherhood and co-operation. The Hindoo is led by his American associations to cast off his slavishness of disposition. His ideas of political and social government undergo a radical change. The American-returned East-Indian is a reformer to the core, and proves an invaluable asset for the renaissance of India.

Cambridge, Ill.

THE WANDERER BEYOND THE SEAS

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

THE sun shines ever warm on alien lands,
And rare flowers bloom beneath soft alien skies;
And on the waves of blue Italian seas,
The far sails drift, like white-winged butterflies.

(Across a shimmering sea of poppy-gold,
The slanting evening sunlight lingering falls.
With drooping petals, wet by ocean mist,
Sweet roses sway beside the Mission walls.)

The grey-green olive groves gleam in the sun,
And purple grapes cling to the trailing vines;
And monastery vespers softly chime,
Within the shadows of the Apennines.

(Beneath the far Sierra's forest pines,
Azaleas tremble in the Western breeze;
And redwoods whisper in a minor strain,
To one who lingers long beyond the seas.)

Tho' sweet the boat-songs of the gondoliers,
'Midst rhythmic splashing of their oars' white spray;
Yet sweeter is the music of the waves,
That wash the rocky shores of Monterey.

Wichita, Kansas.

THE BATTLE OF ATASCADERO

By EDWARD CATHCART CROSSMAN.



FAINT streak of grey appeared over the low hills to the eastward. A sleepy sentry, muffled in his olive-drab overcoat, raised his head from his half doze over the muzzle of his rifle, and, bringing the weapon to the right shoulder, mechanically, began to pace his post.

In front of him stretched the line of the railway, its position marked only by the faint outline of the telegraph poles paralleling the rails. The grey streak turned to silver, and objects began to take form. It looked like the slow developing of a Velox print. Along the railway ran row after row of little "pup-tents," the small size of the shelters making it easy to understand where the name originated. Hardly more than two feet high, it did not seem possible that they actually sheltered men; they were smaller than a comfortable kennel.

A sergeant came hurrying down the line of the railroad, stopping at the head of each little row of shelters to shake the occupant of the first tent of each row, give the aroused man low-voiced instructions, and then repeat the shaking process at the next street of tents. Men began to crawl out of the tents, sleepily rubbing their eyes and muttering. At the head of every company street, fires began to sparkle in the gloom of the early morning. From the hillside above the camp came the shrill neigh of a horse.

As the light grew stronger and the shadows under the live-oaks on the hillside began to lighten, the park of the artillery began to take form—the grey, lean, ugly guns and the ponderous caissons with the long line of horses tied to the picket-line back of the guns themselves.

Still further along the hillside lay the cavalry camp, the cold, half-asleep dragoons fumbling with the halter-ropes of their mounts with numb fingers and muttered oaths. A moment later the four hundred cavalry horses were plodding down the hill in a long column, bound for the spring and the water. Right on their heels came the battery-horses, great, ponderous, heavy-limbed fellows, built just for the one purpose of hauling heavy loads behind. The tents had disappeared over at the infantry camp. Snugly rolled up with the blankets, each man was to carry away his house on his back, snail-like. The fires were surrounded by groups of soldiers, waiting for their turn at the fire to fry their allowance of bacon or to fill their cups with the hot, comforting coffee.

Mess over, the brown ranks began to form. On the hillside the artillery batteries stood harnessed and ready. A squadron of cavalry went trotting down the road to be lost in the fog. The army was ready to move, but not a sound of a bugle had broken



THE CAVALRY PICKET LINE ON THE HILLSIDE JUST AFTER DAWN

Photo by Cal. Panorama Co.

the stillness. An enemy three hundred yards away across those low live-oak-studded hills would have been entirely unconscious of the presence of the thousands of brown-clad men in the valley, had they depended on their ears to give them warning.

Far down the line of the railroad and the company after company of blue-shirted men, paralleling it, rang a sharp command. The leading regiment fell in, the rifles swung to the shoulders of the eight hundred men and silently they marched across the steel ribbons of the railroad, to fade gradually away into the fog. Another regiment followed close at their heels. Sandwiched in between the second long column of men and the one following, marched a strange organization, half a dozen men on horses and then thirty or more mules, each with a burden on his back that clanked and



BATTERY OF ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH

swung with every movement of the beast. A soldier on foot led each mule. A murmur ran through the ranks of the regiments standing, waiting for orders, as the strange mixture of mules and men plodded by, "The machine-guns." Another regiment of men went swinging down the road after the machine-guns, still another followed, then close after them came the rumbling, jolting, ponderous artillery, the grey guns threatening and ugly, even in their mufflings of canvas. Mile after mile the long blue-shirted column of men swung along. The cavalry had clattered by shortly after the army had left the bivouac, to disappear in the fog that wrapped the hills ahead and which might hold any number of potential enemies. On either side of the road were the rolling hills, covered with the live-oaks and preventing any view except down the narrow valley which the road followed. Somewhere over those hills lay the enemy.

Four miles from the bivouac by the railway the order came to



PREPARING MACHINE GUNS FOR ACTION

Photo by Cal. Panorama Co.

halt, and the men thankfully leaned on the muzzles of their brown rifles to ease, in a measure, the weight of the blanket-rolls slung across their shoulders. By the side of the road, lying in the dust and ground out of sight in places, lay a black, heavy wire. Thousands of men had trod upon it, the cavalry horses had thundered over it, and the wheels of the heavy artillery caissons and guns had driven it into the dust, but it was unbroken. Far up the road, at the head of the column a man with a telephone receiver sat listening to the messages which came thrilling over that black nerve, repeating them to the commanding officer near him.

The column was strangely quiet. The loud laughs, the horse-play and the buzz of talk that usually makes the presence of a



AT MESS

column of soldiers at rest known for half a mile, was missing. The men were quiet and subdued. It was but a play, a lesson in the war-game that they were at Atascadero to learn, but a little of the grim reality of war had crept in, a little of the feeling that comes over a soldier as he stands waiting for the order that is to send him in to face the storm of bullets awaiting him. The play had too much the appearance of reality to be enjoyable.

An hour passed by without a move. Along the level stretch beside the road a continual procession of automobiles, filled with gay people, and rigs of every imaginable sort, buzzed and trotted and jolted along. The countryside was up and anxious to see the fight as long as real bullets were not to fly nor real shrapnel to howl over their heads.



A FIELD GUN READY FOR FIRE AT ATASCADERO
Showing caisson full of ammunition, shell in open breach of gun, and shell in ammunition-passer's hands

Photo by Cal. Panorara Co.

A messenger galloped down the long line of waiting troops to where the batteries stood waiting for orders. The first battery turned out of the line and went clattering and jolting down the column. At the head of the column the battery turned out and headed diagonally across the valley for the hills on the further side. A buzz of voices ran from regiment to regiment, "Something doin' purty soon." The men strained their eyes to follow the rumbling guns on their way across the valley, but the fog swallowed up the battery and only an occasional faint rumble came back to mark their progress.

Suddenly, through the fog, seemingly right at hand, came the



"STUFFING" YE WAR-CORRESPONDENT

ugly, menacing "Boom" of a field-gun. It was muffled by the fog, but it seemed to be not more than half a mile away. A rustle ran down the long line of men, the stragglers leaped for their places in the ranks, the batterymen leaped to the backs of their horses without command, and the gunners scrambled up to their seats on caisson and gun like so many acrobats. Another hollow boom came down through the fog. It had a peculiar sound, entirely different from the ordinary, sharp, vicious roar of a field-gun. The ranks straightened up without command, the battery horses pricked up their ears and snorted eagerly, while here and there an officer fidgeted nervously. Five minutes passed, seeming like so many hours, punctuated by the dull, heavy, sodden "Booms" that came over the

hills. Suddenly the leading infantry regiment began to move. "Double time" rang the command, audible even to the extreme end of the long column standing in the road. A gust of wind suddenly puffed down the little valley, the fog rolled up as though pulled out of the way by some familiar mechanism of the theater, and at last the surrounding country was in sight. Ahead, the road ran up through a pass in the hills, not more than a quarter of a mile away, and disappeared on the further side—the side from which came the steady pounding of the guns. The regiment of infantry broke into a run, the companies swung out until the regiment covered the valley from side to side. The long line spread still more until the eight hundred men were trotting along the road and the open



HEAVY MARCHING ORDER

spaces on either side in line of skirmishers, each man with his rifle carried loosely by his side, and peering keenly to the front for a sign of the enemy. Before they reached the divide and went out of sight, a new sound suddenly broke out, sharp and clear and more thrilling than all the heavy roars of the field-guns—the crackle of the infantry rifles. The regiment in front were still in sight; the fire did not come from them. Either the enemy had reached the outposts of the blue-shirted army or some of the blue cavalry had run foul of the advance guard of the "Reds," somewhere over there across those blanketing hills.

At the very top of the pass the long line of skirmishers suddenly dropped flat to the ground, out of sight and out of harm's way.

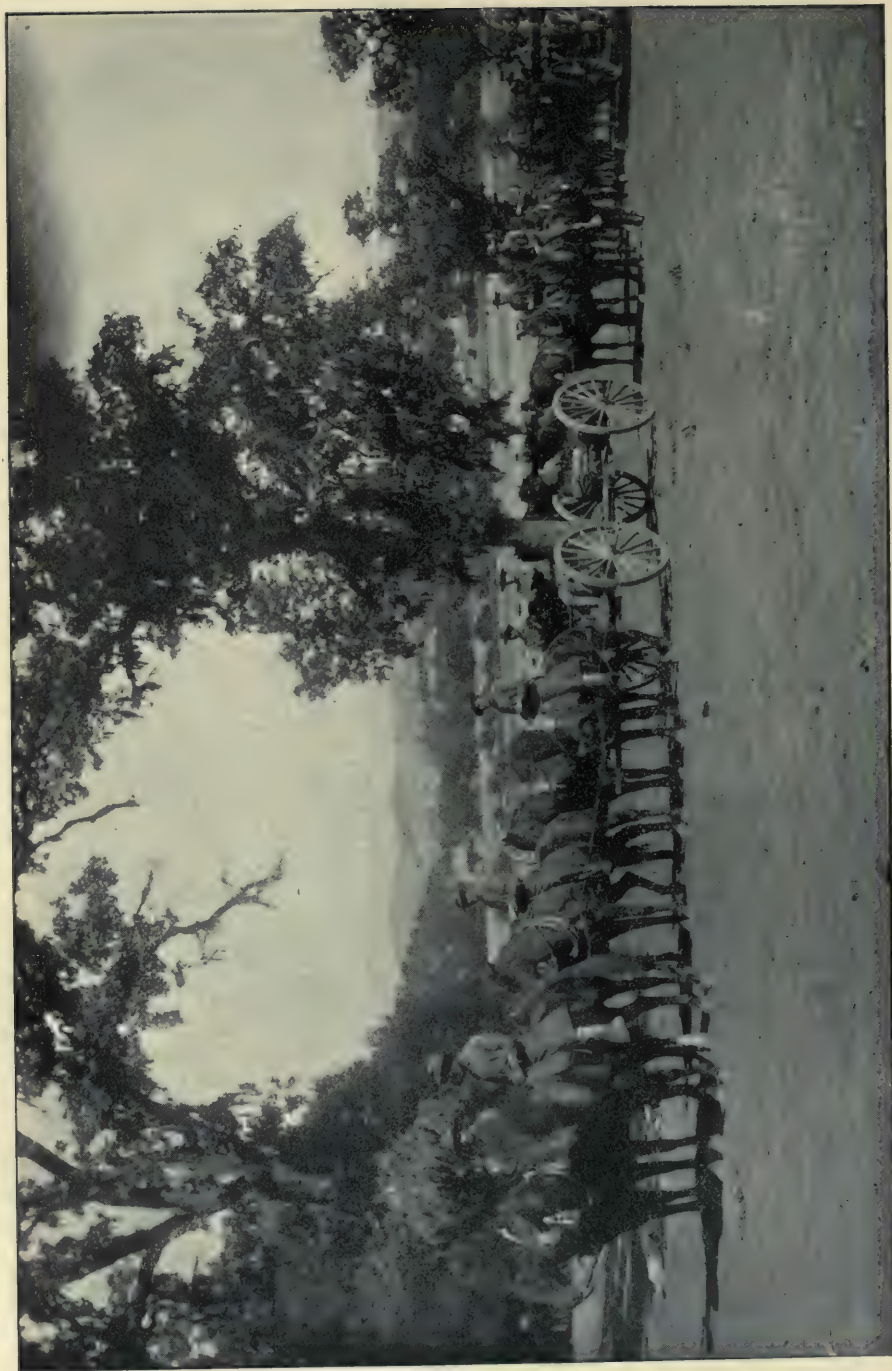
THE BATTLE OF ATASCADERO



A COMPANY STREET UNDER THE ATASCADERO OAKS

A sharp command, and another regiment of infantry went swinging forward to support the skirmishers on the ridge, the men instinctively unfastening the buttons of their belts, which contained the clips of brass cartridges for their rifles. The remaining battery of artillery clattered and rumbled and jingled by, increasing their pace to a run as they cleared the marching infantry. Up the road they went, the horses laying down to their work as though they understood the need for hurry, their eyes gleaming, their ears back like so many mad things. Behind them the guns leaped and pounded over the uneven road, while the gunners hung grimly to the hand-rails and the hand-straps running around the caissons and the limbers. Up the hill, almost to the line of skirmishers they went, and then turned off on top of the ridge.

The "Reds," camped far to the southward, had taken advantage



A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY AT ATASCADERO
The famous "Black Horse Battery"—Battery F, 1st U. S. Field Artillery

Photo by Cal. Panorama Co.

of the heavy fog to sneak their batteries forward to a commanding position, and not more than a mile away were covering the advance of the "Red" infantry, trying to find and drive back the invading force of the "Blues." The tale would be different when the Blue batteries got into action.

Suddenly, from over to the right front, where the first Blue battery had disappeared into the hills half an hour before, came the roar of a field-gun, very near this time and with the vicious sound of a field-gun, free from the muffling fog. Again came the thunder of the guns, faster and faster until the hills shook and the echoes wore themselves out trying to send back the steady roar.

The crackle of the rifles from ahead increased in volume until the individual cracks of the rifles could no longer be distinguished in the steady roar. It reminded the listener of the noise which salutes the rising sun on a Fourth of July morning, but no Fourth of July celebration ever had the peculiar, penetrating, ugly quality of this crackling thunder of sound.

The line of skirmishers disappeared from the summit of the pass, running forward half bent, like so many hunters on the trail of game. The second regiment of infantry reached the top of the ridge and disappeared from sight, and the third column of foot-soldiers followed after them with a five-hundred-yard interval. At last the enemy was in sight. From the top of the ridge, the valley of Atascadero Creek was in sight, with the high hill of Round Mound over to the right. Down in the valley, half a mile away, the glasses showed the thin brown-clad line of the "Red" advance-guard, coming forward through the live-oaks, dropping to earth like a base-runner trying to slide to the home plate, firing a few rounds, and then dashing forward again for another 50 yards. Behind them, a mile away, were dense masses of brown-clad men, the "Red" main force, while between them and the skirmish-line were the support and the reserve of the Red skirmish-line. Closer at hand the "Blue" advance-guard was advancing cautiously through the trees, lying down and firing a few rounds, and again trotting forward to meet the long thin line of the "Reds" six hundred yards away.

Over to our right, although out of sight of the enemy, we could see a Blue battery snugly concealed behind a hill, hurling fictitious shrapnel over the top of the hill and down into the ranks of a "Red" regiment of infantry in close order, a mile or so away. It was a tactical blunder of the Red commander, marching his regiment in close order within range of the Blue battery, and the Blue battery commander was making the most of it, while his guns, using "Indirect Fire" by trigonometry over the top of the hill, were snugly out of harm's way.

The advance of the Red skirmishers stopped, and then little by

little they began to give ground as the stronger Blue forces pressed them. Over on their left flank the battalion of Arizona militia were rushing forward, and they would be flanked shortly unless they abandoned their position. Back they went, fighting stubbornly for every inch of the ground they had so lately taken, but still giving way steadily. The Blue regiments were pushed forward into the fight as the force of the Reds became apparent, and the Blue skirmishers drove the sullen Reds back without a pause. As we watched, a battery of Blue artillery suddenly appeared not two hundred yards away from us through an opening in the hills. The line of guns and caissons suddenly swung sharply to the right, the cannoneers tumbled off the caissons and limbers and guns like mad, the limbers were uncoupled in a jiffy and the half-wild horses with the limbers attached tore off to the rear like a flash. The cannoneers pushed the guns around to point in the direction of the enemy, and the caissons, full of ammunition, were wheeled up beside them, ready for action. Before we had quite realized the presence of the battery, the horses were out of sight to the rear and the guns were ready to fire.

On a little hill, to the right of the direction of the guns and overlooking the valley below, the battery commander and his lieutenant stood, the commander squinting through a peculiar telescope on a tripod, at the enemy, and his lieutenant reading off the angles. Below, the battery stood waiting, the guns and the crews out of sight of the enemy and with nothing in sight but the blank hillside in front of them, although they knew that just on the other side the fight was raging. The battery commander straightened up suddenly and seized his megaphone, lying beside him. The battery were to receive the directions which were to enable them to drop their shrapnel on the invisible enemy. The clear voice of the commander came over to us, far away as we were.

"Range twenty-one hundre-e-e-ed. Deflection, fifty-one, left platoon aiming platoon, decrease by te-e-ens." The slim grey muzzles crept up to the required range, the gunners squatting down behind the bullet-proof shields of steel, running across the guns, the pointer peering through a peculiar sort of telescope that raised itself up and peered over the steel of the shield, although the eye-glass was out of sight and harm's way. The deflection was read off the vernier of their delicate sighting-apparatus, the grey guns swung over just a trifle and they were aimed at the proper angle to drop their shrapnel over on to the enemy. The heavy breech-blocks at the rear of the guns swung open, a long, three-foot cartridge, looking like some giant's rifle ammunition, was slid into the gun, the breech-block of each gun clanked home again, and the guns only awaited the command. A sharp command rang out, the left gun cracked

like a load of lumber falling to a hard pavement, and the other three guns followed suit. The fire of the Red batteries slackened and died away under the pounding of the Blue guns. With the glasses we caught a Red battery, limbered up and creeping cautiously back to a new and safer position further to the rear. Half a mile further on they unlimbered and went into action. They opened fire on a battery of machine-guns traveling slowly along the hills, and the machine-gun men, leading their laden mules, hastily made for shelter. They disappeared, and the fire of the battery in their direction ceased. The machine-gun commander, however, had ideas of his own. He swept around the intervening hill which sheltered him from the observation of the battery, gained the rear of the guns, crept along the hillside to a point four hundred yards above them on the slope. Then they halted, the machine-guns came off the backs of the mules, so fast the eye could not follow the different operations, the guns were set on their tripods, the belts inserted, and then—

A vicious, evil, deafening, ugly crackle of fire broke out in the very ears of the unsuspecting battery men. It sounded like the fire of three or four regiments of infantry. The gunners were caught like rats in a trap. In a real fight they would have all been killed in the first moment of fire, with four guns firing 600 shots per minute trained on them. The battery was ruled out of the fight, the gunners were "Dead" in the eyes of the umpires, and the machine-gun battery continued on its way rejoicing, seeking other unsuspecting victims not familiar with the terrific powers of the new weapons.

With the glasses we could see the Reds concentrating at the steep hill of Round Mound, overlooking Atascadero Creek. It was evident they intended to make a stand there, to endeavor to check the invading advance-guard of the Blue army at this point or die. The crest was alive with the brown-clad enemy, and the hillside was covered with the riflemen. We could see the masses of the Blues, and ahead of them the skirmishers, running forward, half bent over, taking cover like so many Indians, firing a few rounds and then dashing forward again in their progress toward the foot of the hill.

Modern warfare, with magazine rifles and machine-guns, does not countenance the old frontal, helter-skelter attack up into the very steel of the enemy's bayonets. The showy part of fighting is gone. In the hills to our right the Blue batteries pounded the enemy on Round Mound pitilessly, steadily, like a blacksmith driving a piece of iron into some desired shape. The Blue infantry advanced slowly, waiting for the shrapnel of the batteries to do its work. The machine-guns, safely hidden behind any little projection that offered itself, or hidden in shallow holes scooped out of the ground, poured a shower of bullets—mythical—on the harassed

foe on the steep hill. Human nature could not stand such a fire—according to the umpires—the fire of the Reds slackened, and the Blue infantry began to work their way up the fire-speckled slope of the Round Mound. A great cheer went up, coming plainly to our ears across the pretty tree-studded valley. The enemy had been driven off the Mound and were in full retreat for the trenches to the southward.

Right down in front of the camp they were pushed, resisting stubbornly and ever and anon putting some reckless squad or company of the Blue out of commission for foolishly getting too close or attacking across some open stretch of ground innocent of cover.

The batteries limbered up, and we could follow them trotting along parallel to the course of the retreating Reds, stopping to pound them whenever they refused to continue their retreat, or when some good chance offered itself for a few shots at masses of the foe. In the rear of the Blue army the signal-corps men followed with their carts and reels of wire, supplying the nerves connecting the different members of the Blue army with the brain far in the rear.

The rattle and roar began to die away, breaking forth now and then in a fresh burst of sound, and then dying away. The fight was nearly over. Far to the south, half a dozen miles away, were the strong entrenchments of the Reds, and all they desired was to gain them. The Blues had proven too strong to be resisted. The problems given to both the Red commanders and the Blue officers had been solved, the fight was over for the day. From the front, where a few shots still spluttered forth now and then, came the sweet notes of an infantry bugle, "The Recall." It was caught and repeated by the other buglers, some nearer to us and others on the furthestmost skirmish line, until the last call came to our ears like a mere echo. The firing ceased—the Blues had won the day.

The regiments came swinging back to camp, the men tired and dirty but happy. Their ranks were undiminished, the hospital corps had no wounded to patch up, nor was the field dotted with the dead.

Otherwise the fight might have been a real battle, from all that an onlooker could have told.

Los Angeles.

SCHOOL DAYS AND OTHER DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

II.

THE PICNIC.



ISABEL and Johnny had been going to school for about two months when Mrs. Dean announced, one morning, that she would read to the school the story of "The Boston Tea Party." Isabel had a swift vision of little short-skirted maidens with curly hair and blue ribbons—a vision followed by keen disappointment and then by passionate pride in her country, and, it must be confessed, by passionate scorn and hatred for anything English.

The Fourth of July was nearing, and that fact had called out this reading and the talk that followed. The Camp was going to celebrate the day with a picnic and the night with a dance, Mrs. Dean said, and the school children were to have a part in the picnic program. There must be songs by the school, recitations by individual members of the school, and, most important of all, one of the girls, chosen by vote to represent the Goddess of Liberty, would have the rare privilege of sitting on a throne on the platform to be gazed at by all the picnic crowd. Mrs. Dean passed slips of paper about to the children and explained the method of voting for the Goddess.

There was a great stir all through the room. Pencils were diligently sharpened, necks were craned, brows were wrinkled. And nobody was more puzzled than Isabel. She wanted to vote for Teacher's little girl; she wanted to vote for little May, who had beautiful golden curls. You could vote for only one person! It was a hard matter to decide—and after you had decided it was dreadful to have to wait until Teacher counted the votes!

"Isabel Thorne is our Goddess of Liberty!"

Positively that is what Mrs. Dean said after examining the votes!

Isabel was suddenly more embarrassed than she had ever been before. And how glad she was! Between the two feelings, she could do nothing but blush and blush and laugh and then put her head down on her desk so that she needn't see the school all staring and smiling at her as they clapped their hands.

How glad she was!—until as the clapping grew feebler another sound smote on her ears and brought her face up quickly. Genevieve Dean had her face on her desk, too, and Mrs. Dean was bending over her. The room grew very still, and, across the stillness,

"They don't like me! I had only two votes! I *want* to be Goddess of Liberty *myself*! Boo-oo-hoo-o-o."

Mrs. Dean's reply was not audible, but Genevieve sat up instantly and smiled, and Isabel, who had begun to feel miserable, cheered up again too.

After this exciting day came other stirring times. Recitations and songs must be practiced every afternoon. The children must learn the march that they were to exhibit on the great day. Two young ladies, possibly as much as fifteen years old, began to come to school, and though they had lessons in the mornings, it must be admitted that their principal interest seemed to center in the program in which they were condescending to assist. In fact, everybody was more interested in the Fourth of July than in the twentieth or the twenty-first or the twenty-second of June. Isabel and Jennie, who were seat-mates, and who had been very good before, whispered a good deal now, encouraged by the conduct of the young ladies who sat directly behind them.

From these girls came information, too, as to the celebration. Every day Jennie and Isabel heard whispered conversations.

"I should say I am! What *do* you take me for? Think I'd miss a *dance*?"

"Mama 'n' I are makin' it now. Blue lawn with bunches of pink and yellow roses—shirred *here—so*, you see—and here, and here—and with kind of a low neck.—My neck ain't so bad, if I *do* say so.—*Wide* lace . . . Ribbon bows. . . . Let's *both* have 'em! —tied *so—'n'* when we dance, the ribbons 'll fly out!"

"Oh! won't that be nice!"

"He! he!—Mr. C. goin' to take you, I s'pose?"

"Aw, Mary! Don't you *wisht* you knew?"

"He! he! he!"

"He! he!—I just thought you'd be askin' me some *fool* question like that!"

"He! he!—I *bet* I know, though. Didn't I see—"

"Aw, Mary! Shut up. Don't tell the whole country about what you *think* you seen!"

"The buffalo girls will dawnce tonight, dawnce tonight, dawnce tonight."

"Aw, quit!"

"Ma's made a fruit cake—"

"Banana cake—"

"Cream pie—"

"He! he! he!"

"Pink satin waist, 'n' black silk skirt."

"Mr. C.—he! he! he!"

"Aw, Mary! He! *he! he! he!*"

In her secret soul, Isabel thought those two big girls exceedingly

silly, but they helped with other things to keep up her interest in the great day. And it came at last!

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne were going to the picnic, and as Isabel well knew, some grown-up people are not so eager to set out to celebrations as they might be. Isabel was in a fever all the morning.

"*Do hurry! Isn't Baby Dot dressed yet?—Oh! do let's hurry! I'll spoil it, if I'm not on time! I'm the Goddess of Liberty! I've got to be there! Do hurry, please!*"

Then, "long before there was any need of it," as Isabel's mother said, they were all off, looking very grand indeed in their holiday clothes. Papa had even been persuaded to wear a stiff collar, though it was in Arizona! And Mama had a new dress with a parasol to match. Isabel's own dress was the pride of her heart.

The family walked to the picnic grounds. There was first a hill to climb, since they must get out of the cañon, and then, at The Divide, it was necessary to take a trail to the scene of festivity—a trail that plunged abruptly down into another and narrower cañon—down and down between steep mountain-walls dark with firs and pines, down through the stillness and the coolness—for there is coolness to be had even in Arizona, and on the Fourth of July, if one knows where to find it.

How peaceful it was! A tiny thread of water slipped quietly below them at the right of the trail, and on its little banks were white violets and delicate ferns. Even restless Isabel almost forgot her impatience as she and Johnny gathered flowers for Mama.

Then there came faintly on the little breeze a sound, not of the birds or the bees or the wind.

"What is it?" Isabel asked wonderingly.

"Is it a violin?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, let's hurry! We're *late!*" There was no more peace for Isabel. Suppose the program had begun, and she not there! And she was the Goddess of Liberty!

A sharp bend in the trail brought the family suddenly within sight of the grounds. The quiet gulch, widening here, was transformed. Flags of all sizes floated from every bush and tree. Women flitted about in frantic efforts to pack the lunch away in places sufficiently cool—and safe. Somebody was merrily "running" an ice-cream freezer. Small boys were ecstatically whooping and excitedly firing off whole bunches of crackers. Women were spreading white cloths on the long, rough, board tables manufactured for the occasion. Buggy-loads and wagon-loads of people were streaming in from afar. "Teacher," with the help of one small girl, was feverishly endeavoring to get one of the several platforms properly decorated for that very program which had been filling Isabel's anxious thoughts. A "smart" young man came tearing

into the midst of the confusion on a half-terrified horse. And in the very center of things, on one of the rough platforms, were several hilarious couples waltzing to the sound of that violin which Isabel had heard afar. The fiddler, seated in a chair on another and smaller platform, was bent nearly double over the instrument and was keeping time vigorously with his foot.

The music ceased as the Thornes came up, and immediately there was a great clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

"Give us another!" "Aw! G'on!" "Don't be bashful!" cried the dancers. The fiddler again collapsed over his "gourd," with the remark that he could "raise 'em that same tune agin!"

Off behind some bushes, and quite close to Isabel's side as they paused to have one look at this picture of mirth, was a group whose actions attracted the small girl's attention. In a small crowd of gorgeous, snickering young men and giddy, giggling young ladies she recognized the very youthful teacher of a neighboring school. The young people were drinking a foaming stuff from queer glasses, and the teacher's shrill voice reached Isabel easily.

"Great Scott! Ain't I setting an awful example before the young! Anyhow—he! he! he!—I'll keep behind these bushes an' hope that none o' my teetotaler kids' parents 'll notice me! Haw! haw!—he! he! How much of it do you s'pose I can drink without getting under the influence?"

Isabel, who had supposed that nobody but wicked men drank beer, was frozen with horror at these words, and was very thankful to be seized by Genevieve Dean and borne away into the midst of the firecracker crowd, where she could forget them. The crowd was all boys, else, but what did they care for that? They had no firecrackers when they joined the group, but a man who seemed to be wantonly dispensing loads of such luxuries supplied them both—and Isabel entered so far the valley of oblivion that she had actually forgotten that she was to be Goddess until her mother came and seized her.

She was rushed away between Mrs. Dean and the smallest woman in camp, who took them to her house and lent to Isabel one of her own white skirts. This was fastened under Isabel's arms over her own dress, her shoulders were much draped with flags, a white handkerchief with a red-and-white border was made into a liberty-cap, and a tiny flag was stuck in the front of it at an effective angle. Isabel's long hair was loosened and let down around her, the cap was set upon her head, and Mrs. Dean stepped off to admire her work.

"Ah! *Isn't* she sweet! *Isn't* she the *dearest* Goddess of Liberty!" Mrs. Dean thus went into raptures over the results of her own labor, and her praises of the beauty of the Goddess were echoed

more faintly by the other woman. Isabel was allowed one tantalizing look in the glass, and was hurried once more to the grounds, where she was instantly surrounded by a swarm of children all clamoring for the honor of marching with her in that beautiful march.

Then the program went off, and Isabel, even when others were performing, felt herself to be the center and almost the circumference, too, of the whole perfect affair. Nothing was wanting to this auspicious occasion. There was even an Englishman in the audience to feel cheap when he heard Jennie reciting "Paul Revere's Ride!" Isabel exultantly pictured his feelings when Jennie declaimed in a fine, loud voice:

"You know the rest, in the books you have read—
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farmyard wall.
Chasing the red-coats down the lane."

Oh! it was glorious!

"Jennie, I'll bet that Englishman wouldn't have come today if he'd known what piece you were going to speak!" whispered the Goddess ecstatically as Jennie passed by the foot of her throne.

When it was ended, she still sat on her gorgeously draped seat and received the compliments of the crowd. Even when lunch was served on the long tables, Isabel still sat on that throne and was waited upon by various excited small boys, a few admiring girls and one or two women who were thoughtful enough to see that she should have a fitting assortment of the good things to eat.

And how Isabel did thrill with the importance of her position! What a queen she felt herself as she saw five boys, her loyal subjects, bearing down upon her, at one and the same time, each laden with a large dish of ice-cream!

"Aw! take *mine*, Isabel!" "I brought her this dish!" "Here, Goddess of Liberty!" "Hold on, you! I was first!" "Anyhow, I'm goin' to fetch you the next dish!" "Me third!" "Here, Isabel! *this* is the best cake! I sampled every *last* one to be sure."

And the Goddess held high her queenly head and handled her tin spoon with a truly regal grace, little knowing that her reign would be so short, and that, this bounteous repast over, her subjects would be charmed away by other allurements and that she would be left in solitary state to look wistfully at the women who cleared the tables, and then rather amusedly at the dancers, who shortly began to make use of the platforms again.

She had been watching a fat, gray-haired man, whose long coat-tails were flapping wildly, whose high silk hat was kept at a perilous angle over one ear, and who was swinging his partners about in a reckless, jovial fashion quite wonderful to see, when her mother and another lady came up, saying that it was a pity to keep a child sitting still for so long a time; and she was hastily divested of her royal robes—half to her relief and half to her regret, since she did look so well in them!

She was free to play with the rest of the children for a surprisingly short time, however, since her father and mother were almost in-

stantly suggesting that they must go home. Johnny, who had had a more active day than Isabel, was ready to go, but the Goddess felt otherwise.

"Not yet! not yet!" she was begging.

And then Mrs. Dean appeared.

"I'm going to take Genevieve home now," she said, "but she is crazy to go to the school house tonight to see the dance there, and I'm going to take her for a few minutes. Mayn't Isabel stay with her tonight, and go too?"

"Oh, mama!—*please!*" breathed Isabel.

"Why, she's seen the dancing today," replied her mother, "and I'm afraid she'll be too tired if she stays—"

"Ah! but she won't have the long walk home," coaxed Mrs. Dean. "And I'll make them both rest now. I shouldn't let them stay late, of course—only a little while!—and the dance this evening will be so different—so much nicer than the one today! Only the rougher people have danced much on these horrid platforms!—And they say that there's to be a really good violinist there tonight. Genevieve is wild to hear him. Oh! they'd enjoy it so much, I'm sure!"

All the while Mrs. Dean was presenting her arguments, Genevieve was pulling at Mrs. Thorne's gown and begging, too.

"O Mrs. Thorne! Dear Mrs. Thorne!—please, please, *please!* Oh! I won't love you if you don't! *Please!*"

And Isabel, almost despairing of a favorable reply, yet begged in every pause, "Please, Mama!"

It was a joyful surprise to hear her mother give her consent and to know that the blissful celebration was not yet over for her.

Maxton, Arizona.

LAKE CAHUILLA

THE ANCIENT LAKE OF THE COLORADO DESERT.



T a meeting of the Cosmos Club of Tucson, the following communication was read by Mr. William P. Blake, Professor of Geology Emeritus, University of Arizona:

The ancient sheet of water which in comparatively recent geologic time filled the basin of the Colorado Desert, below the sea level, and left the records of its occupation of the valley by deposits of travertine upon its rocky shores, by lines of desert beaches, by deposits of lacustrine clays holding myriads of fossil fresh-water shells, and all at the level of the Gulf of California or below it, were for the first time recognized and described by me in the year 1853.

In the San Francisco newspaper, edited by J. D. Whelpley; and after, in the Report of Geological Reconnaissance in California, 4 to 1855; and in Vol. V of United States Explorations and Surveys from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

The outline of the lake, its length, breadth and depth, its relations to the Colorado River and the Gulf, its origin and history, were fully described at that time, and these descriptions and theory of origin have since been confirmed and sustained by later explorations.

Public attention has of late been directed towards the region by reason of its partial submergence and the destruction of the salt beds at Salton, in the lowest part of the valley. This new sheet of water, which does not rise to the ancient lake level, is known as the "Salton Sea," and is appropriately named.

As the original discoverer and describer of the ancient lake, I claim the right to give it a name, and propose "Lake Cahuilla"—Cahuilla being the tribal name of the aborigines who were found living in and about the valley and whose descendants are still there.

THE MAKING OF BILLY

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY.



R. TRUMBULL and his daughter had stopped for a night and a half day of rest at French's Station, a stage house fifty miles from the railroad. At noon Miss Stacy Trumbull stood on the porch almost in Dave Godell's way as he sprang down from the stage. She had often heard Will Curry speak of him, and the landlady at French's had not stinted her praises of Dave when she told Stacy that it was he who would drive her and her father the remaining twenty miles of their journey to that spot in the high Sierra of California known as Lost Ledge.

While the landlady's talk of Dave's gallantry, his manliness, and fitness to be something higher than a stage driver, was not especially interesting to Stacy, yet it made it easier for her to speak to him. She had been compelled to sit in the coach the day before, and she wanted to take the last picturesque twenty miles in the outside seat.

"Mr. Godell, 'first come!' Won't you put me up in the front seat now?"

"Certainly." He handed up the neat figure in tan duck, and she wasted a smile on him as she settled herself.

Her father, two commercial men, and the wealthiest Chinaman in Plumas County made a smoking parlor of the inside of the stage. A little later Godell unwound the lines from the brake, the four fresh horses threw up their heads, and they were off. The cool breeze played with the plumes of Stacy's hat and brought bright color to her cheek. She glanced at Godell, noting his clear gray eye, and self-possession.

"This is a better stage than the one I rode in yesterday," she remarked, wondering if he spoke good English.

"It ought to be; it's a new one," he said, putting on the brake and watching the steep road ahead, but not oblivious of the pure, sweet face and fluttering veil near him.

Stacy's questions came eagerly, two or three at once.

"Yes, it's twenty miles to Lost Ledge," he explained, "and there's fine scenery, lots of it—not many houses, but there is a mining camp not far away whenever there is a mail box by the road—Do you see that one?"

"It looks like a pigeon-house," answered the girl.

He smiled, and she was openly admiring his masterly handling of the reins, when they heard a shout from the rear. Godell wound up the lines and went back of the coach.

"I've got to put another driver on in my place," he said, returning. "They've sent for me to bring up an extra from Gold Bar to the

dance at French's tonight. This man, Bird, is one of our best drivers, but they call him 'Talkative Tommy,' and he'll probably talk you to death before you get there."

He looked up with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, and was gone; she heard the clatter of a galloping horse, while Bird was seating himself, and they were off again.

Alert, wiry, weather-bronzed, corduroy trousers, red handkerchief, fur-topped driving-gloves—the real mountain stage-driver was with her. Beginning with a dry laugh, he gave her no time to formulate a question.

"Ha! that's a good one, pulling Dave Godell off this chariot; I'll bet he's kicking himself all over. We don't have lady passengers every day. You never been to Lost Ledge? It used to be a town years ago. Dave and me live there, and it knocks the spots off living nowhere; now Dave, he likes it, ha, ha!" the driver seemed overcome with a humorous idea, "but he'll quit liking it before long—nobody can win out over our Billy. How large is it? Well, there's Jones's Hotel, put there some time in the sixties, a store and post-office, and we've got a school and a school marm—What do you think of that for a camp that's been dead for thirty-five year? The blacksmith's got six children, and the North Fork mine sends seven. Miss Whitman, she come up to teach her first school when she was eighteen and she's been here seven summers. She brings her mother up with her, and they keep house. Her friends come up camping, and we wouldn't have no town without Miss Whitman.

"She's the one that got Billy Curry to go off to the University—she's the making of him, and he don't forgit her for a minute."

Miss Trumbull clasped the seat-strap with a convulsive grip, and a sudden color lit her face.

"Never mind that fool horse, Miss," said Bird. "He shies at that rock three hundred and ninety times a year. When Miss Whitman came here, Billy thought he was grown up, and he'd gone to work in the tunnels. The teacher boarded with his mother, and the first thing we knew Billy was going to school, and he was almost as old as the teacher. We all knew Billy was bright as a whip, but we didn't think much of him sitting around studying Latin books. His mother, she owned a meadow and half of the Lost Ledge Mountain. Way back in the sixties, John Mackey—you've heard of him, Miss—used to be round here prospecting. One day he came down that mountain, and he had some quartz shot with gold, and he said there was a good ledge up there. But Lord! nobody fooled with ledges in them days. After a while, when the creek gravel gave out, everybody went hunting for Mackey's ledge, but there'd been forest fires and stock tramping over it, so

we called it the Lost Ledge. In '90, Billy's father bought the land for pasture. We've got no mine, but we've got Billy Curry; he's out at the University now, and the hull county's proud of him."

Bird glanced around at his listener, quizzically.

"Maybe you came from thereabouts, and perhaps you've heard of Billy? They say he brought home a trunk full of degrees—whatever they be."

Miss Trumbull did not try to avoid the issue.

"Yes," she said, smiling faintly. "I know him quite well."

The stage clattered across a bridge over a deep rock-bleached river-bed, and started on the winding way of a mountain grade. On either side a forest of slender pines and heavy spruce trees afforded the travelers a sense of protection from the dangers of mountain climbing. The horses settled down to steady pulling, and Bird returned to his story.

"We're going to send Billy to the legislature," he said. "We can't let him shovel dirt with all that education. His mother, she sold the meadow to send him to Berkeley, and Miss Whitman, she sent him money right along. I guess we'll have to let her have Billy to pay the bill. That's the talk, anyhow."

Bird was touching up the leaders with his long lash, unconscious of the change in Miss Trumbull, her expressionless pallor and lowered eyes. But presently, noticing her drooping attitude as she gathered her veil about her face, he said sympathetically:

"When we git to the top, I'll stop and let you off to rest. You can get a look at Lost Ledge down at the foot of the mountain."

Stacy stood with her father on a shelving rock and overlooked a vast panorama of ridges, gulches, table-land and forests.

"Why don't you say things?" asked Trumbull.

She was fussing with her glove—she had removed a ring from her finger and slipped it into her purse.

"I'm tired through and through," she said. "I'm going to bed as soon as we get there."

When the driver wound the lines on the brake in front of the hotel, Billy Curry was on the left lifting his hat to Stacy, but she gave her arms to Bird and was handed down on the other side. Billy followed her into the parlor, while her father went on to the office.

"Stacy, it was so good of you to come."

She had to let him take her cold hand.

"I always go with father in the summer," she explained, "to do his typing."

"I engaged two rooms for you," he went on, "when your father wrote that he would come. You're tired, aren't you? But here's Mrs. Jones."

"Good night, Mr. Curry," Stacy said as she darted forward to meet the landlady.

Trumbull was a mining expert and promoter, and he had come at the call of Curry to examine a reported discovery. After supper he went with the young man to his home, a steep-roofed gabled house with hop-vines over the windows and a prim garden of annuals in front.

In the morning he found his daughter on the upper balcony.

"Daughter, this won't do. You're not going to be sick?"

"No, Father," she said from the depths of a big rocking chair, "I wouldn't spoil your trip for anything—I'll go to breakfast."

In the dining-room, when busy Mrs. Jones had left them alone, he told her his news.

"I think we've found the lost ledge," he said. "Curry's been blasting, and we're going up to look at it. You must take an alpenstock and go too. It's interesting. Curry's been sighting lines and making cuts for a month, and found nothing; but the school teacher was up there digging lily bulbs, and she brought down a stringer of gold out of rotten quartz. That's luck. She's the making of Curry all right, and me too, for he's made me an offer. The teacher's going up with us. She'll be company for you."

Stacy walked a little unsteadily to her room. She was thinking over the incidents of her friendship with Billy Curry. They had been much together without appointment or planning. At the last, one night after a little supper at her home to a number of her friends, when the others had gone, he had said, as he slipped a little wire of a ring on her finger:

"This is just for memories—all my hopes are in a lost ledge." He had looked in her eyes intently, and they said good night as usual—but had she misunderstood it all?

In her room she faced her mirror, and showed herself how bravely she could smile. This Mary Whitman—he had often spoken of her. She was one of those women who do things in the world. She had earned Billy—he was hers by right of discovery and conquest. She laughed aloud at her facetious thought, and snatching up her tan veil, but forgetting her gloves, ran downstairs.

Curry came to meet them, wild-eyed with excitement.

"You look rested," he said, taking her hand. "You are going?"

"I must have an Alpine stick!" she said.

He was gone, and she turned to take the outstretched hand of Mary Whitman. Her clasp was warm, her hazel eyes winning, her full features expressed sincerest cordiality.

"I have heard so much of you," she exclaimed, "of your hospitality and kindness to our Billy. I need no introduction—you are Stacy Trumbull."

"I am delighted to meet Mr. Curry's friend," murmured Stacy.

"And so nice to have you go with us," said Miss Whitman.

Curry was coming back. "Get two sticks," she called to him.

He disappeared, came in sight with two, disappeared again and appeared with four.

"Billy isn't himself this morning," said Miss Whitman with a merry laugh.

The men walked ahead, conversing earnestly; the teacher directed Stacy's attention to the points of interest.

"This is Dry Creek, a torrent in winter. On the south is Bald Mountain. When we have crossed the meadow we begin our climb to the lost ledge. I was so glad Billy knew your father so we could send for him. You'll like the meadow, it's a carpet of flowers."

Stacy did like it. She went down on her knees in beds of flowering mint, and swarms of butterflies fluttered over her head; then the lilies in the open and the lupines on the banks detained her.

Up the mountain the men dropped into a gully and were out of sight. Curry had made a dozen openings, and the matter was very plain to Trumbull. He sought a rock-seat in the shade, motioned Billy to his side, and made notes as he talked.

"It's agreed, is it, Mr. Curry?" he said. "I am to exploit the mine, put up such a mill as we need to begin on, for one-third interest, you and your mother have one-third, who is to have the other third?"

"The discoverer," said Billy promptly. "All I am I owe to Miss Whitman."

Trumbull made his notes, and then showed Billy where to run his tunnel to strike deep in the vein.

When the girls came, Billy took charge of Stacy and told her all about the dip and incline and many other things of which she understood little. Suddenly she missed her father and hurried after him; Billy could only follow her leading all the way to the hotel. She remarked that she had to write for her father after lunch, and he explained that he had to go back up the mountain to put some men to work.

When he came down from the mine in the afternoon he found Miss Whitman in her garden in the rear of her house.

"Mary!" he exclaimed joyously, "everything is O. K. Trumbull is going to put in thousands to open up the mine and build a road, and you are to have a third interest by right of discovery."

"And must I accept it?" she said, laughing, hoeing her strawberry bed.

"Yes, and I owe you a lot of money besides. It doesn't pay for what you have done for me, not by a good deal. Before you came up here, I used to win money at cards in saloons, and by

cheating, too. You made a man of me and presented me with a rich mine; I ought to give you anything you'd ask—I'm going to pay the debt."

She leaned on her hoe and looked at him, the wind blowing her soft hair from her brow.

"I'd like to know just how grateful you are," she said.

"Test me!" he returned, taking her by the arm and leading her to the shelter of a hop-vine over the rear porch. "Make your request and it shall be granted."

She thought a moment, her chin in her hand.

"Promise me that you will go into politics and carry honor with you."

He took her hand. "Then you are to go with me," he said. "Be my wife—you can make me governor of the State."

"Billy," she said, her lustrous eyes looking into his, "do you want me for what I can do, or because you love me?"

He was silent so long that she pulled his hand into her arm.

"Billy!" Her tone was joyous.

He spoke deliberately, low-voiced.

"Mary, I want you because you are the best woman in the world, because I love you, and because I want all the world to know I don't shirk my obligations."

She held his lax hand tightly in hers. "Because I'm the best—that isn't a very good reason, Billy, but I'm proud of you. Oh, I'm so glad you're true. You're no sneak, are you, Billy dear?"

He sat down on the door-step; she stood by, her hand on his shoulder.

"I've got a problem for you," she went on. "Call it conic sections, or, more plainly, broken hearts. If you were a woman, would you marry a man unless you were sure he loved you enough to make some sacrifice for you—as, for instance, changing his business?"

"I've been following your orders for seven years," broke in Billy.

She touched him caressingly on the forehead.

"If I've been the making of you, Billy," she said, "I'm proud. I'm so glad I made you on the principle of the square; but I did not refer to you in my question. And I have another one to ask."

"Ask," murmured Billy. "Make it mathematical, if you want to."

"Have you thought about a superintendent at the mine? Don't you think Dave Godell would make a good one?"

"Dave shall have the place at his own price," answered Billy. "I'll make him take it. Now my question, please! Let's settle it, Mary. I must know today."

She drew him to his feet.

"Billy, the best woman in the world refuses to marry the most

honorable man in the world, because, because—why, your idea is purely romantic——”

“Then you positively refuse me because you want to?”

“Yes, dearest Billy. If you can’t succeed without my help now, my work is bad.”

He kissed her firm red cheek.

“Mary, I love you just as much—I love you more!” he cried.

“You old blunderer,” she said, “you told it to me in spite of yourself. I’ve known for a year where your heart was. You go over and see her now. Talkative Tommy drove her up. There’s no telling what he said, and she’s a sensitive plant.”

Billy ran out of the yard.

In sight of the hotel, through the tree branches in front, he caught a glimpse of a white dress on the upper balcony. He noted that Trumbull was in the office.

He pushed open the French windows from the upper hall.

“Stacy!”

She smiled from the depths of the rocker, with contentment in her eyes.

He pushed away the table and typewriter, and took the chair near her.

“Why, there is the ring!” he said joyously. “You didn’t have it on this morning.” She laughed musically, while he took her hand and examined the ring as if he had never seen it before.

“I’ve heard some interesting news,” she said with a little shake in her voice. “Mrs. Jones informed me at lunch that Miss Whitman is to marry Dave Godell.”

Billy sprang up and paced the floor, laughing. “What! Dave! he said. “Well, well, I have been so stupid! Oh, it’s all right, it’s fine!”

He came and bent over Stacy’s chair.

“But I’m transparent, you know. Just a moment ago she informed me that my heart was over here with you.” He took her hands, lifting her, and the “sensitive plant” gave tremulous lips to Billy.

Oakland, Cal.

5:59

(Reprinted by request)

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



HA! There whistles Number One!
 And down the tingling grade she grows,
 Tossing her cloud of tresses dun
 Back on the twilight's fading rose.

A mile—a moment—and my Kate
 From years, and half a world, apart.
 But now we'll snap our thumbs at Fate
 And keep our Kingdom of the Heart.

And—eh? The world is drowned in steam—
 A volleying, billowing, deafening cloud—
 And men there run as in a dream,
 And through the thunderous fog they crowd.

"An open switch," I heard one say:
 An op—But that's a wreck! And she
 A half a hundred yards away!
 Oh, God! How ill from Fate we flee!

How cursed leaden drag my feet—
 And yet the rest are far behind—
 On thro' the misty winding-sheet,
 My—Heaven! I know not what—to find.

Ugh! That I trod on moved and cried!
 Ah! There she is! My Kate! My Kate!
 Unscratched! Nor any soul beside
 Is lost, of all that living freight.

But while the grumbling travelers hie
 To crowd the station with their fret,
 Here, Sweetheart, step a little by
 To thank the savior they forget.

Nay, not in words—that dull ear cranes
 Not even to your music, Sweet;
 For that poor chap in greasy jeans
 There come the stretcher and the sheet.

But of your pure heart's purest give
 To him the hungry Death that spied
 Timely himself to leap and live,
 But stayed—and stopped the train—and died!

And yon dumb clinger to the dead—
 Aye, weep for her who cannot! She
 Upon the morrow should have wed
 With him that brought you safe to me.

THE CHILDREN'S WAR

By ADELIA BEE ADAMS and COO-VAI-EN-YU (*Yuma Indian*).



BEFORE the time of Comustomho, the great sage, the different tribes of Indians were as one. There was harmony among them all; they roamed over the whole western continent just as if they were of one body and one mind. This roving band of Indians was composed of twelve tribes, namely: Cumya (Diegueños), Yava-pi-awhats (Apaches), Yava-pi (Yuma Apaches), Hat-pa (Pimas), Hat-pa-nya (Maricopas), Qua-chan (Yumas), Whoala-pi (Wallapais), Chem-a-weve (Chemawevas), Cocapa (Cocopas), Hem-ac-have (Mojaves), Ha-quech (Missions), and a tribe now almost extinct—Ca-whan. At this day the Ca-whan, Cum-ya and Hem-ac-have tribes speak in almost similar tongues.

The harmony existing in the original band was finally disturbed through the influence of the witch-doctors (*ma-teech-e-thav*) and the medicine-men and ghost-doctors of the various tribes. After Comustomho's death, the band decided to seek new camping-grounds, having first observed the usual mourning feasts and fasts alternately, with religious ceremonies, which it was their custom to practice at the death of a great man. Having cremated their venerated sage, they buried his ashes at a spot twenty miles east of Yuma, surrounded by low rounded hills which are remarkable for a peculiar awesome beauty which enwraps them at the hour of sunset, each knoll being strangely illuminated by a wonderful rosy light. While the burial-place is unmarked by any apparent sign, yet it is said all the Indians of today know the exact spot where the great one's ashes lie; though undoubtedly, if questioned by a casual white inquirer, the majority of them would stolidly deny any knowledge of the entire subject. They do not discuss their dearest memories and traditions with the white man.

During their journey along the Colorado river in quest of Nature's best offerings of fruits and roots and land and water, each of the aforementioned "doctors" announced that he had been authorized by his controlling spirits to proclaim that his tribe was to rule all the others. The influence of these men was potent among their people, who believed them to be possessed of great occult powers bestowed upon them by celestial spirits inhabiting certain stars and terrestrial spirits inhabiting certain mountains, and these proclamations of their oracles caused some dissension among them, though they still kept together as one band. But the leaven of discontent spread, so that eventually they separated and traveled in separate groups.

On such journeyings they took with them the animals of various kinds, for at that time there was harmony between man and beast,

and all animals were tame. There was no such thing as a wild and savage animal, nor had the Indians then made practice of killing the animals for food. There are legends telling of how the animals first separated from and became antagonistic to man. This came about through the growing cruelty of the people. The first animal to become unfriendly to man was the snake. The children of the tribes, in rough sport, took to using the snakes as whips with which to lash each other. Of this cruelty a serpent complained one day to the Great Spirit, who told him to bite the next person who should use him so wantonly. This he did, and immediately glided away from the camp and never returned.

After a time some of the restless youngsters of different groups began to pelt each other with stones. This they found such interesting sport that they continued in it lustily for many days, when some of the older ones joined in the game, which after a time became so strenuous and so persistent that it took on a serious aspect, so that the old and wise ones of the different tribes became alarmed and begged the gamesters to desist; but the young ones had grown so lustful for revenge that they paid no heed to the entreaties of their elders. The latter put their heads together to form a plan by which harmony might be restored between their offspring, and at length, to disrupt the fight, they formed in line and walked in close file between the opposing forces; but the blankets of bark with which they had taken precaution to cover their heads and bodies were too short to cover their feet and ankles, so that the stones which the reckless gamesters did not hesitate to cast against them, for their interference, struck those unprotected members with full force, and they in turn, becoming infuriated by the pain, turned upon their assailants and joined in the fray with vim. Thus it was that what began as children's sport eventually became a savage battle; the first (so says tradition) among the Indians.

That battle was the beginning of a warfare fought with stones, which continued even into the years; after which the tribes drifted apart, gradually separating and scattering in various directions over the continent. The Wallapais, Mojaves, Chemawevas, Yuma Apaches, Diegueños, Yumas, and Ca-whans remained loyal to each other. The Apaches were the first to desert their fellows; then those now called Missions; the Maricopas and the Pimas went together; and then the Cocopas withdrew from the others.

After many years of wandering the Maricopas and Pimas settled in Arizona, and from there they came on the war-path to attack the Yumas. But they used no weapons in their warfare, other than their tongues. They appeared at the enemy's camp day after day, and they "howled, and howled, and howled." Then they returned to tell their people they had been engaged in war with the Yumas. This

method of fighting they actually practiced for several years. At last a man among the Yumas—a hermit—invented some weapons. One night while this hermit slept, a war-spirit appeared to him and took him to an unknown land where he was shown strange races of people, of such as he had no knowledge, warring upon each other. He was shown their weapons, and comprehended how they were made. When he awoke, he set about making such weapons—spears, bows and arrows, and all such as have since been used in warfare by any Indians. It is believed by the Indians that the weapons then made by the hermit-seer were the first known to the Indians of America.

When the Maricopas again appeared and began to howl, the hermit jumped on his horse* and began to chase them. The surprised warriors of the East did not stand on the order of their going, and so confused were they that their pursuer had easy opportunity to pierce their bodies with his weapons as he rode against them. They made no attempt to fight, evidently considering that he who runs away lives to fight another day; and they did return to fight at a later day, armed with similar weapons to those used by the seer; apparently having gained possession of enough of those he had made to use for patterns.

After this the tribes who controlled the Colorado river were all armed with weapons, and real fighting frequently occurred between the Yumas, Wallapais, Mojaves, Chemawevas, Yuma Apaches, Diegueños, and Ca-whans, on one side, and the Apaches, Maricopas, Pimas, and Cocopas, on the other.

The Missions were not a warring race and were never known to invade the territory of others. A pitiful story is told, that Missions encamped at the place now called Indio and on the San Jacinto Mountain were once attacked without warning and massacred by Yumas, who were scouring the country for Cocopas. The remaining Missions, filled with revenge, gathered a fair number of their young braves and sent them in pursuit of the murderers; but after a few weeks' absence, two alone of their number returned and reported that, having traveled into unfamiliar desert country and finding no water, the others had perished of thirst. Few Indians meet with such fate. It is claimed that the Yumas, if need be, can bring rain to earth by occult power; and Coovaienu, who furnishes the chief incidents of this story, has seen his father apparently bring

*Though historians have averred that no horses were found among the Indians at the time of the advent of the white people in America, the Indians claim among themselves that horses were in use among them long before that time. There are spirit horses in many of their "ghost-stories."

—Author.

This proves the recent date of the story. There were no horses, even in ghost-stories, until the Spanish Conquest.—Editor.

down rain by incantation or prayer, when, in company with himself and another son during a trip across the desert, the elder man found that all of the party were suffering from thirst, with no water in sight and no apparent sign of rain in the sky.

For many years all the allied tribes of the Colorado river remained loyal to each other, except the Ca-whan, which through much warring and occasional epidemics had become nearly extinct. Children of this tribe and some Yuma children, while bathing one day in the Colorado river, engaged in the war game, *ta-whes-o-whes*, which is practiced by placing a bit of half-dry mud against the end of a tough green stick and with a peculiar motion throwing it against the opponent, whom it stings with such penetrating force that usually he is stimulated to retaliate with prompt energy. The children became so enthusiastic over the sport that they went at it again the following day, and then again the next day, and the next, and so they continued until it seemed as if the game was to be prolonged indefinitely. Each day the opposing sides were re-enforced by new members, and the game waxed more and more furious. Soon the blood of some of the young men rose to the sport and they joined in the game with the youngsters; then the parents began to take part with their children, after which the situation began to look serious. At length the old and wise ones tried to separate them by walking in close file between the opposing forces, but the blankets which they had drawn over their heads and bodies did not extend to their feet, and these the then infuriated warriors did not hesitate to batter with their stinging missiles; so that the peace-makers, becoming enraged with the pain from the blows upon their bare flesh, finally turned upon both parties and there was a frightful hand-to-hand *melee*. Thus did history repeat itself; the children of the later-day people bringing on war and feud between the tribes as their ancestors had done in the past. The chief men of both tribes interfered, and the fight was stopped, but there remained a bitter feeling between the two tribes afterward, though the Yumas tried to conceal their enmity. The Ca-whans proceeded secretly to prepare for war.

The word "friend" is exactly similar in the languages of the two tribes, but in the Ca-whan means also the throat, or *the swallower*; so when a Yuma saluted a Ca-whan as "My Friend," the Ca-whan would reply flippantly, "Yes, my throat," or, "My swallower"—with a contemptuous and ambiguous meaning impossible to translate. One day this tribe attacked the Yumas treacherously, without warning, and killed many of the men and carried off many maids and women to enslave them. It is believed that this attack was due to the advice of an old woman of the Ca-whans who incited her people thereto by telling them they were destined to become a great people, and that she had been appointed by war-spirits to lead them away

from the place where they were, and to lead and direct them ever afterward in their battles. The attack occurred at sunset, and was a savage one. Among the Yumas who escaped was a young girl who afterward became grandmother to the narrator, Coo-vai-enu. It is not recounted that the old lady who incited the attack ever became a distinguished amazon.

The Ca-whans joined the Maricopas, who, however, regarded them not as friends, but as treacherous enemies; and in the fights in which the Maricopas engaged, they forced the wretched Ca-whans to the front of their ranks to take the brunt of the battle. It is even said that during such battles the Maricopas frequently shot them from the rear.

The Yumas hammered away at the Ca-whans until the various tribes were brought to terms of peace through the encroaching civilization of the whites. Some years ago the Ca-whans were visited by an epidemic that nearly completed the work of extermination begun by the Yumas and their allies. The remnant left of the tribe, now living in the Maricopa country, consists of a half-dozen families.

Many and fearful have been the encounters resulting from the long-standing feuds between various tribes. Among the most ferocious of these encounters was one that took place not much more than a half century ago, near Yuma, between the Yumas and the Maricopas. The latter had planned to surprise the Yumas, but they, learning of their enemies' intention, prepared to receive them. They sent some of their young men to meet them, who addressed the enemy suavely, pointing out to them the shallowest parts of the river, over which they were to cross to reach the Yuma camp; then when their visitors were well across the stream, the young bucks showed them their heels, and returned to their own settlement with great forthwithness.

The battle that followed was fought with clubs alone, and must have been arranged between the two parties with some system, despite the attempt at surprise by the Maricopas. The opposing forces lined up for the fight, face to face. On the Yuma side the women fought also, being ranged closely behind the men. One woman who fought with a child strapped to her back, covered with a woven basket to protect him, afterward became grandmother to the narrator, Coo-vai-enu, the child having become his father, who is now identified with the Yumas. The Yuma warriors, when opportunity offered, seized the opposing warriors and passed them back to the women, who clubbed them to death.

The enmities long existing between differing tribes, with the savage warrings which reduced the entire Indian people in numbers and strength, leaving them unfit to cope with other invading powers, may be said to be the direct result of that ancient and at first apparently inconsequential event of the Children's War.

Garvanza, Cal.

SAGEBRUSH

By 'GENE STONE.



OLEMN hush of sunset-time,
Far off, crimson-tinted west,
Faint blue mountains, clear, yet far,
Their ragged peaks just amber-kissed.

Soft the tender twilight sky,
Blue as eyes beloved of old
Save where farther southward there,
A touch like hair of burnished gold.

'Neath the sky, across the plain—
The grey, old plain of countless age—
I linger on the color-tone,
The green-grey velvet of the sage.

Onward toward the silent hills
Where the twilight shadows fall,
Bush on bush and rank on rank
They march to scale the mountain wall.

Sheltered by the tangled growth,
Wild things start, and peer, and glance;
Bright-eyed rabbit, dove, and quail,
Haunt the quiet grey expanse.

Lids half-shut, across the brush
I gaze, and 'mid the soft light's play
Catch the dainty overtones
Of violet, sweet as fading day.

Can the burdened heart go forth,
Weighed with toil or haunting pain,
Brood on this untroubled calm
And listless wander on again?

Carson City, Nev.



A CHANGE IN THE CONTRACT

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON.



HE might have known her for a heroine at first sight. The very way in which she stepped off the stage, composed and alert, yet with the unmistakable air of one awaiting events, distinguished her at once from the dusty commonplaceness of the other passengers.

In our year's sojourn at the little Santa Rosalia hotel, Peyton and I had come to know the general run of travelers pretty well—ranchers, established or prospective; cowboys on their way to the desert ranges; bored "drummers" in the implement line whose chief topic of conversation was the horrors of the thirty-mile stage-ride across the mountains. Feminine travel, always in the small minority, was made up for the most part of ranchers' wives and daughters going to and fro on their annual shopping tours to the little railroad town of Uplands.

But the newcomer was a stranger to the valley. Moreover, she was English. This we guessed from her accent, as well as from the fact that her forehead was covered with a very elaborate fringe which almost veiled her snapping black eyes. Our conjectures were verified by an examination of the hotel register, where we learned that she was a Miss Rose Greenfield, from some little town in Devonshire whose name I have since forgotten.

"An English spinster," observed Peyton. "Hm! Queer place for her to turn up in. What do you suppose she's come for?"

"Haven't an idea. Unless she has a father or brother in the valley—or a fiancé," I added as an afterthought.

"Greenfield?" ruminated Peyton. "No Greenfield in the country that I know of. And if it's a lover, one would have thought he would be here to meet his lady."

"There she is at our table," I whispered as we reached the dining-room door. "Now's your chance to find out all about her."

It was against the usual custom to put a stranger at our table, the good-natured Lena generally arranging it so that Peyton, the little school-teacher and I should dine undisturbed by the chilling presence of any transient. We felt somewhat aggrieved at the sight of a fourth, in spite of our curiosity about the newcomer.

Miss Walton, however, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with the addition. She had apparently been pining for the companionship of another young woman. As we took our seats she introduced us to Miss Greenfield with the air of an old acquaintance. Peyton merely bowed, leaving it to me to murmur politely of our pleasure in the meeting. The young lady's look of flattered surprise made this common formula take on an embarrassingly personal note.

"Thank you so much," she said. "You Americans are all so hospitable." She spoke in a high voice, rather pleasant in spite of a scarcely noticeable omission of the aspirate before the word "hospitable."

She was not hard to get acquainted with, it seemed. Before dinner was over she had given us a brief outline of her family history, her life on a Devonshire farm, the exact amount of a legacy left her the year before by an obliging aunt—everything, in fact, except a clue to her presence in this out-of-the-way spot. The omission naturally aroused our curiosity. Peyton's interest was pricked to the point of trying a leading question.

"You are staying in the valley long?" he asked politely.

"Oh, yes," Miss Greenfield assured him. "I already count myself quite one of you. I have come prepared to like it, you know." She paused, as if contemplating further confidences. She appeared to be the most ordinary, matter-of-fact young woman, yet she had a way of leading one to expect something exciting around every turn in the conversation. Her eyes fell, as if by chance, on Peyton's careless garb. He had to go back up the cañon after dinner and was still in his riding-clothes.

"And I am not at all disappointed," she went on at last. "The way you gentlemen dress is quite what I had looked for—so comfortable and picturesque."

She seemed unaware of the fact that Peyton was blushing furiously under her scrutiny. And the next moment found her bestowing equally frank admiration on the peppers that drooped graceful over the verandah outside. The subject of their picturesqueness was not yet exhausted when the entrance of the stage-driver with her trunk-checks created a diversion. The transaction that followed left us with a high opinion of Miss Greenfield's commercial abilities.

"They told me I should have to look sharp in traveling in your country," she observed, as she deposited her purse in some mysterious pocket of her petticoat. "But I think," she added complacently, "that I 'aven't been 'soaked,' as you call it, so far."

She said "'aven't" quite plainly this time, which may have been what irritated Peyton. "I don't think we do call it 'soaked,'" he contradicted bluntly, and I am afraid untruthfully.

"Really?" she cried with good-natured interest. "Why, I thought that was quite the American way of saying it. We envy you your picturesque phrases, you know."

We rose from the table with rather confused impressions of Miss Greenfield. Miss Walton was the only one who stood up for her unreservedly. "There's a lot to her in spite of her little lapses of

aspirates," she asserted stoutly. "And I like her frank appreciation of everything that's new and——"

"Don't say picturesque," groaned Peyton. "That word has got on my nerves horribly this last hour. As if a ready-made mind like hers could recognize a picturesque object when it saw it!"

Miss Walton laughed. "That's because she found you picturesque," she said mischievously. "And you're irritated because you can't be here to see what happens this evening. But never mind! We'll tell you tomorrow."

We had nothing worth reporting, however. No one turned up to claim Miss Greenfield; and evidently she expected no one, for she retired at an early hour.

For several days she occupied the fourth seat at our table, interested and affable, but seemingly without any excuse for staying on. She gave us no further information about herself, except to reiterate now and then the assurance that she intended to live in the valley.

One evening, however, as Peyton and I were enjoying the cool hour before dinner on the verandah, Miss Walton joined us, her gray eyes alight with news.

"I've been up in Miss Greenfield's room ever since I got out of school," she began. "She asked me up to look at her trunks. You guessed right," she said, nodding at me.

"What about?" I asked stupidly.

"Why, about her being engaged, of course. Those trunks are full of the loveliest silver and table-linen—and oh, such gowns!" She sighed with gentle feminine envy.

"But where's the bridegroom?" asked Peyton.

"That's just what I'm coming to. After she had showed me everything she asked me if I thought the clothes were the thing for this valley, for she said, as I had probably guessed, she had come out here to be married. It's to some man she knew slightly ten years ago, back in England. She hasn't seen him since he came out here, but about six months ago he began corresponding with her. He said he had thought a great deal about her since he had been away from home. He told her all about his ranch-life here, and Miss Greenfield said that it sounded so romantic that when he finally asked her to come out here and marry him she didn't hesitate long before accepting. Her family were awfully against it, it seems, but fortunately her aunt's legacy made her quite independent."

"Who is the happy man?" I asked, as Miss Walton paused to take breath.

"She didn't tell me after all," said Miss Walton. "She just said he had to be away from the valley on business, but that she

expected him to meet her here almost any day. He told her to stay at the hotel till he came."

"And you never asked his name?"

"But I kept thinking she would tell me," confessed the little school-teacher. "You see she was so interested in the romance of the thing that she forgot everything else."

"Probably the husband was only a secondary consideration anyway," observed Peyton sarcastically. Miss Walton had time for one reproachful "Oh!" when the coming of the stage distracted our attention. As it swept up to the steps, a solitary passenger alighted.

"It's that horrid Mr. Goring," she whispered. "Who do you suppose is in trouble now?"

Goring was a man whom we had come to regard as a bird of ill-omen. He had once lived in the valley, and still owned a ranch up Sage Cañon. But money had flowed in too slowly for his ambitious soul and he had disappeared for a time, only to turn up again, smug and prosperous, smilingly eager to lend money to any old friends whom the dry years had pinched. His knowledge of the valley gave him admirable accuracy in gauging the amount of revenue to be squeezed out of each victim. He made his headquarters in the railroad town of Uplands, feeling, perhaps, that life would be pleasanter at a distance from the scene of his operations.

We had hoped that he would not notice us, but his eye lit upon us at once.

"Fine year for the valley," he observed as he greeted us effusively. No chill of manner ever seemed to affect him.

"You look at it with a professional eye," retorted Peyton. "I'm afraid it will take a finer year than this to pull the poor ranchers out of the hole."

"So it will, so it will," agreed the impervious Goring. "I was a ranchman myself, you know, so I am pretty well acquainted with the ups and downs of the business. Mostly downs—ha, ha!" The fact that he was alone in appreciating his pleasantry did not disturb him in the least.

"I suppose you are wondering what brought me up so soon again," he went on expansively.

There was no direct reply to this, but Miss Walton looked uncomfortably around. "I am sure it is dinner time," she murmured. "I wonder where Miss Greenfield can be." She moved off, Peyton and I following unceremoniously in her wake.

"Greenfield, did you say?" I heard Goring ask with irrepressible interest as we left him.

We welcomed Miss Greenfield's presence at our table that night, for on the occasion of his former visit Goring had insisted on appropriating the vacant seat. It made even Peyton feel actually

friendly toward her, though up to this time he had nursed a lingering resentment at having our congenial little trio broken up. Conversation sped merrily until the second course came on. Then, in a lull, we heard the voice of the waitress at the next table.

"Coffee, Mr. Goring?" she was saying.

Miss Greenfield started. Her usually high color deepened.

"Is that gentleman's name Goring?" she whispered, leaning across to Miss Walton.

"Why, yes," said Miss Walton with innocent surprise. "Do you know him?"

Miss Greenfield did not answer directly. A shade of disappointment crossed her face as she inspected the unconscious Goring. "But he doesn't look at all as I expected," she murmured.

We were seized with a sudden inkling of the truth.

"You don't mean to say that he is the one!" cried the school-teacher in frank dismay.

Miss Greenfield nodded. "I am afraid you will think me shockingly romantic," she went on after a pause, embracing us all in a confidential smile, "coming this great way to marry a gentleman I had not seen for ten years. Just fancy! I was quite a girl then, you know. And it isn't as if I hadn't had good offers at home. But there was something quite like a story-book about coming way out here to live on a ranch. I couldn't resist the idea."

There was something so naive about her enthusiasm that I know we all felt sorry at the thought of the disillusionment awaiting her. We were spared the embarrassment of a reply, however, by the approach of Goring himself.

"Miss Rose Greenfield, I presume?" he inquired blandly, and as the young woman gave rather a fluttered assent, he held out his hand with an unctuous smile.

"I've come—er—according to contract," he announced.

It was certainly not the speech one would expect a lover to make to the lady who had come five thousand miles to keep tryst with him, and Miss Greenfield looked completely taken aback by its coldness. She recovered herself quickly, however, and rose to join him.

"You will excuse my leaving you, I am sure," she said as she took his arm. "Mr. Goring and I shall have a great many things to talk over, you know."

"And she has come all this way to marry that odious creature," exclaimed Miss Walton under her breath. "Poor girl!"

"Certainly not much food for romance about him," said I. "And she doesn't seem to have got it through her head that ranching isn't his regular occupation."

"Just like his crooked ways not to tell her," growled Peyton.

"According to contract," he murmured as we stopped by the hall door to light our pipes, "Great Scott! I'd break the engagement on the strength of that one sentence if I were a girl."

Miss Greenfield seemed contented enough, however, when we met her on the verandah as we came out from a six o'clock breakfast next morning. She was looking very fresh in her neat sailor-hat and white dress, and greeted us radiantly.

"Mr. Goring is driving me over to the ranch this morning," she began at once. "You can't think how impatient I am to see it. And he must be too, for he tells me it is quite a time since he has been home. It seems that he has business which keeps him part of the time in the city. I did not understand that from his letters."

Her innocent surprise showed us the extent of Goring's hypocrisy. Yet it did not seem quite in our province to set her right.

He appeared at this juncture, and seemed downright uneasy at finding us in conversation with Miss Greenfield. His greetings lacked their usual effusiveness; and I could see that he untied his horse as if in a hurry to be off. His fiancée eyed his well padded gray suit and patent leather boots with open disapproval.

"Why ever are you wearing those clothes out to the ranch?" she asked, as he helped her into the runabout.

"They are the ones I am in the habit of wearing," replied Mr. Goring stiffly. One could see that he had felt more than satisfied with his appearance.

"But they do not seem at all the thing," insisted Miss Greenfield. "I quite expected——" Her voice trailed off in high-keyed disappointment as they drove away.

"Poor Goring!" chuckled Peyton maliciously. "That will be a dash to his vanity right enough. By the way, do you know if anyone's living on his place now?"

"Someone said Ned Clark had it on shares."

"That handsome young good-for-nothing from the desert? But what in the world can he do with it? He didn't stay at surveying more than a week. Good pay, too."

"At any rate he'll furnish a little picturesqueness for the place. It probably needs it badly enough."

We found a good thirty hours' work cut out for us when we reached the reservoir that morning. A trial stream had been turned in the night before to test the banks, and it was discovered that a gopher with a taste for engineering had tunnelled right through the lower embankment, very nearly ruining our year's work.

We got back the next evening, tired and hungry. Miss Walton was the only one left in the dining-room when we came down. She lent a sympathetic ear to the tale of our disaster, until we became greatly contented with ourselves for having deserved so

much of her pity. In this generous frame of mind I remembered to ask after Miss Greenfield.

"Oh, it's too dreadful," cried Miss Walton. "I'm afraid all her happiness is destroyed!" Then while we ate our dinner she told us the events of the day before, as retailed to her in the evening by the heartbroken Miss Greenfield; how that young lady had soon become suspicious of Mr. Goring's evasions as to his business and his plans for the ranch; and how, when they got out there, something Ned Clark said convinced her that he had no intention of really living there.

"And then, on top of that, she found out what his real business was. She said it might not have seemed so bad if she had known before, but when she had come out here with such different expectations it disappointed her beyond words. She went out under the trees and cried and cried. She showed her character, though, by breaking off the engagement on the spot."

"And how did our friend Goring take that?" I inquired.

"Oh, he made a fearful scene—so bad that she wouldn't come back with him. That kind-hearted Mr. Clark drove her home in his cart."

Peyton whistled. "Poor Goring," he grinned. "But are you sure it's permanently off?"

"Perfectly sure," said the little school-teacher firmly. "Mr. Goring went away on the stage this morning. How hateful he looked too!"

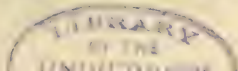
"But what on earth made him so keen about her?" asked Peyton. "His first remark that night he came struck me as anything but loverlike."

"Maybe he'd heard about the aunt's legacy," suggested Miss Walton. "Miss Greenfield told me he had a sister about her age who was a great friend of hers."

"That's probably it. It would account for any amount of eagerness on Goring's part. Beastly cad!"

"Never mind. There are as good fish in the sea," I began flipantly, but Miss Walton silenced me with a reproachful look. We had hard work to prevail on her to come out on the verandah a little while. Her tender heart felt that her place was with the stricken Miss Greenfield.

We made for a corner where there was a hammock and comfortable chairs for the weary. To our chagrin, low murmurs came from that direction, and we could see the shadowy outlines of two figures in the hammock. One was undoubtedly Miss Greenfield; her profile with its unvarying fringe came out sharply in the moonlight. The other was a man's figure, clad in a loose flannel shirt. And as they turned at the sound of our footsteps I caught the unmistakable clank of spurs.



"Did you see?" whispered Peyton as we beat a hasty retreat. "That was Ned Clark with her."

We established ourselves in silence at the other end of the porch. Miss Walton seemed busy readjusting her ideas. Peyton laughed softly to himself now and then.

"I don't care," cried Miss Walton indignantly, after one of these manifestations of inward glee. "I think you're jumping at conclusions."

"What conclusions?" asked Peyton sweetly. Miss Walton did not deign to answer. There was silence again, till Miss Greenfield and her tall escort appeared out of the shadows.

"How cosy you look," she observed in her high voice, its coolness rippled now with an undercurrent of excitement. We offered our chairs, and greeted Ned Clark. I had always found something very winning about this reckless youth, though as chain-man on our surveying gang he had been most trying. But after the first desultory remarks on the weather, we seemed to have exhausted our store of small talk. It was the courageous Miss Greenfield that broke an embarrassing pause.

"Mr. Clark very kindly came in to talk over the ranch," she explained hesitatingly.

"You are not going to live there, after all!" exclaimed Miss Walton in bewilderment. Miss Greenfield caught her up with relieved haste.

"I am, though," she said with a conscious little laugh. "I don't know what you will think of me for being so changeable. But you know I had so set my heart on the ranch. And when I saw that little log cabin under the live-oaks it was so exactly what I had hoped for, so picturesque, you know, that I could not bear the idea of giving it up. But of course I should have had to, shouldn't I, if it had not been for Ned's—Mr. Clark's kindness."

"Kindness! Rot!" exclaimed Mr. Clark with bashful fervor. "You've made me the luckiest fellow in Santa Rosalia. I only wish I weren't so confoundedly broke," he added in a burst of childlike frankness.

"But money isn't the most important thing," said Miss Greenfield earnestly. There was a new softness in her voice. "And with that two thousand pounds my aunt left me we shall do tidily, I am sure."

It slowly filtered through our understanding that Miss Greenfield was trying to convey to us the fact that she was consoled for the loss of Mr. Goring. I record with pride that I was the first to collect my wits and offer congratulations. The little school-teacher was the tardiest of all, but she atoned for the delay manfully.

"I don't care," she affirmed afterwards, apparently to some imaginary disputant, for Peyton and I had made no comment whatever on the affair. "She's a nice girl, and deserves to be happy. It isn't as if she had known Mr. Goring awfully well."

"Merely a little change in the contract," said Peyton teasingly. "Very satisfactory all around, I am sure. If I don't mistake, Goring will get a good slice of the two thousand pounds in the end. And the fair Miss Greenfield has certainly captured the picturesqueness."

Portland, Ore.

Publishers' Announcement

Beginning with the next issue (February, 1909) OUT WEST will carry a new department, *SEEING AMERICA*, devoted exclusively to setting forth, by text and illustration, the attractive and interesting features of one locality after another. And since persons are at least as interesting as places, a part of the space given to each locality will be occupied by thumb-nail portraits of some of the people whom a visitor would be apt to meet and notice.

This department will be conducted by George D. Heisley, formerly manager of the magazine *SEEING AMERICA FIRST*, which has been taken over by OUT WEST. Mr. Heisley will give his time to traveling from place to place, securing material for his department.

Our plan had been to introduce this feature in the present number, with a study of Los Angeles from the standpoint of the visitor, but this has been unavoidably postponed, and will appear next month.

On account of the expense of this department and by reason of other features which will be introduced during the year, the price of OUT WEST is increased with this number to twenty-five cents per copy—the subscription to three dollars per year. We venture to assure our regular readers that they will get full value at the increased price.

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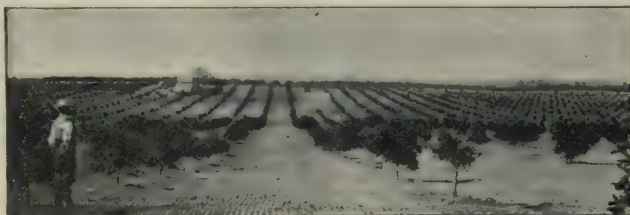
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Vol. XXX No. 2-3

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1909

MOUNT WILSON

By JOSEPH N. PATTERSON.



AS THE home of the great Carnegie Institute Solar Observatory, Mt. Wilson has gained wide distinction in the world of science, but its greatest service to humanity is in relation to the vast area of homes, whose scintillating fairyland of lights this sentinel of the Sierra Madre nightly overlooks.

A greater variety of mountain, valley and ocean views is probably offered by no other mountain of the world, but it is the extreme accessibility of Mt. Wilson to the vast area of homes, outspread, in such plain sight from its pine-clad summit, and the remarkable climatic and physiographic change from the semi-tropical valley beneath, that gives it a place of special value in the family of mountains.

In the great cities of the East an all-day's journey by rail is necessary to reach an altitude and a climatic change not half so great, as the resident of Los Angeles can attain on any moonlight evening after supper.

A plunge in the Pacific, with snow-balling and coasting before night and even a snow rub-down at sunrise is a variety that excites no wonder with the residents of this favored region, though they all gasp with surprise when at night they first look upon the inverted heaven of electric lights, spread for a radius of fifty miles beneath their feet.

The man on the mountain-top can scarcely credit the distinct spots of yellowish glow as the incandescent lighting of the resort buildings at the beaches, nearly fifty miles removed by trail and rail, and the fact that he was walking there but a few hours previous never grows quite comprehensible. The long-suffering and slow-moving burro has been called many names in the history of his patient and efficient, if somewhat deliberate, service to mankind, but he will always be associated in the minds of thousands of

Illustrations from photographs by Ferdinand Ellerman, Carnegie Institute Solar Observatory



STRAWBERRY PEAK FROM MT. WILSON

Mt. Wilson pleasure-seekers as the agent of the surprising transition from the dry, brown desert country to the refreshing greenness of the Little Santa Anita cañon.

A change from the high speed of the Pacific Electric at the old foot-hill town of Sierra Madre to the ridiculously different locomotion of the "Burro Pacific," and one has scarcely been sped laughingly on his way by the guides of the Mt. Wilson stables before he enters the deep cañon and hears the cascading waters of the Little Santa Anita.

One who has gazed at the bare face of the mountain from the valley beneath, and possibly postponed a trip to Mt. Wilson for years, because, with no better information than his own conclusions, he pictured the trail ascending a dry and hot mountain-face, is completely captured by the deep woodland wildness of the cañon trail.

Here the steep cañon sides and trunks of the trees are alike green with moss; solid banks of ferns grow higher than a man's head; live-oak, maple, sycamore, pine and spruce refresh his memory of forests; the tumbling of the stream, hundreds of feet beneath at the cañon's bottom, sings a continual jubilation to one who has lived in a country where running water is a luxury to the soul; and, as the trail winds along the cañon side, here and there one looks down upon waterfalls and rapids, strikingly set in white granite.

At frequent points on the journey up the Mt. Wilson trail, looking back, out the deep-cut gap of the cañon's mouth, one sees the resplendent color-scheme, and all-compelling peacefulness of the orange and grape-growing country, stretching from Sierra Madre to the Puente Hills.

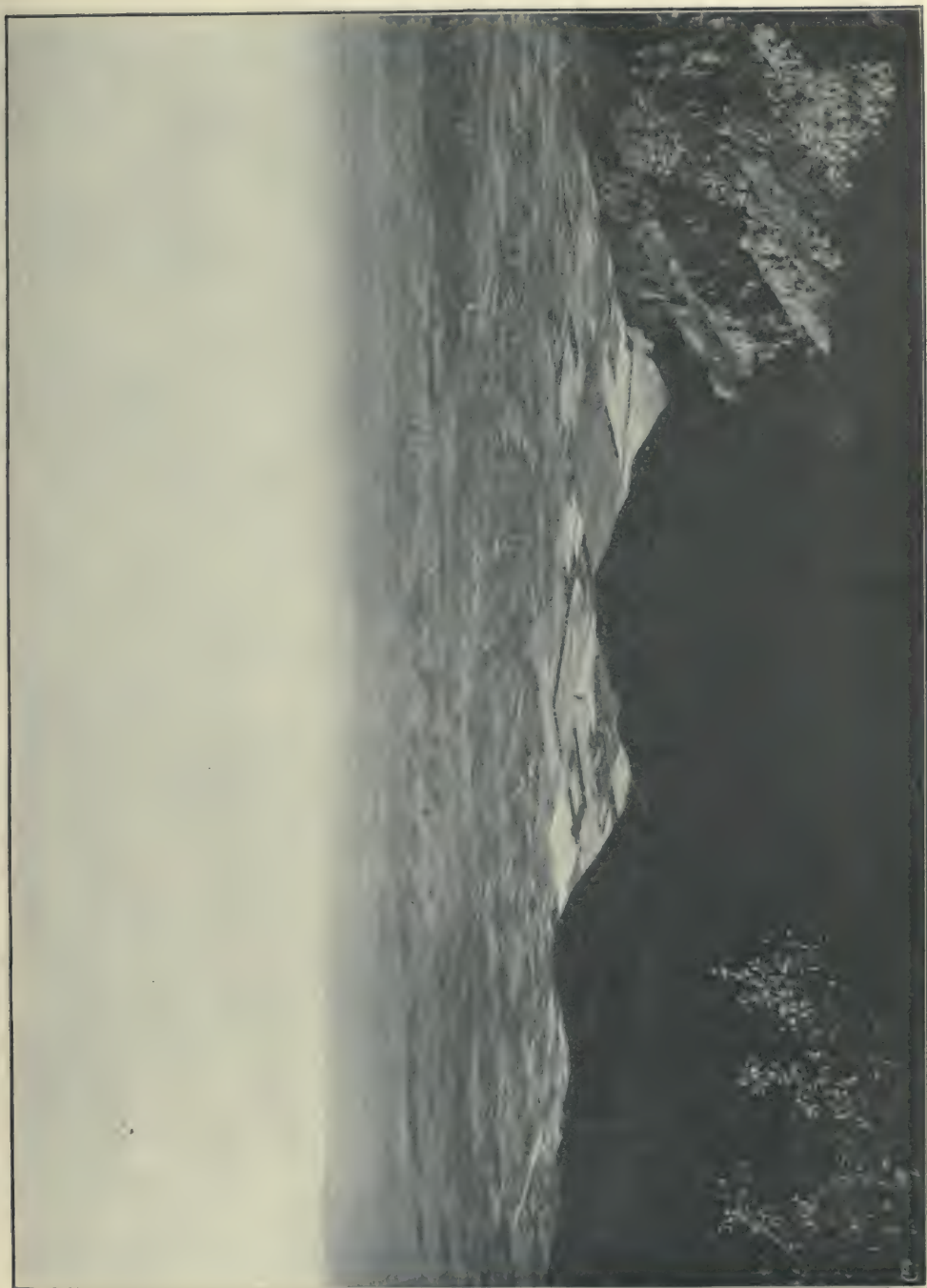
The green and brown checker-board effect of the cultivated floor of the broad-sweeping San Gabriel valley assumes an Arcadian softness in the rich light of the evening sun, and is backed by the peculiar crinkled brownness of the desert foot-hills, while beyond this low-lying Puente range, shimmers the broad expanse of the blue Pacific, with Catalina Island in the distance.

With an immediate foreground of jagged spruce-trees looming between the triangular framework of the cañon gap the traveler gasps for adjectives, the painter sighs over the limitations of his brush, and the photographic plate of the mind receives one of the pictures that will last.

When the summit of Mt. Wilson is reached, a panoramic vista of unexampled variety unfolds itself to the eye, which now transfers the imagination from the immediate loveliness of the shaded cañon to the heroic grandeur of mountain, valley and ocean in almost endless expanse.



MT. SAN GABRIEL FROM MT. WILSON



"THE SMILING VALLEY"



BARLEY FLATS—LOOKING ACROSS VALLEY OF WEST FORK OF SAN GABRIEL RIVER

Southward and a little to the west, Pasadena flashes in the sun's rays, the large buildings of the "Crown City" being easily distinguishable at eight miles' distance. The broad, flat valley, with Los Angeles just beyond Pasadena, and the beach towns in the distance, sweeps from the Santa Monica mountains on the west to the coast region of La Jolla and San Diego on the left, while inside San Jacinto and some lower-lying mountains the valley extends to the region of Pomona and Ontario.

Out across Los Angeles appears the blue Pacific, and in the seasons of clear weather not only the twin peaks of Catalina, but the islands of San Clemente, San Nicolás and Santa Barbara are plainly discernible at a range of 100 miles and over.

On the clearer days the vessels in the harbor of San Pedro can be seen from the peak, the creeping breakers on the beach are easily distinguished, and when atmospheric conditions are exceptionally favorable, the sunlight breaking through the clouded heavens and falling upon the town of Avalon, Catalina, like a powerful searchlight, has enabled the guests of the Mt. Wilson hotel to pick out the larger buildings with the naked eye at an air-line distance of over forty-six miles.

The panoramic view to the north from Mt. Wilson, across the deep valley of the West Fork of the San Gabriel, presents range after range of rugged mountains rising to an altitude of over 10,000 feet and with the 3000-foot altitude of the valley as a base, presents a gigantic wall of five to seven thousand feet as they stand between the eye and the Mojave desert beyond.

Away to the east the looming whiteness of San Antonio has, as a foreground, the magnificent watershed of the San Gabriel river, so all-important to the fruit-growing country which it waters. Farther to the east San Geronimo, San Bernardino and San Jacinto are prominent landmarks.

Directly back of Mt. Wilson to the north one looks down into the deep valley where the West Fork of the San Gabriel finds its source. From Mt. Wilson, where the rush of the tumbling waters is heard, the steep ridges and contributing cañons of the mountains across the valley form themselves into a succession of half bowls of gigantic amphitheater effect, and when softened by the gentle touches of the rising or setting sun, this valley of over 3000 feet depth forms a picture not soon forgotten, and one irresistibly appealing to the tired city worker, but a few hours removed from his desk in Los Angeles.

It is little wonder that the "call of the wild" results each year in an increasing army of seekers after a real vacation in the back country of the West Fork and the rugged mountains to the north.

Except for such remarkable patches of trees on high, undulating



MT. SAN ANTONIO FROM MT. WILSON

ridges as Barley Flats and Pine Flats, and hidden growths in the deep cañons, these gigantic heaps of brownness look as dry and barren as the desert, but there are ever-flowing springs on the highest ridges, and rough mountain-trails lead through the most impossible-looking regions.

Here the sure-footed burro assumes an importance far out of proportion to his size, and his moods and gaits are in absolute command of the situation, while the engineering of his speed, and the packing and unpacking of his royal dictatorship are the most serious problems of the careless life.

As absolutely lost to all the reminders and luxuries of civilization as though in the wilds of Alaska, the jaded business-man swears at the burro by day and stares at the starry canopy from his couch at night, and knows better how to throw a diamond-hitch on the burro pack than how to dictate a letter to his stenographer by the time he returns to his desk.

Such is the state of happy, healthful carelessness attained, that the story is told of one leading Los Angeles attorney whose unshaven, tramp-like disguise was refused admittance to the hotel at Mt. Wilson on his return trip to civilization; and of another, whose wife would not kiss him nor admit him to the presence of friends in the parlor, when he returned home under the cover of darkness.

One of the most enticing views from the series of beautiful trails about the top of Mt. Wilson is offered by Barley Flats, the favorite destination of the summer-campers as their first stop in the back-country.

A beautiful grove of sugar-pines covers a gently rolling tableland, watered by two constant springs and covered with a plentiful crop of wild barley, at an altitude of over 6000 feet. So different is this green carpeted woodland from the barrenness of the surrounding mountains, and so close and alluring does it seem to the hotel guest in the soft, slanting rays of the evening sun, that the imagination is well prepared for the story of the band of horse-thieves who in the early days of California's gold excitement are said to have operated between San Francisco and the Mexican line, and to have used Barley Flats as one of their camping and feeding stations, thus accidentally sowing the crop of barley which now delights the meek burro of the hotel company, pastured there.

The peaceful-looking Barley Flats also has its tragedy of the modern civilization, as well as its romance of the past, for here during the record seven-foot snowfall of 1907 the hotel company lost a dozen patient burros, that starved to death before the relief expedition could break its way through the snow-drifts.

One of the views most sought-for by the excursionists to Mt. Wilson is found when the sea of fog is hiding the sun from the valley beneath, but revealing the adjacent mountain peaks as islands in a vast ocean.

It is then hard to recall as a reality the far-sweeping valley panorama of but a few hours previous, but those especially who have never before been above the clouds are well content with the beautiful novelty of the floor of billowy whiteness, which reaches from their feet as far as the eye can see. When these clouds, as they often do, rise close about the peak and, drifting at the very feet of the

tourist, are tinted with the rich colors of the dying sun, the sight is indeed a rare one.

Again, in the thralls of the air-currents, the clouds will pour over the ridges from one valley into another like waterfalls and rapids, and drifting back over the Sierra range into the valley of the West Fork form great lakes, nestling between the high ranges of the mountains.

The world-traveled tourist stands amazed at the unexpectedness and surprising grandeur of the night view from Mt. Wilson, when the sparkling splendor of millions of electric lights outdoes the very heavens in brightness, and is one sight at least so astounding that it never disappoints the imagination in being less than was expected.

Pasadena, eight miles distant in an air line, spreads the scintillating splendor of her northern boundaries almost to the foot of the mountain, while Los Angeles, just beyond, is connected with her sister city by strips of light marking the smaller settlements along the two car-lines.

The location of the ocean is distinctly marked by the nearer beach towns of Venice, Ocean Park, and Santa Monica, while Long Beach, San Pedro, and Huntington Beach are plainly seen, and a total of over thirty towns and cities can be located by their lights.

With such a variety of views, such a novelty of attainment, such a bracing change in temperature, altitude and environment, so quickly and inexpensively realized, there is small wonder that the visitor from the East grows enthusiastic over the rare advantages always at the elbow of the dweller of the Los Angeles region.

Sierra Madre, Cal.

HILLS OF SUNLAND

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

THIS land, the well-beloved of the sun,
 Is garbed in flowers mirroring his rays,
 When Dormidera* wakes in spring, a blaze
 Of gold her breast! No queen in Babylon,
 Not Sheba's Queen or Egypt's, nay not one
 Of these was veiled like her on lordly days
 In gauze of gold and light enmeshed, in haze
 Like net of sun-silk by her lover spun.

With flaming kiss are sun and sunland wed.
 Reluctant falls the bride-robe; from their place
 Fall trinkets, yellow gold and golden red.
 And, oh, her tawny nakedness! I trace
 Her source to Danaë, in bridal bed
 All gold-beshowered in the god's embrace.

Long Beach, Cal.

* "There are many 'cups of gold' among the California flowers, but this is characteristic—Dormidera, the sleeper, from its familiar habit of closing at sundown. For history, for euphony and for scientific aptness this is the preferable name of all. But, as I remarked before, anything is better than *Eschscholtzia*. Let us take that serial curio respectfully but firmly by the back of the neck, lead it to the door of our vocabulary and kick it forever forth."—Chas. F. Lummis.



A "SPANISH BAYONET"



OPENING TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE, TRINITY COUNTY

A short distance up the canon, the '49ers fought a desperate battle with a tribe of Digger Indians

IN THE LAND OF THE 'FORTY-NINERS

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

III.



WE DO not think much of California as ever having had an Indian problem—the bitter but brief Modoc war among the wild lava beds of the northeast is the one page of living history which her Indian peoples made in fruitless protest against the white occupation of their land—but the 'Forty-niners who had fought Indians the length of the Long Trail across the plains found them again in the hills of Trinity and Humboldt and Siskiyou, ready to ambush the gold-hunter and pick off the packer on the lonely trails.

Men still live in Trinity who carry the mark of Indian wounds, and the one fertile farming valley in the county was discovered by a party pursuing a band of "Diggers." There were many small divisions of the Indian family to which the name of "Diggers" was carelessly given. Some of them were low enough in the scale of humanity to justify the contempt which has become a sort of traditional attitude toward their whole tribal history; but other branches were decidedly superior to their neighbors in intelligence and courage, and such were the Diggers of Trinity and Humboldt, who during the early 'Sixties compelled the whole white population of these counties to live in armed watchfulness.

Many a prospector was killed at his work, many a mail-carrier shot on the remote trails between the isolated camps and his fate told only by the riderless mule and blood-stained saddle and mail-pouches, and settlers were shot in their fields or driven again and again from the little ranch homes.

In Trinity county one stern blow put "the fear of God" into the tribes, and gave the settlers comparative peace for years. Up above Weaverville, on Stuart's Fork, Old Man Anderson herded cattle for the camp butchers. One day the cattle were gone and a clear trail led away across the hills from a blood-soaked spot where the old man and his faithful dog had made their last stand. The scarred body was buried and a band of angry miners took the trail of the cattle and the Indians. It led round like the trail of a puzzle, but swung at last off toward the unexplored country by the Yolla Bolla mountains and grew "hot" where the Indians had stopped to kill a beef and feast quickly, and then hurry on to the shelter of a short, deep cañon on a branch of what is now Hay Fork of the Trinity river—a wild and beautiful spot where nature herself had had built a retreat which, once reached, an army might storm without effect.

There is a little flat, an acre or two of level, with the deep pine-covered hills rising up all around it, and here the Diggers felt safe



LAKE EMERALD—LOOKING

to end their flight and feast on the stolen cattle—and here their bones bleached and whitened for fifty years, mingled with the gravel-drift from winter floods. At the lower end of the flat a great ledge of limestone walls the cañon straight across, its tall cliffs weather-worn into fantastic shapes, pitted through and through with caves of unknown extent, and blotched with rich-colored patches of moss and lichen.

Down at the bottom of the cliffs, where great boulders and fallen slabs of limestone choke the narrow channel, a little stream has eaten its way through the full width of the ledge and out into the cañon below. In this long, dark cavern, hung with ghostly stalactites and filled with pocket-like grottoes, the Indians had meant to hide if the white men came; they broke for the cave mouth with derisive yells when the pursuing party came over the hill above the flat—and then, out of the dark, shots met them, the crack of rifles roused the long cavern to a sullen, echoing roar, the Diggers were driven back to the flat; and if any escaped into the dark forest, it was only to carry the fear of the white man's vengeance wherever they went.

The party of miners returning to Weaverville from the battleground crossed the beautiful little Hay Fork valley, and carried word of the level parks grown tall with grass and only waiting the plow to give lavish return. In a short time claims were located, orchards and fields planted, and presently a wagon-road was



DOWN STUART'S FORK CAÑON

graded through the tangle of cañons and over the interlaced mountain-ranges to Weaverville thirty miles away.

Today the green alfalfa fields fill all the level space up to the very edge of the forest, and the little settlement is like a picture of some prosperous New England valley of fifty years ago, white houses with green shutters and tall, steep roofs to shed the snow that may fall many feet in a season, and fields enclosed with "worm fence" built of split rails "stake and ridered," the corners filled with wild rose-bushes and sumac and blackberry brambles.

The big, big barns, filled to the wide, deep roof with hay, speak of winter that comes early and stays late; the ocean here is less than a hundred miles away and the sea-fog driven inland and caught among the mountain-ranges falls here in heavy snows. Here, too, are big cow-barns and herds of sleek dairy cows; the finest butter in the mountains comes out of Hay Fork; and, until the scale spread like fire among the orchards, the apples of the region won premiums at every state fair.

All along the road from Hay Fork the trails of "tailings" follow, and the very battle-field above the curious natural bridge, where the Digger bones fell to decay among the gravel-wash, is guttered with ground-slucies and the beautiful cavern half-choked with debris from the gold-washing. Many of the sharp mountain-ridges are seamed and streaked with ledges all but hidden under the dense



A BRIDGE ON THE

chaparral and underbrush, that all over Trinity is the bane of the prospector.

The placer-miner had an easy trail. He followed the streams and cañons that had laid down the gravel-bars for his hand, and so came to "pay dirt" and staked his claim without much difficulty; but it is little wonder that so few great quartz leads have been discovered, and that the grizzled prospectors hold a stubborn grudge against the Forest Service, which forbids the burning off of the brush-hidden slopes, where, when the fire has passed, the rough ledges might lie bare among the ashes and charred roots.

For many years there have been a few well-known ledge mines in the Trinity country, and year by year new ones are discovered and opened up, some of them with a richness which recalls the gravel-bars of old. Quartz-mining will be part of the rich future of this beautiful, isolated region, which, in spite of its romantic past, has not yet "found itself." The placer-miner can be content with pack-trains and freight-wagons, but for every shaft that is sunk on a ledge somewhere a yard of railroad track is laid, and every great quartz-mine means, not a bar of bullion in an express-box, but tonnage by car-loads and train-loads. The ledge-mines of Trinity will bring the transportation of Today, and stage-coach and high-bedded freight-wagons will take their way down the roads of Yesterday into romance and tradition.

When "Old Man Weaver" and his comrades were sifting the



STUART'S FORK TRAIL

gravel-bars of Trinity for their yellow harvest, a joyful company of their brother Argonauts were following the Sacramento and its great right arm, the Pitt, and washing out gold where today the slag from copper-smelters pours down among their old boulder-piles. It was a glorious occupation of a land whose wild beauty not the fifty years since have tamed or much changed—a land of unbroken forests, even yet free for the most part of that timber-greed which has stripped other lands and left them barren—a land of many-peaked mountain-ranges and deep-folded cañons and noble rivers hurrying their clear, snow-born floods to the sea.

It was these rivers that led the way for the Argonauts. Every low bar, every little creek and finger-like gulch, held a golden fleece for some late-come Jason, and the hills swarmed with a goodly company, hopeful, happy, rioting in youth and the intoxication of a Wilderness where fortune might follow any turn of the shovel.

There is a tradition that the Pitt river was named from the many holes which the Indians of the region dug along its banks to entrap the deer that came down to drink. The prospector (or his mule) tumbled into the trap as often as more legitimate game, and so the stream came to be "the river of the deer-pits." Others say the name came from "Old Man Pitt," a pioneer who worked the early gravel-bars.

However the name was chosen, the river might well have been the main Sacramento—for it is the larger and longer stream above

the junction. It swings away into a beautiful cañon lying like a trough between mountain-ridges that rise peak upon peak to the horizon, clothed to the very water's edge with forest dense and green as a velvet cloak. The jade-green water rolls down broad and deep, like some arm of a green, sunlit sea, between the hills, taking its wonderful color somewhat from the reflected foliage and somewhat from deposits of greenish volcanic ash over which it flows.

At the deepest it is semi-clear, like a translucent gem-stone, and great brown rocks, hairy with waving mosses and water-grasses, crouch in the bottom like sea-cows at pasture. Where submerged reefs cross, and slides from the cliffs have fallen, the water is lashed into snowy foam and flung up in glass-green waves along the shore. A curious, broad-leafed water-plant grows in profusion all along, tufting every reef and islet where the blue cranes watch for fish and the odd, bittern-like bird, which the natives call "Fly-up-the-creek," has its favorite haunt.

Far up the river, the forest is larger in size, and fir and pine trees are cut and logged down the river to the Sacramento in rafts, the loggers riding the swinging, rolling logs as easily as a "bronco-buster" rides his wild mount. Here and there the stream is spanned by cables stretched from anchoring trees, and quaint old ferry-boats swing idly against the shore waiting for some traveller who wants to cross—for the river is too deep to ford and is not bridged.

There are little farms on the banks, a few rows of corn, a patch of beans climbing up the big sunflowers which the thrifty rancher has planted in lieu of poles, to save work and supply chicken-feed. Here there will be a weather-beaten house hidden in peach-trees old and gray, trees planted by some gold-hunter settled down to hoe his garden-patch and dream of the old days. This, too, is Bret Harte's California, hardly as near the outer world as in the past, and content in forgetfulness.

It is remarkable that in a little more than two years after its discovery the Pitt-river country was almost as well explored as it is today, and all the richest leads were known and worked—and this by men who had never seen a mine or panned a shovel of dirt till they came to California. Over the whole region the earth keeps the enduring mark of this early conquest; the hillsides are seamed and guttered with old ground-sluices where the gravel was worked in the rainy season or with water brought in rough flumes from springs higher up in the hills. Along the gulches there are long walls of big boulders which the Chinamen laid up with incredible labor as they followed in the wake of the white men and gleaned the smallest "colors" out of the channels.

Towns sprung up and had their day of brief glory, and their

very names are now all but forgotten. There was Pittsburg, on the hillside above Squaw Creek where the smelter town of Del Mar now stands—a thriving, typical gold camp. Up the hillside above it ran Rich Gulch, one of the old bonanzas; and every smaller gulch threading back into the hills had its treasure. Today there is of Pittsburg only a memory, and the scarred hills and old tailing-dumps—and a little graveyard where a few faithful old trees still hold their own against the deadly smelter-smoke, and crowd close around the graves whose dead are forgotten.

The Indians here in the Pitt country, Diggers too, gave less trouble than elsewhere and became in a way wards of the white invaders, some of whom, in the dearth of women of their own



THE "GRAY ROCKS," SHASTA COUNTY

race, became "squaw men" and took to themselves wives from the dusky hill-women. They were not always ignorant men either, but more than once college-bred and giving evidence of having "seen better days"; men "whose word was as good as their bond" and who were kind and faithful, after their own fashion, to their Indian families. They were men whom whiskey had divorced from the promise of youth and unfitted for life among their own kind, but they took the exile with content enough.

A favorite Sunday diversion of these old fellows was to gather at the cabin of some one of their kind, and boast about the virtues and accomplishment of their own squaws and run down the squaws of their brother guests, stimulating their imaginations to fuller ac-



A "WAY STATION" ON THE

tivity with such liquid refreshments as their host happened to have on hand.

After many years of domestic felicity one old fellow had the misfortune to lose his squaw. She was enjoying a stage-ride when the vehicle turned over and rolled down a grade and the old man entered upon a period of sudden widower-hood. A brief period, however, for a week or two afterward he addressed himself to the task of wooing a buxom white widow who lived near. She was none averse to consoling and being consoled, and held no inquest on the past of her wooer, but attired herself gorgeously, and they were married without delay.

All seemed to go well for a week or two, till, one cold morning, pitiful yells disturbed the peace of the creek-bottom, and the neighbors coming to the rescue discovered the widower-husband standing in the middle of the creek barefooted and attired only in a brief suit of red flannel underwear. On the bank, her sleeves rolled up and her eyes flashing defiance, his recently-acquired bride flourished a hatchet with which she threatened to open up his inner consciousness if he came within her reach again.

Some of the neighbors coaxed the angry lady back to the cabin, and the others fished out the shivering husband and took him down to the hospitable shelter of a saloon in the camp below, where they dried him off and provided him with more fitting apparel and fortified his soul with a few drinks.



TRAIL TO STUART'S FORK

He settled into solemn musing behind the stove, and as he stopped shivering and began to get a little of the turmoil out of his system, the tears slid slowly down his grizzled cheeks. As the saloon-keeper mixed him another drink he gave vent to a great sigh and said: "Looky here, is all white wimmen like that? If they are, I don't want nothin' more to do with 'em. I jist wisht I had my ole squaw back." But before the mournful words were completed his "white woman" came round the corner of the saloon, walked in and lifted him out of his chair by one ear. "You come along home and behave yourself," she said sternly—and he went.

There are still a few old squaws left, and one or two of the old "squaw men" have little cabins in some remote corner of the hills. There are families of their descendants ranching on bars along the river, as at Silverthorn's Ferry, where a white man of some education lived many years, and his half-breed children still farm the small fields irrigated by a curious old bucket-wheel that lifts the water from the river into the ditches.

It was the trails of gold dust and nuggets in the gulches, and the "pay dirt" on the hillsides that led slowly to the finding of quartz-mines in the Pitt-river country. Following the gold-seeded drift, dark ledges were uncovered, ore specked and spotted with shining particles, the mother-veins perhaps out of which time had ground and sifted the placer-wealth below. These first ledges were rich and easy to work, and one of the high, dark hills up the cañon from



"GIANTS" AT WORK

old Pittsburg is pitted with tunnels and dumps where the "Jenny June" yielded a fortune before the ledge suddenly ended as if cut off with a knife—and another fortune has been spent in looking for it.

The hunt for more gold led to the finding of silver ore and then to copper, which could not be worked in those early days. There is a grade high along the hills winding down from near the lost "Jenny June" to Copper City on Squaw Creek. In the 'Seventies much rich silver ore was taken out of the drifts now scarcely to be traced along the mountain-side, and hauled over a track laid along this grade to the Copper City smelter where it was worked.

There, as the gold output dwindled, silver had its day. The ore-cars drawn by mules brought down tons of rich rock to keep the smelter going full blast; a town strung out up and down the creek, and brass-belled mule-teams came and went, taking out bullion and bringing in supplies. But the white metal, too, had its day. The ore grew "base" and unworkable with copper, and the value of silver dropped. The smelter stopped, and the people moved on, all but a "last guard" on whom the hills had taken a grip too strong to be broken. They stayed while the houses fell down with age, or were moved to other camps, and the chaparral crept down over



AT LA GRANGE MINE

the old dumps and the tram-road became only a picturesque bridle-trail; and still they are there in the little old, old camp that suns itself on the creek-bank and keeps its dreams of still another good day when a copper-smelter shall bring prosperity again.

Looking down from the old grade across the low hills where lost Pittsburg stood is to turn the page from the romance of Yesterday to the realities of Today. Under the gold-shotted gravel where the Argonauts sluiced out their easy fortunes, were deep-hidden ledges holding a redder metal, the copper which, with the harnessing of that subtle thing, electricity, was to come to its own. Today Rich Gulch lives in Bully Hill, and Pittsburg in Del Mar, a typical mining camp of the later day.

A great copper-camp grows slowly. When there is a town above ground, there is something akin to it below—tunnels, levels, stations, stopes, workings reaching out like streets and alleys to follow the vagaries of the lead. There is no gutting of a rich ledge and going on, no careless search for "pockets" to be robbed and left. With scientific skill and mathematical precision each yard of work is driven to open up the best road to ore still beyond and to leave a safe and convenient way by which it may reach the surface. Nature has rooted her wealth of copper deep in the earth, and no

haphazard methods will release it profitably. It would amuse or bewilder an old-time gold-miner to see the care and economy practiced in modern copper-mining—the small savings, the constant search for better methods of handling, the struggle to eliminate waste and utilize all the by-products.

A copper-camp has its own characteristics, peculiar and apart. It has two distinct classes of workmen—the skilled miners, who work underground, and the smelter-men, who range from men of experience and scientific training to unskilled day-laborers. More often than not they form separate camps within the camp—"Drill Town," as the "slag-pushers" call the quarter given over to the men who "hit the drill," and "Slag Town" or "Little Hades" where the smelter-men congregate.

*The smelter is the heart of the camp, for by its road of fire the ore is turned into a marketable commodity. At Bully Hill it crouches on the low slope like a big, fire-breathing dragon whose poisonous breath has veiled and enveloped the forest things in vaporous death. On the sharp peaks and thin, serrated ridges that surround the camp tall pines stand dead-gray, limbs bare and white like stripped bone, sere skeletons of trees waiting some wind to topple them over and let them fall to decay among the dry, dead chaparral. It is as if nature had imprisoned the poison-vapors of her world-making in the rocks, like the genii of old in the bottle, and when they are let loose again something must be their prey.

Del Mar is a curious aggregation of little "towns" left over from the spasmodic periods of activity that preceded the present development. Each struggles to keep its own name and assert what independence it may, and their not entirely harmonious individualities give the camp an originality distinct and interesting. Here, too, is every variety of camp architecture from the tent pure and simple and the "half-breed house," which is a tent floored and boarded up along the sides to the turn of the roof and fitted with a "sure-enough door" that will lock, to the "hotel" like a huge packing-box with rows and rows of little narrow windows set along the sides like polka-dots on a shirt-waist, and a flat roof that does not reach an inch beyond the sides, the whole painted a faded green and jaundiced over with the red dust.

"Drill Town" spreads along its own slope in rows of lesser boxes standing stilt-wise on the uneven ground, little windows at regular intervals and stairways going up the end outside, if there is an upper story. Down along the road there are old, old homes that could tell many a tale of the past—quaint, low-roofed places with little porches lined with boxes of blossoming flowers in front; and up in

* For a description of the process of smelting copper ore, see "The Making of a Great Mine," *OUT WEST*, July, 1906.

the cañon which drops down from the high range behind the camp is "Top Notch," where the superintendent and the office people have their homes in a sheltered and picturesque spot.

Above and around the town and the mines the mountains sweep away in many-peaked ranges, blue-shadowed at sunset and rich-colored in every varying light, as beautiful and remote as when the eyes of the Argonauts first looked upon them. It is still a wild land, sparsely settled, with hardly a human industry beside the mining. There will be a few cattle, a few tiny farms in sheltered spots along the creek-bottoms, once in a while an orchard as grizzled and marked by time as its owners, perhaps a wandering goat-herder with his flock, but nature has set her strong hills to keep this land in its first beauty and peace and joy.

Within the past year sixteen miles of railroad has been completed to connect the great copper-mine with the main line of the Southern Pacific. The 'Forty-niners scoffed when the engineers set up their instruments to survey a railroad up Pitt river cañon where for fifty years a wagon-road had had precarious footing; but the road is finished and will long be a monument to the skill and courage of the men who conceived it.

Built for the direct end that the copper of Bully Hill may reach the world's market with greater profit and less difficulty, it is still one of the most beautiful and picturesque railroads imaginable, and as interesting to the student of engineering problems as to the lover of the wilderness. The roadbed, blasted for the most part out of solid rock or built up on rock-walled grades, winds along the cañon side just above the river and so near that a car leaving the track would shoot out into the green water.

The cliffs reach up in a serried line to the blue of the sky, "so tall it takes two looks to see the top"; the forest pushes down to the very track, unbroken as if discovered only yesterday, thick with crowding underbrush, "buckeyes," and red-bud and wild lilac and great splashes of bronze-red poison oak. The chug of the engine startles the blue cranes and "shy pokes" from their fishing, and salmon leap out of the river like glistening bits of rainbow as the train crawls up the long grades. There are four-percent grades before Del Mar is reached, and trestles that seem to grow out of the masses of green tree-tops in hidden cañons.

Before the road comes to Del Mar, it passes Heroult, where one of the most interesting smelting experiments of recent years is approaching commercial proportions. A mile or more back in the hills is a ledge of iron ore as fine as the iron of Norway and Sweden, and nearer is a ledge of chrome-iron of superior quality. All about is the forest with an unlimited supply of timber and fuel, and below the Pitt river races to the sea with unlimited power going to waste.



TRINITY DIVIDE AND

This seemed, as it has proven to be, the chosen spot in which to try out the direct smelting of iron ore by electricity.

Furnaces were built of special design, not unlike a great crucible or retort, and six copper cables an inch thick deliver the electricity to two big carbons about eighteen inches square and three feet long. In these furnaces the iron ore is turned into pig-iron of the finest quality, which will have peculiar value for making the finest tools and instruments. The methods are constantly improved as experience points the way, and it is possible that the whole future of iron-smelting will be changed and simplified.

Fourteen miles from Bully Hill on the McCloud river is one of the Government fish-hatcheries, where the salmon on their long journey up from the ocean to their spawning grounds in the cold, clear mountain streams are held in the pond between two wide dams swung across the river. It is a strange, wonderful journey, this, of a sea-fish leaving the sea and fighting its way back through hundreds of miles of river to deposit its eggs and die, as its race has done for unknown ages—for the students of fish life say that few spawning salmon ever reach the salt water again.

The McCloud, with its hidden sources near the feet of Mt. Shasta, is one of the wildest and most beautiful of all the Sierran rivers. Great forests hide and shelter it, and those strange, mighty ledges and cliffs of gray limestone, the "Gray Rocks" that carve and criss-cross the mountains of Shasta county, have opened their walls to



OLD WORKINGS AT RED HILL

let it through on its lonely way to the Pitt. The water, seldom rising above a temperature of fifty degrees, is clearer than the Pitt, blue and sparkling and pure as the snow-banks above, and the big salmon leap and play in it like a crowd of school-children.

There is but one way to reach the fish-hatchery, and that is by a careless, happy-go-lucky wagon-road that slides down into gulches and climbs out up hills with easy abandon and entire disregard for land-slides of small rock and obstructing boulders. It twists like a rough-backed red snake along the hillsides, so narrow that one can look straight from the seat-edge into the leafy depths of cañons and the shining river. Moss-grown live-oaks interlace their long arms over the road, and groves of rank young pines press in, growing so thick a squirrel could hardly slip through between the smooth, slim trunks. The road plunges down a sheer grade at last, and the track ends in a swirl of water where a queer old ferry-boat rocks drowsily with its nose against the bank. It is manned by a Mc-Cloud-river Indian, whose copper-brown face is overgrown with tufts of black beard like sparse patches of chaparral on a hillside. He flings off the ropes and struggles with the awkward wheel and the boat takes its lazy way across.

Above the ferry, the big roof of the hatchery rises against the green mountain; the river is spread out into a fairy lake between the two low dams that serve to entrap and confine the salmon on their up-stream migration. It is the season of taking fish for the

eggs, and two boats go out carrying a long, long net that is presently dragged in sagging with tons of fish that beat the gleaming water into foam and flop wildly on the shallow beach where a dozen men in yellow oil-skins wait to sort the catch.

There are all sorts and sizes—slender, graceful young salmon as richly colored as a rainbow; big, dull-green fish powerful enough to tear through a net less strong; fish splotted with white blotches like leprosy, the skin falling away in hideous scars, and noses bare to the bone. These sick fish have been out of salt water too long, the fishermen say; they are thrown out and left to find their way down stream if they can. The fish heavy with eggs are confined in a trap sunken in the river and the net is lifted again into the boats. Here and there a rainbow trout of jewel beauty darts away



ON THE ROAD TO DEL MAR

shining in the water, knowing well how rare and treasured are his kind.

In the hatching-house are long rows of narrow troughs through which the clean water flows, and all along are broad wire baskets full of small round pellets like translucent coral beads, rocking gently in the shallow stream. These are salmon-eggs, and from some the tiny fish were emerging—little red dots of motion, fish-like in their earliest hour. Many of the eggs would be shipped elsewhere to stock streams where the fish had been destroyed or had never come in numbers.

Down on the river-bank below the lake, the McCloud-river Indians were circling stolidly and grunting the low chant of the salmon-dance; and all along, on racks of slender poles, strips of salmon dried in the sun—for this is the Indian's harvest, and many a "sick"

or worthless salmon falls to their catch. Some of the men work at the sorting where the nets are drawn, and in their own camp the women were stripping the fish for the drying-racks.

These Indians all speak English, and look as if life had dealt kindly with them; the women here and elsewhere in the Pitt-river region make baskets of remarkable beauty, gathering the delicate roots and grasses and sorting and blending the colorings with great skill. They are little touched with contact with the world outside and keep the old patterns and shapes in all their beauty.

Perhaps no other thing lends so much of their individuality to the mountains of the Pitt-river country as the "Gray Rocks"—the huge reefs of limestone that rise up out of the lower tangle of ranges



TOWN OF DEL MAR

and peaks and cañons all covered in green forest like the monstrous skeleton of some lost, larger earth. Their bare gray bulk against the sky has the eternal quality of the desert, and for the most part they are as inaccessible and less known.

Before the railroad came to Bully Hill, lime-rock for the smelter came down from one of the mountain-tops twelve miles away. That wagon-road, over which big, heavy-loaded mule-wagons came day by day, is of a piece with the challenge to nature which hewed a railroad-grade through Pitt river cañon. The road seems hung on air as it reaches up and up and up the shoulder of the deep-forested, rugged mountain. It puts all lesser grades to shame, and reaches at last the foot of the bare cliffs sweeping away into the distance, seamed and weathered into strange and beautiful architectural effects—fluted columns that seem to bear the chisel-mark, domes under

which a senate might meet, and castellated masses like old cathedrals.

From the top of the Gray Rocks many peaks stand revealed—Shasta glittering with its snow crown, Lassen, and a chain of lesser peaks, and wide plains and forests in between. It seems a wilderness as untouched as when the Spanish ships first won to harbor on the coast, till far away the smelter smoke of Bully Hill boils up and a dim blurr marks the big smelter at Kennett, with Keswick still beyond; for now this land of the Argonauts is the land of copper, and Shasta county writes her large share in the figures that tell California's yearly output of the red metal.

Kennett has been called the "wickedest town in the state," the



BULLY HILL SMELTER

best example left of a "wide open" old-time mining town; but it seems only a thriving, growing, busy, very-new town, dropped down haphazard across a nest of little hills and gulches, with the river at its feet. High on a mountain-side a mile and a half away, the Mammoth mine sends down its ore on one of the steepest gravity-tramways ever built, the grade of which seems to "stand so straight that it leans over," and at the foot a steam-railroad carries the ore into the smelter, where fifteen hundred tons a day pass through the furnaces.

There is no clearer example of the mining of the new day than these great copper camps set down in the heart of the old-time



HAROULT IRON SMELTER

gold-country. Gold-mining meant fortunes to the few; the Argonauts came and gathered their millions and left the land almost as wild and unconquered as they found it. Few permanent towns and cities mark their trail. But copper enlists an army in its service; it sets big buildings rocking with the roar of machinery where the gold-hunter pitched his tent, and builds its railroads where he packed his mule-trains. Science steps down from a Pullman now, where Romance tramped with blanket-roll and rifle and gold-pan, and telephone and telegraph wires follow the trails of the express-riders. A few years more and the Land of the 'Forty-niners will be lost in Today; but for the present hour it still lives in Shasta and the Trinity hills.

Dewey, Arizona.

THEN AND NOW

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

THE days of strife are done. The dominance
 Of bearded giants, drunk with wealth of ore,
 In sport, like centaurs, told of nights before
 The brush-fire, seems not hist'ry but romance,
 Although this land is the inheritance
 Of son and grandson of the narrator.
 To us this golden-breasted land gives more
 Than once could wrench by force or win by chance
 Her eager lovers. We her children are,
 To whom her breasts of gold give nourishment
 In golden floods. Below us far and far
 Surge waves of wheat with sun-kiss radiant;
 Brood groves of night, each fruit a golden star;
 Blend vines with olives—gold with silver blent.

Los Angeles

IN RE CALIFORNIA INDIANS TO DATE

By *WAYLAND H. SMITH,*
Secretary of the Sequoya League.



WHEN Senator Bard was succeeded by Senator Flint in 1905, Mr. Lummis suggested that as a representative of the Sequoya League I should see him and make sure what his attitude was on the Indian question. I found the newly-elected Senator not only ready to be interested, but interested already. He had thought much and to the point, on the subject, and was determined that the existing disgrace should be removed, as much, at least, as present action could remove it, from California's maleficent Indian record.

During the fall of 1905 Senator Flint, Mr. Lummis and I made a trip to some of the most characteristic Indian reservations in San Diego County. We traveled by wagon, over jack-rabbit trails, into the remote and scattered Campo reservations, where these unfortunate people were located by the mistake of a careless surveyor in San Diego and left to starve with Indian stoicism among the rocks. We also visited Pachanga reservation, and other examples of the unhappy Indian situation.

"When I go to Washington," Senator Flint said to me, "I do not want to ask congressional action on what I have been told. I want to see how things are for myself."

The results of this trip have been definite. The time, indeed, was ripe. The public conscience was awakened. President Roosevelt was warmly sympathetic. The Indian Commissionership was in the competent and experienced hands of Mr. F. E. Leupp, and the legislative mind was prepared by the widespread newspaper reports of the starvation at Campo, discovered and relieved by the Sequoya League not long before.

Instead of the customary stone wall of official indifference and inaction, Senator Flint found intelligent co-operation. He was able to get through Congress a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the purchase of lands and the development of water. To this \$50,000 was subsequently added, making \$150,000 in all. Mr. C. E. Kelsey, peculiarly equipped and qualified for the work, was made special Indian Commissioner for California, and in his hands the practical disbursement of this sum was placed.

The Sequoya League is able to give detailed and official statements from Mr. Leupp, the Indian Commissioner, and Mr. Kelsey, the Special Commissioner, covering the work that has been done so far and that remains to be done, to relieve the Indian situation that has so long disgraced California. Mr. Kelsey's report is confined to the Mission Indians in Southern California. Mr. Leupp's covers briefly the entire State. To these has been added a statement

of the engineering work on the reservations, made by Mr. Olberg under the supervision of Chief Engineer Code of the Indian Service. These make together a most authoritative and complete statement of the Indian status given by the men most competent to speak and covering thoroughly all aspects of the work.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

COMMITTEE ON THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

January 11, 1909.

Wayland H. Smith.

Dear Sir:—Further replying to your letter of October 31st, I beg to advise that I submitted a request to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to furnish me the information which you desired, but he has been delayed somewhat in sending me the report, owing to the fact that he states he desired to strengthen the case as much as possible and submit a very full and detailed account of the whole work done for the California Indians and the reason therefor.

I enclose you herewith copy of the report I have just received from him, which I trust will be of service to you.

Yours truly,

FRANK P. FLINT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Subject:

WASHINGTON, January 5, 1909.

Results accomplished for
California Indians with
special appropriation.

HON. FRANK P. FLINT,

United States Senator.

Sir:—I have your letter of the 1st inst. asking for a report of the work undertaken for the Indians of California with the appropriation of \$100,000 carried in the Act of June 21, 1906, and the additional appropriation of \$50,000 by the Act of April 30, 1908, in order that you may transmit this information to Mr. Wayland H. Smith of Los Angeles, secretary of an organization which has the interest of these Indians at heart.

You intimate that special use is to be made of this report, and that it may be published. Because of this I shall set forth at some length the results which have been accomplished, together with some intimation of what remains to be done.

When California was ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Indian occupants of that State had certain rights to the lands which they occupied, and, under the law then existing, they could not legally be evicted therefrom. When, attracted by the discovery of its wonderful mineral resources, white settlers poured into California, the usual happened and the weaker native people in a multitude of cases were crowded out of their homes. In the confusion and excitement attendant on the mining enterprises—to give the facts the most charitable coloring—treaties which had been concluded with the various tribes and bands were ignored or failed of ratification, the Indians were never paid for the lands which they had ceded, and those which were to have been reserved for them were allowed to remain a part of the public domain, and in the course of time were all, or nearly all, appropriated by later settlers.

For the Indians of Southern California much was accomplished by what is known as the "Smiley Commission," appointed under the Act of January 13, 1891, upon whose report the same year the President based his order setting apart what are known as the Mission Reservations. For the Indians of the northern part of the State, however, no provision was made at that time.

Although it is impossible now to undo all that has passed and restore to the original owners of the soil the possession of any appreciable part of it, the Congress by the Acts of June 21, 1906 (34 Stat. L., 225, 333) and April 30, 1908 (35 Stat. L. 70, 76), made provision whereby homes have been provided for many homeless Indians, and a fair start in life afforded them even at this late date.

These acts, carrying appropriations amounting to \$150,000, were framed in consonance with the existing conditions in California, where a tract of good land of 2 to 10 acres in area is sufficient to afford support to a frugal family. This has been the design of the Office, through Special Agent Kelsey, in expending the money thus appropriated—to purchase fertile lands



WATER ON A RESERVATION

which were susceptible of division into what the Agent has termed "minute allotments," and to provide systems of irrigation for the lands already set apart to Indians, sufficiently fertile in character yet heretofore barren for lack of water. I shall now set out the specific purchases of land and irrigation projects for which the money available has been expended, treating the Indians of the northern and southern parts of the State separately because of the diverse conditions prevailing.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

Of the Indians in Humboldt county, 33 souls constitute what is known as the *Blue Lake Band*. In his efforts to procure land for these Indians, the Special Agent met with great difficulty, owing to the fact that the land of Humboldt county is largely barren ridges surrounding small fertile valleys held at \$200 per acre and more. At length, however, he succeeded in obtaining an offer from the Brizzard heirs to sell 29.5 acres of land fairly suitable, and acceptable to the Indians, and this purchase has been authorized at an expenditure of \$1500.

Landless since the failure of their treaty concluded October 6, 1851, which

treaty shared the fate of all others at this time, the Yurok Indians, now known as the *Trinidad Band*, have dwindled in number until there are left but 36 individuals, two of whom have acquired lands in their own names. Antagonistic to the other Indians in Humboldt county, it has been necessary to provide for them separately. To this end Agent Kelsey has induced the Vance Redwood Lumber Company to sell to the Government 59.92 acres of land for \$1200, and authority for the purchase has issued. The land is fair; with an annual rainfall of 80 inches, there is no irrigation problem, and the fact that it borders on the ocean works to the happiness of this fish-loving tribe.

In lower *Eel River Valley*, in Humboldt county, are to be found 88 Indians who are the remnants of three or four bands once populous and representing two diverse stocks of the race, always inimical. For this reason it has been thought not feasible to attempt to assemble them upon one tract of land; but, instead, the purpose is to buy two, and possibly three, pieces of land in Eel River Valley. The purchase of one tract of 80 acres is practically closed



ON AGUA CALIENTE RESERVATION

at a cost of \$3000, and the land thus acquired from Patrick Quinn is of such good quality that it is thought eight or ten families can be allotted thereon.

From time immemorial the *Colusa Band* of Indians has lived along the Sacramento River in Colusa county. They ceded their lands to the United States by a treaty concluded September 9, 1851, and were to receive in return a large quantity of goods and to have reserved along the river a tract of 20,000 acres. This treaty, like many others with California Indians, failed in the Senate, and the Indians received nothing, yet lost their lands. At this time they numbered 1000; now only 60 remain. They have been living in two small bands, grudgingly tolerated on fractions of two large ranches. The smaller band has been enclosed in a barbed-wire fence on their burial mound, their only water being from a ten-foot well sunk among the graves. As a foothold, and, it is hoped, a stop to the extinction so rapidly progressing under their harassment, there has been purchased for this band from Jeremiah Moynihan 40 acres of land, said to be the equal of any in Colusa county, at a cost of \$3800.

For as long as history traces them, the *Cortina Band* of Indians has lived

within what is now Colusa county. Forty-six years ago they were evicted from their original rancheria, but, remaining as close thereto as might be, they settled within a distance of three miles. For this band it has been possible to buy the very land they occupy, and with it enough in addition to make 480 acres, the grantors reserving certain water privileges which will not work to the disadvantage of the Indian occupants. The price agreed upon was \$4800. Fencing has cost \$300 more. The Indians are better pleased with this arrangement than they would have been with better land elsewhere.

Considerable difficulty was encountered in providing for the Indians of the *Smith River Band*, numbering 246, living in several groups along Smith River in Del Norte county. After the selection of 240 acres of good agricultural land had been made, a protest was filed on the score that the price to be paid, \$7200, was excessive. Investigations covering some months did not sustain this contention, but it did develop that the Indians preferred land on the river or the Pacific Ocean, because, as they said, they had been a fish-eating race from remote ages and did not wish to be deprived of



A RESERVOIR ON THE TORRES RESERVATION

fishing facilities. Accordingly, a new selection was made of 163.96 acres belonging to Mr. William Westbrook, which was purchased at the same cost. The Indians express complete satisfaction with this latest provision.

The Indians of the *Pollasky* or *Millerton Band*, living near Pollasky, Fresno county, numbering 33, have been accustomed to eke out their attempts to support themselves by agriculture, with tribute levied upon the salmon of the San Joaquin River. This largely influenced the purchase for them of 140 acres belonging to Mr. Adam Bollinger across the river in Madera county, at a cost of \$1500. This tract contains garden land, 80 acres of hay land and pasturage, and wood in abundance. In addition there has been withdrawn from all forms of settlement for the benefit of these Indians 80 acres of Government land adjoining that purchase, making a total area for their use of 220 acres.

When the white man came to the present Siskiyou county he found living there *Ruffy's Band*, who are descendants of Indians who had occupied the same spot from time primeval. When consideration is had of the devotion of the Indian to his ancestral home, however barren or desolate, it is a

matter for felicitation that Agent Kelsey succeeded in negotiating successfully for the very land which has been the home of this band for so long—the more so as the land is of good quality. This was accomplished through the purchase of 441 acres from the Central Pacific Railroad Company at a cost of only \$2205. The 42 Indians of this band thus acquired legitimate title to their dwelling places.

Beneficiaries of the largess of the Roman Catholic Bishop of San Francisco, the 120 Indians constituting what is known as the *Hopland Band*, have been living for some years on an eight-acre tract belonging to that prelate, near the village of Hopland, in Mendocino county. Most of the land in the vicinity is held in large tracts, the owners of which do not care to subdivide. The Special Agent for the California Indians, however, succeeded in purchasing 630 acres from Mr. Jesse W. Daw at a cost of \$5750. This land is about a mile in a direct line from the old village, and the Indians had expressed their willingness to accept allotments thereon. The ranch is wholly fenced, and adjoins some very poor Government land which it is



INDIAN FARM AT ALAMO BONITA

the purpose of the Office to have set aside for such use as the Indians can make of it. The Daw tract contains 200 acres suitable for hay, grain, fruit and vines, and has springs, woods and pastures.

When, some years ago, the 18 Indians constituting what is known as the *Point Arena Band*, in Mendocino county, were evicted from their homes on the Bree Ranch, a temporary home on a 40-acre tract on the Garcia River was provided by the Northern California Indian Association. This land is claimed by Mr. Bree, and, even if possession might be retained, is ill suited for the occupancy of the Indians because the river bed occupies half the tract and the remainder is mostly steep banks and bluffs, without pasture, wood, or garden soil. Through Agent Kelsey arrangements have been completed for the purchase from W. E. Foster of 35 acres adjoining the present village. On this land is a strip of timber estimated to contain 2500 railroad ties worth 50 cents apiece. In addition, there is hay and garden land, and four acres are now in alfalfa. The price to be paid, and for which authority has issued, is \$2625. This land adjoins some on which there is a day school

for Indians, and thus is obviated the necessity of moving either Indians or school.

Near Laytonville, in Mendocino county, has been for some time the home of what is known as the *Cahito Band* of Indians, numbering 88. Yet when it was learned that the Government designed buying a home for the Indians, the owners of the hills where they lived placed a prohibitive price thereon. With the approval of the Indians, therefore, arrangements were made for purchasing 200 acres of good land, well improved, not far distant from their present home, from J. H. Braden, at a cost of \$2500. Two bearing orchards are secured by this purchase.

Living for 50 years or more on the Phelan Ranch, a part of the original Guenoc Rancho, in Lake county, the band of Indians, now 51 strong, variously known as the *Guenoc*, *Loconomi* or *Millerton Band*, have come to feel the strongest attachment therefor. It was not possible to buy the precise tract on which their homes are, but the Central Counties Land Company has agreed to sell 45 acres adjoining for \$2000, which is considered reasonable for the quality of the land secured. The Indians having expressed a willingness to accept small allotments on the land to be acquired, authority has been obtained for concluding the purchase.

The largest rancheria in California, that of the *Upper Land Band*, in Lake county, has been the worst example of over-crowding, notwithstanding the fact that this is one of the few bands owning land, they having title to 92 acres which they were persuaded by a Methodist minister to purchase years ago when land was cheap. This over-crowded condition was due partly to the size of the band, which now numbers 284, and partly to the topography of the land, which required the Indians to group their dwellings on the steep hill-sides surrounding a few acres of arable land. The Office has felt warranted in recommending an expenditure of \$5000 for this band, because for that sum it is to procure from Charles C. Hardesty 143.69 acres of land adjoining the rancheria, much of which is of the best quality, and the remainder contains a good stand of timber and affords an excellent site for a day school which it is proposed to establish. As the lands of the Indians and that to be bought are contiguous, no problem as to moving the Indians is to be encountered.

In a fairly good fruit district, with springs and a fine orange grove, the 74 acres of land now under purchase from W. B. and Mary A. Bayley will provide a good home for the 26 Indians known as the *Rumsey Band*, in Yolo county. It is even thought that relatives of this band in Colusa county may wish to come here. The price of \$2000, which has been set aside to complete this purchase, is considered reasonable.

On the bottom lands of Stony Creek, opposite the mouth of Grindstone Creek—whence the name—for 60 years have lived the Indians of the *Grindstone Band*, in Glenn county, now composed of 17 families, or 40 individuals. At present forlorn and poverty-stricken, because of lack of irrigation facilities, their condition will shortly change as a result of the purchase under way for them, for the land so acquired will become valuable and productive after the completion of the Orland project of the Reclamation Service. It was thought the part of wisdom to anticipate this event, and authority has been granted for the purchase of 80 acres at a cost of \$1050.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

The problem in Southern California has been to make productive and comfortable the various small and barren reservations on which the Indians of this section of the State are for the most part settled. In an effort

toward its solution, expenditures have been divided between the purchase of contiguous land of better quality and the irrigation of the lands already reserved.

For years a controversy was waged between this Office and Burleigh B. Barney concerning the rights to the water which was absolutely essential to the welfare of the 40 Indians on the *Palm Springs* or *Agua Caliente Reservation No. 2*, in Riverside county. Mr. Barney was loath to surrender for the sum this Office was warranted in expending for his project, called the "Garden of Eden," to which he had devoted years of time and considerable money. At length, however, he consented to accept \$6000 for a section of land and his water rights, the latter being the main desideratum. By this expenditure the Indians of this band have had restored to them the water carried by Barney's eight-inch pipe line, and in addition a section of land on which to use the water.

The title to all the lands on the *Morongo* Reservation vests in the United States, except that to ten acres occupied by a Mrs. Toutaine, a white woman.



ENTRANCE TO INFILTRATION GALLERY AT SAN MANUEL

It was thought advisable to acquire title to this ten-acre lot before allotting these Indians, and as amply sufficient to that end the sum of \$1200 was set aside. However, as this woman stoutly refuses to part with her rights for less than \$20,000, this deal will fail of consummation.

The 640 acres constituting the original *San Manuel* Reservation is perhaps the most worthless in the State, consisting of steep, barren hills. So poor is the land that the Indians have been compelled to raise their little crops on adjacent tracts, for the land contiguous to the reservation is often as productive as the Indian land is sterile. For this reason it has been possible to acquire lands suitable for raising vegetables and fruits by the purchase of two small tracts of land, aggregating less than 13 acres, from Messrs. McClellan Yorke and R. L. Rutherford, at a cost of \$1915. By this transaction the Indians have been given title to the land containing their graveyard—always of supreme importance to this race.

Examination of the records of the Land Office disclosed the fact that more than 1000 acres of the *San Jacinto* Reservation has been patented to the Southern Pacific Railway as a part of its land grant, probably through

inadvertence, the Indians having at all times been in possession. There being no land available to make good the loss which never could be satisfactorily explained to the Indians, should possession be insisted upon by the railroad company, steps have been taken to re-acquire this land, as well as numerous other small tracts enjoyed by the Indians in various localities also patented to the railroad company, by exchanging therefor Indian lands for which there is less need.

The *Pechanga* Reservation, although it looks large on paper, is composed of low, rough, barren hills. The only land that can be plowed is in or adjoining the sandy wash, or bed of a mountain torrent running through the reservation. The quality of the soil is very poor and crops have failed about three years in five. The entire arable area does not exceed 250 acres out of 3360 constituting the reservation. Few tracts were for sale, and those on the market were held at prohibitive prices. In spite of these difficulties there has been acquired, substantially fenced, with valuable water rights and with improvements valued at \$2500, 235 acres of the best land in Temecula county from Mr. Philip Pohlman, at a cost of \$6650. This purchase is peculiarly practical and satisfactory.

A township of land depends for its value upon its location and the character of its soil. A township of mountain tops contains as many square miles as any other township, but is not of much use to its owner or occupants.

The reservation of *Los Coyotes* contains nearly a township, but is literally composed of mountain tops of from 4500 to 8000 feet elevation. In the whole reservation are perhaps 275 acres of agricultural land, and most of this was patented to white men before the establishment of the reservation. It is 160 acres of this land within the reservation which has been bought for these Indians from the owner, John Mason, at a cost of only \$800. This was a fortunate conclusion in at least one phase, as the Indians—the only ones in Southern California showing a belligerent spirit—had for some years used this land and had prevented the owner from deriving any benefit therefrom, they feeling strongly that no one should have been permitted to file on this, the site of their ancient *ranchería*. In securing their title it is probable that serious trouble has been averted.

The straits to which the Indians of the *Campo* Reservation were forced by the barrenness of their lands is yet fresh in the public mind. No surprise will be manifested, therefore, that the largest area purchased and the greatest expense incurred thus far has been for the benefit of these Indians. It has been possible, by the expenditure of \$14,500, to obtain a tract of land that seems admirably adapted to the purpose of redeeming from extreme poverty the 165 Indians who constitute the population of the Campo Reservations. Several parcels of land were offered and an inspection was made of the whole field. The site finally selected is what is known as the "Becker Valley," with a gravity supply of water sufficient for from 100 to 120 acres of hay land and other land of about 300 acres. The actual area purchased is 1040 acres, and comprises three separate purchases of 720 acres from J. P. Becker, 160 acres from Lizzie A. Dyball, and 160 acres from Dora Barry.

Evicted years ago from their ancient home by armed court officers, the *San Pasqual* Indians have died and scattered until only 22 now live in San Diego county. The land taken from them by force now sells for \$500 an acre, and more. Seventeen years ago they were given a reservation, but the surveyor made a mistake in the township number, and the Executive Order consequently gave them land six miles from where it was intended, and where the Indians were living. The resulting situation is anomalous. To

buy the land the Indians are on is out of the question, because of its great value. Most of the land actually reserved for them through this error had been patented already to individuals. Settlers who by chance had not received patents have held their land since under squatters' rights. Among the latter class Wilburn Reed has been conspicuous, because his has been the strong spirit about which the squatters have grouped in a determination to resist placing the Indians on the lands occupied by them, and because he, by thrift and industry, has made his 160 acres worth, in the estimate of Agent Kelsey, at least \$5000. Most of his tract is in oranges.

As a preliminary step to clearing this reservation of adverse occupants, it was necessary to eliminate Reed. He proved to be exceedingly fair, and when it was found that he would transfer his improvements and give a quit-claim deed for \$1500, authority therefor was promptly procured. It is believed that little difficulty will be encountered in buying out the other settlers as need shall arise to provide for these Indians.

The question of the water-supply is vital to almost every inhabitant of Southern California, and an appreciable part of the funds appropriated for



PUMPING PLANT AT COACHELLA

the California Indians has been expended in this channel; otherwise some of the purchases of land which I have enumerated would have been highly unwise.

The Indians of the *Pauma* Reservation, under the supervision of the agent, even prior to the appropriation for the benefit of the California Indians, had excavated a reservoir of 100 feet diameter at the upper corner of their reservation, where it may be filled from *Pauma* Creek. To assist them in their efforts at helping themselves, \$438.43 has been devoted to purchasing cement, tools and blasting powder. With their own labor they have completed this important work with a trivial expenditure.

As a preliminary test of artesian resources on the *Morongo* Reservation, with a view to making productive the land already reserved and land recently purchased, \$500 was devoted to the expense of boring a well. When results have been sufficiently observed, it will be soon enough to judge of the advisability of a larger expenditure along the same lines.

The scant water supply on the *Cahuilla* Reservation made a reservoir essential. The Indians of their own accord began the construction of a reservoir

to store the water of certain living springs on the reservation, and as at Pauma, they were aided by the expenditure of \$600 to provide materials and tools.

At one time the Indians on the *Cabazon* Reservation had obtained water from artesian wells, but the tapping of the source by the incoming white settlers in time so reduced the supply of water that all the wells of this section ceased to flow during the season when water is needed. As the whites had resorted to pumps, it was plain the Indians would have to do likewise if they were to get any water. Accordingly authority was granted for the installation of a pumping plant.

San Augustine Reservation has never had a water supply, as a consequence of which the Indians accredited to this reservation have left it in large numbers. It was decided to bore wells, but as the flow to be tapped is the same which supplies Cabazon and is subject to the same great demand, it was thought to be the part of wisdom to establish a pumping plant coincidentally with the boring. The entire cost of this work on both the Cabazon and the San Augustine Reservations is estimated to come within \$2783.65, which sum has been set aside for this purpose. The work is well along toward completion.

I have now set forth in detail the various objects for which has been disbursed the money entrusted to my care for the California Indians, except that which has been spent in making effective the various enterprises, as in commissions, recorders' fees, title insurance, surveying and fencing. The money so far expended in these incidental channels and in the payment of salary, traveling expenses and subsistence of the Special Agent, amounts to \$12,965.45, and there are outstanding obligations against this fund for similar purposes amounting to \$3781.10. A recapitulation of the purchase of the lands which I have outlined shows \$80,787.98 to have been expended or authorized for this purpose, and the amount expended or authorized to be expended for irrigation purposes amounts to \$8426.03. This makes a total expended or set aside for different projects of \$105,960.56, leaving on this date a balance available of \$44,049.44.

This very inadequate sum it will be the effort of the Office to expend to the best advantage upon the Indians in California yet unprovided for, of which the most needy bands are reported by the Special Agent to be located as follows:

Crescent City, Del Norte county; Lolita, Bucksport, and at the mouth of the Mad River, in Humboldt county; Sherwood, De Haven, Westport, Ft. Bragg, Noyo and Potter Valley, in Mendocino county; Stewart's Point, Dry Creek, Cloverdale, Sebastopol and Bolinas, in Sonoma county; Lakeport and Silver Bank, in Lake county; Paskenta, in Tehama county; Elk Creek, in Glenn county; Ione, Rickey and Jackson Valley, in Amador county; Lemoore, in Kings county; Sanger, in Fresno county; Mariposa, in Mariposa county; Groveland, Cherokee and Tuolumne, in Tuolumne county; Murphey's and Sheep Ranch, in Calaveras county; Nashville, in Eldorado county.

I shall not attempt to outline the various ways in which the Office has supplemented the expenditure of this money by devices actuated by its wish to help the Indians in every possible manner. I may say, however, that conspicuous, perhaps paramount, among these policies has been the temporary withdrawal from all forms of settlement of all unappropriated lands in the vicinity of the various reservations and the villages and rancherías of the isolated bands; so that when accurate descriptions shall have been obtained and local conditions fully ascertained, such of these lands as could be of

service to the Indians may be patented to them and the remainder restored to the public domain.

Very respectfully,

F. E. LEUPP,
Commissioner.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., Nov. 10, 1908.

WAYLAND H. SMITH.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 2nd duly received. I enclose you herewith a sort of statement of what has been done in Southern California in the last three years (somewhat less). I have tried to make it as brief as possible, and still it is quite extensive. The most important thing remaining is the establishment at Campo. The last tract there and the one we had to have was not finally through until about June. It belonged to an estate with minor heirs and it took time. The new reservation has been included within the National Forest, which will make it much easier getting along with the



A TORRES FARMER AT WORK

cattle-men. Another year ought to have about everything done on the Southern reservations (that at present seems advisable, though new needs may develop with time). There is quite a list of other things I have been in touch with in the South in the way of investigations, reports, settlements, etc., that have not eventuated in any definite thing mentioned as accomplished, but have nevertheless taken a good deal of my time.

Very truly,

C. E. KELSEY.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, AND WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED IN THE LAST THREE YEARS.

The first thing requisite was a careful examination of the thirty-four, more or less, minute tracts in Southern California which have been set aside for Indian use. This examination revealed many things. All the reservations were more or less barren. Few had any adequate water supply, and most had none. There were twenty cases of disputed boundaries, and no less than thirteen cases where Indians were found to be wholly or in part

outside the tract actually reserved, through errors in surveys and location. To meet these cases Congress passed an Act, largely through the efforts of Senator Flint, amending the Act of 1891, and authorizing the land occupied by the Indians in such cases to be patented to them, where the title was still in the Government.

At *Campo* several tracts have been purchased, aggregating about 1200 acres, and the land is ready for occupancy. The first unit of the irrigation system has been surveyed, and it is expected work will begin in a short time. The surrounding government land as far north as the reservations of *La Posta* and *Manzanita*, and south to the Mexican line, has been reserved, forming a consolidated reservation of about 20,000 acres. As soon as the irrigation work is under way, the Indians can remove to their new homes, and it is expected that a Government day school will be established. The site of the new school is that of a former large Indian settlement, and is called by the Indians *Hilth-la-wa*, meaning "wedge-shaped," in reference to the shape of the valley.

At *Campo* proper, some land has been added to the reservation upon which the Indian graveyard is located and upon which part of the band was living. The same is true of *La Posta*, *Manzanita* and *Cuiapaipe*. The reservation patented at *La Posta* was a pile of barren rocks, and the land the Indians actually occupied was unprotected. At *Laguna* one forty-acre tract was added. At *Inyaha* a tract was added to the reservation to give the Indians some hay-land, some wood-land and some pasture. At *Capitan Grande* some tracts were added to the reservation which had been thrown out through error. At the eastern end of *Capitan Grande*, known as *Los Conejos*, additions of arable land occupied by Indians were made to the reservation, and other lands to protect the water-rights of the Indians.

At *Los Coyotes* Reservation a tract of land which had been in private ownership since before the establishment of the reservation, and which had been the cause of much friction, was purchased.

At *Pachanga*, near Temecula, where the land is particularly barren and the water supply very scanty, 235 acres of splendid land has been purchased. This was some of the land from which these Indians were ejected, much as told in *Ramona*. It was planned to pipe the water from a spring to the school for school and Indian use, but the water proved to be too scanty in supply to justify the expense. Two wells have been bored on the old reservation and one upon the new tract, the latter being the only one to show a satisfactory supply.

At *Pauma* the reservoir has been considerably enlarged and put into condition so it will be of some use.

At *Pala* the former error in locating the headgate has been corrected and proper outlets have been made by which water can be taken from the main ditch. The expense of this irrigating plant is now nearly \$30,000.

The *Santa Rosa* Indians have asked for and are to receive their old home at Vandeventer Flat, called by them *Sé-o-ya* ("Pleasant View"). Land has been reserved for them here, and water sufficient for present needs appropriated.

At *Cahuilla* the reservoir has been much enlarged and water prospected for in other parts of the reservation, with, as yet, little success.

At *Saboba* plans are being made for a considerable increase in the water supply.

At *San Manuel* two tracts were purchased, one containing the former gardens of the Indians, and the other their graveyard and some of the houses.

At *Morongo* a rather extensive system of water development has been planned which will largely increase the value of the reservation. Some additions have recently been made to the reservation.

At *Mission Creek* Reservation a small water system is to be put in and a survey made of the reservation line.

At *Palm Springs* the adverse water rights and two sections of land have been purchased, and all land upon which it would be possible to use any of the Indian water has been set aside for the Indians. They now have all the land and the water, practically, and further troubles are unlikely.

At *Cabazon* a fine gasoline pumping-plant has been put in, which did good service last year. Its capacity is now being enlarged. A new day school has been established at Cabazon.

At *San Augustin* an artesian well was put in last year with an auxiliary pumping-plant, and it did good service. This is also being enlarged this season. This fine section was without water prior to boring the well.

At *Torres, Martinez* and *Alamo Bonito* about forty new wells are now being bored, in addition to the twenty-two bored by the Government six years



ARTESIAN WELL, ON TORRES RESERVATION

ago. A couple of steam pumping-plants are to be put in on the higher levels. In no place is so small an amount of money doing so much good as that used in putting down these wells in this so-called desert. In no place are the Indians making better use of their water, and their present condition of thrift is in striking contrast to their situation of squalor and semi-starvation before they were supplied with water.

All these various irrigation developments are entirely under the supervision of and are planned by the Irrigation Division of the Indian Bureau, of which W. H. Code, of Hollywood, is Chief Engineer, and of which Charles R. Olberg, Superintendent of Irrigation for California, at Los Angeles, is directly in charge.

At *Santa Ynez* the perplexing questions as to boundary lines and status of the Indian title have all been satisfactorily settled, largely through the broad-minded generosity of the late Bishop Montgomery.

The Indians of *San Pascual* had a reservation assigned to them, but an error was made in the description of the township and the land actually reserved for them was six miles north of the one intended. In the meantime

nothing of value was left in the intended reservation, and several would-be settlers were prevented from filing on their claims on the other tract actually reserved. It proved impossible to secure any tract in the San Pascual Valley at any reasonable price, but it has been possible to buy one or two intending settlers on the actual reservation, and this, with some unoccupied land there, satisfactory to the Indians, will give the San Pascual Indians homes at last.

The lands of the *Chimehuevi* Indians on the Colorado River were threatened by prospective settlers, and their lands have been reserved to them by executive order, pending an examination as to their needs, which examination has not as yet been made.

A considerable number of the boundary troubles have been decided. A re-survey and re-marking of the reservation lines in Southern California has been arranged for and will doubtless be completed within the coming year. The examination of the lines at *Mesa Grande* has been finished, and that perplexing matter settled for all time. It has not been possible to examine all the reservations as yet.

C. E. KELSEY,

Special Indian Commissioner for California.

Under instruction from Mr. W. H. Code, Chief Engineer in the Indian Service, Mr. C. R. Olberg, Superintendent of Irrigation, has prepared the following statement of the actual work begun or completed in Southern California by the Engineering Department during 1908:

CHIEF ENGINEER'S REPORT FOR 1908.

The Indian Reservations of Southern California number approximately thirty separate bodies of land, and while they are comparatively small individually, collectively they form quite an area. They are fairly well distributed over the map of Southern California, and the water problems of each, of course, partake of the character of the territory in which it is located.

During the last year, work has been undertaken to better the water conditions on nine of these small reservations, and surveys and estimates have been made for future work on others. The reservations that have recently benefited by the policy of the Government to enable the Indians to help themselves are Pala, Pechanga, Soboba, Morongo, Torrès, Cabezon, Augustine, Agua Caliente and Campo.

At Pala a number of concrete lateral turnouts were installed on the canal recently constructed to irrigate the four hundred irrigable acres of the reservation. This work was not done when the canal was constructed, owing to a lack of funds.

The Pala Reservation is occupied jointly by the so-called Warner Ranch Indians, who were moved to Pala several years ago from Warner's Ranch, and a few old Pala Indians.

The Indians naturally experience considerable difficulty in getting the water from the canal on to their land, owing to the lack of turnouts, and there was much complaint from the Warner Ranch Indians on that account.

The turnouts were completed early in February, 1908, and during the summer the entire four hundred acres were planted and irrigated by the Indians, who raised good crops thereon.

The Pechanga Reservation is a small body of land lying in the foothills about six miles southeast of Temecula. Formerly these Indians occupied the Temecula Valley, but they were gradually crowded out, as has been graphically depicted by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in her book "Ramona," and were

eventually allotted the land at present held by them. This land lies too high for irrigation, and in seasons of little water, even drinking water was hard to obtain. Fortunately part of the reservation is excellent grain land, the area of which has recently been increased by the purchase of a tract lying south of the reservation, by Special Agent Kelsey.

The water supply of the reservation consisted of several small wells, which failed in time of drought, and a small spring up a side cañon, about three miles from the Indian settlement. It was at first contemplated to pipe the water from this spring to the village, but investigation showed that the flow was too small for that purpose. Three twelve-inch wells were then driven to such a depth as to insure a permanent supply. One of these was at the school, another half a mile above the school, to supply the Indians residing in that vicinity, and a third on the tract recently purchased. Three large windmills, and accompanying tanks and towers, have been erected. Provision has been made to enable the Indians to obtain water both for domestic supply and for the watering of stock.



PALA VILLAGE

These Indians are now secure as far as water for domestic and stock purposes is concerned. Unfortunately the water lies at too great a depth in the two upper wells to permit pumping for irrigation, but it may be financially practical to pump sufficient from the lower well to water a small garden.

On the Saboba Reservation, which lies on the outskirts of San Jacinto, on the river of the same name, the Indians have for a long time been irrigating the fields from a small reservoir, which collected the water from a number of small springs. In dry seasons these springs went dry and the Indians were without water for the two or three hundred acres of valuable land lying below. The only solution was a pumping plant, and last fall a battery of three twelve-inch wells was driven near the upper end of the reservoir, and a centrifugal pump and fittings have recently been installed over these wells. The recent heavy rains, causing a rise in the San Jacinto River, have delayed operations somewhat, but it is hoped to complete the plant in the near future. From recent tests made on the wells, the plant should deliver an ample supply of water for the Indian lands.

Part of the irrigable land is subject to overflow from the San Jacinto River, and funds are now available and work will soon be commenced on the con-

struction of a dike to control the same. With the protection of this dike and assured of an ample water supply, located as they are, close to the town of San Jacinto, these Indians should become exceedingly prosperous.

On the Morongo Indian Reservation, near Banning, work was commenced last December and is still in progress. This consists of running an infiltration gallery up the bed of Potrero Creek, for the purpose of increasing the flow from that stream and a cienega lying in the valley. Cement-lined ditches will also be constructed to conduct the water to the irrigable lands. A very fair flow of water is obtainable at this point, and the work will probably take several months to complete.

The Torres Indian Reservation is located on the so-called desert near the Salton Sea. About seven years ago a number of artesian wells were put in on this reservation, and during the last year about fifteen additional wells have been added to these, increasing very materially the available water supply at the command of the industrious Indians of this reservation. The fertility of the soil, its productiveness under irrigation, and especially its ability to



PALA MISSION

grow early melons, etc., bid fair to place the Torres Indians on the road to competence.

At Cabezon and Augustine, which lie in the same valley as the Torres Reservation, the land generally lies above the artesian belt, and pumping plants have to be resorted to in order to obtain water for irrigation purposes. Several wells have been drilled during the last year, and the two pumping stations previously installed have been enlarged and their discharge largely increased.

At Agua Caliente, which is close to Palm Springs, on the Conchilla Desert, a pipe line, leading from the Andreas Cañon, was purchased from B. B. Barney about a year ago. It is proposed to convey the water, delivered by this pipe line, through either a cement-lined ditch or a small concrete pipe line to the land belonging to the Indians. The soil in this section is good and only needs the application of water to produce bounteous crops. Surveys have already been made and the work will shortly be commenced and pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

There are a number of Indians living at Campo, near the border line of Mexico, in San Diego County, California. This was brought to the attention of the proper authorities, and recently quite a body of grazing land has



INDIANS BUILDING IRRIGATING DITCH

been set aside and a couple of small ranches, with an available water supply, have been purchased for their benefit. Surveys have been made and work will shortly be commenced on the construction of either small ditches or small pipe lines to irrigate these ranches. With these two ranches under irrigation, and the adjoining land available as a cattle range, the Indians should shortly become well-to-do.

The great diversity of the character of work on these reservations is evident from the foregoing synopsis. While they are small, the water problems are, in a number of instances, as difficult of solution as those of the larger reservations of the north. These problems are being constantly brought to the attention of the Chief Engineer through the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and are taken up in that order.

Work is contemplated on the Santa Ynez, the San Manuel and several other reservations, and it is hoped that in a comparatively short time all the Indians of Southern California will be as prosperous as the nature of their respective reservations will permit.

C. R. OLBERG,
Superintendent of Irrigation.

THE WORDLESS PRAYER

By DELIA HART STONE.

PRAY with thy hands—but not in air uplifted,
Nor idly crossed, nor folded on thy breast;
Not held with open palms, as alms beseeching—
Pray with thy hands, in toiling, not at rest.

Pray with thy busy hands—their effort speaketh
The heart's desire, as in no other way,
What they achieve for good shall be the answer
Unto thy wordless prayer, each happy day.

Ontario, Cal.

SABOBA INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.



HE little Indian town of Saboba rests quietly on low foot-hills crossed by a narrow wagon-road passing through the ranchería. The foot-hills rise and fall in rapid succession against higher hills that boldly outline themselves against a tall background of mountain spurs and peaks in the San Jacinto range of Riverside County.

The Saboba settlement adjoins a beautiful and fertile valley, dotted here and there with American homes and thrifty ranches, orchards and orange-groves that extend to the little towns of San Jacinto and Hemet. When we glance over the foot-hills occupied by these wards of the nation, knowing, as we do, the possibilities of the land when subjected to the leveling forces of grading-teams supplemented by miles of water-pipes, we are glad that the Government is on the side of the Indian. Were it not so, how soon these picturesque hills planted by nature—excepting where the green, fern-like pepper-trees shade the simple homes—would be appropriated by the white man. We are also glad the Indians accept the enlightened aid of the schools, in order to have and to hold the free land of their fathers. For a little white church and a frame school-house with the stars-and-stripes floating over it and the attendance bell calling for promptness and regularity conspicuous in the foreground, mark the influence of civilization upon these primitive people.

When Venegas, over one hundred and fifty years ago, wrote of the natives of Lower California, that they might "be called a nation who never arrive at manhood," he described life in its pastoral simplicity, but with education and time-values as dominant factors, the Indians learned they must either perish or adjust themselves to the demands of the ruling nation.

Less than five and twenty years ago these Saboba Indians were threatened with ejection from the land their fathers had occupied for over a hundred years. They were but a remnant of a tribe less than one hundred and sixty in number. But their village, or ranchería, was within the boundary of the Mexican grant patented to José A. Estudillo in 1842, and as the greater part of this grant had been sold to a company, the purchaser of the Saboba site proposed to eject these natives unless the Government would buy all of his allotted share, about 700 acres.

When Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote her "Century of Dishonor," these wards of the nation were still uncertain of their fate, although, as she said, their right to the tract they had so long occupied and cultivated was beyond question.

Even the children of these dispirited Indians felt the "red man's



SOME SABOBA CHILDREN

burden" of homeless sorrow, and two of them just entering their teens felt impelled to appeal to the President of the United States for his aid in keeping the white man from ejecting them from the home of their ancestors; one little fellow making the pathetic plea for the land that, "We think it is ours, for God gave it to us first."

As we know, this case was brought before the courts, and, no one appearing for the Indians, it went against them by default. But the American people are not altogether unmindful of responsibilities toward these natives, and the friend of the Sabobas in their hour of need was the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, which assumed the responsibility of paying the necessary fees and had the case put again upon the calendar, with the result that the Saboba Reser-

vation was secured to these Indians by possessory rights under the Mexican Treaty known as the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty.

While the Saboba Reservation covers some 2,960 acres, only a small part of it, 150 acres, is under irrigation from a reservoir fed by springs.

The first homes of the Sabobas were of adobe, but these are now supplanted by little frame houses of one, two or three rooms. Here and there are the ruins of a former adobe. Prominent among these are the ones leveled by the earthquake on Christmas morning in 1899. The Indians were celebrating in one adobe, but when the earthquake had passed over it, six were dead and as many injured.

This reservation has the honor of having the first Indian teacher employed by the Government in Southern California. This school



GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL AT SABOBA

was established in 1880, with Miss Mary Sheriff as teacher. Miss Sheriff had been a teacher of the freedmen, and when she opened her school in a little adobe, 11 by 18, she willingly allowed as many as 40 pupils at one time to call her teacher. She taught this school for seven years, and now lives, as Mrs. Fowler, in her San Jacinto home surrounded by vines, fruitful trees and rare shrubs. Her cosy home is full of evidences of her genuine love for the Indians. Among her treasures are letters from Mrs. Helen Jackson inquiring about the Indians whose cause she espoused so nobly, including one inquiring about the tragic death of Juan Diego, the Cahuilla Indian whom Mrs. Jackson has surrounded with the charm of her fancy in the character of Alessandro. Tourists following in the footsteps of Ramona are sold the picture of this Juan Diego's wife as the "Original Ramona," and baskets made by Cahuilla squaws are labeled "Ramona," as

her handicraft, or the work of "Ramona's daughter." As this Indian woman's name was not Ramona, and the heroine of this story was undoubtedly not suggested to Mrs. Jackson by her personality, one marvels at the gullibility of the public.

The name of this reserve, "Saboba," means "cold," but the Indians had another for it, "Matale de Mano."

The population of the reservation numbers about one hundred and forty Indians, almost equally divided as to sex. When Mrs. Jackson visited this reserve, she found a "Narrow cañon called Indian Cañon in which half a dozen Indian families were living." She immediately wrote to the Department in behalf of these Indians, and the result was that the cañon was set aside for the Indians.

Many of the Indians of this reserve work in American families in



THE SABOBA SCHOLARS

the neighboring towns. In fact, the Indians, for the most part, maintain themselves by working on various ranches—a common sight being the little Indian tent by the roadside during the busy days of fruit-picking, grape-vintage, sheep-shearing, etc., all requiring the labor of the Indians in their locality.

The little town of Saboba numbers about thirty houses and as many families. In six years there have been twenty-three deaths and nine births. On one side of the tortuous wagon-road, the prickly-pear cactus fence rises in a matted mass from eight to ten feet high around a depressed enclosure. The birds flit in and out of this thorny wall, twittering and calling out as though guarding the cacti from the intrusion of travelers along the dusty road.

The bare-looking little Saboba Catholic church stands on a common in the center of the pueblo, and, at a little distance from it

along the road, the Government school, surrounded by palm and pepper trees, fenced with a picket fence, attracts the notice of strangers.

One has to be told it is an Indian School, as there is nothing outside nor in indicative of the nationality. Will H. Stanley, the teacher, a valuable man for the place, is now superintendent as well as teacher. The agency known as the "Mission and Tule River Agency" having come to an end necessitated the combination of the two offices into one. Last autumn the school moved into a new building beside the other one.

Several acres are devoted to school purposes, the vegetable garden being a prominent feature in educating the boys. Mrs. May Stanley ably assists her husband by teaching cooking, sewing, etc., to the



A HOME ON THE RESERVATION

girls. In this way they give their influence in favor of manual labor as a necessary factor in the education of these wards of the nation. It was a proud day for the pupils of this Indian school when the photographer from San Jacinto took their pictures in the garden and the school yard—the little son of the teacher in the foreground.

The writing, maps, and figure drawing of the Saboba pupils compare favorably with the average American schools. There is a note of cheerfulness running through their essays. One gets some idea of their home-life from reading some of their little descriptive papers. A boy of eleven writes: "My home has two doors, two windows and one stove. We have two horses. When I go home from school I have to carry water and give water to my horses and chop some wood and carry it into the house to do cooking with, and

I feed my horses at night and in the morning. I have to get up very early to do my work before I go to school. My papa is dead; my brother is too. I have two sisters who are married. They live near to my home. My mother works out picking oranges or potatoes and makes money to get us something to eat and wear."

Another one says: "There are two doors and no windows in my house. My house in Saboba is made of lumber. We have three beds. I have some pictures in my house. My mother makes nice baskets and she sells them to people when they come to buy them. My papa is picking potatoes. When (he) gets done he will buy a shirt and shoes for me. When he comes I got to water the horses and give them hay to eat. I have to build the fire so my mother can cook potatoes, and meat, and make coffee for supper. I got to shut



SABOBA SCHOLARS LEARNING GARDENING

up the chickens when it gets some dark. Then I go to sleep when I have eaten my supper."

The following gives a picture of the home and activities of a girl of 13 years: "My house has two windows, three doors. In my house I have beds, chairs, stove, one table, dishes, sewing machine, and some pictures on the wall, looking glass, three combs and a brush, also some clothes and blankets. My house is made of lumber. I have two cats and three dogs at home and I like to play with them. We are only five in family. Two girls, one boy and one man and my mother. I have to wash my dishes and my sister has to do the cooking. I have to help her cook. I have to carry some water every morning before I come to school. I have to chop wood for my mother in the morning. I have to build the fire for my sister, and I have to take care of my little chickens. In the morning I

have to fix my beds, and my mother makes nice drawn work to any one who wants to buy them. My brother J. is working far away making wood for one man, and Uncle A. he is working very far he is going to come Sundays in the morning and go back afternoon. I am going to give a nice present to my brother on Christmas. My mother has to do her own washing for Miss W., and we have one large lamp that gives us lights. We have two watches that tell us the time and the hours. And we have some plants of flowers around the house and pepper trees to give us cool shade."

An Indian boy of 15 years describes, in detail, how the pupils make garden. "We first plow the ground deep. Then we harrow it so as to break up the clods. Then we fix the soil into beds. Then we take rake and break up the small clods what the harrow could not break, and rake it smooth and level. We take a hoe and fix some rows on the beds. Then we plant the seeds. And we cover it over with the soil. Then the seeds grow larger and burst sending roots down into ground, and the tiny top comes out of the ground. Then we hoe around the tiny plants so they will grow larger. Then if we have water we irrigate them so they will grow faster. In our school garden we raise potatoes, tomatoes, onions, beets, peas, radishes, cabbage, beans, turnips and sweet corn. They do not grow very large because we have no water to irrigate them with. But they are good to eat. At home I have a small garden. First I loosen the ground and then I make a few rows. And then I plant onions, grapes, corn, peas, flowers, and other vegetables so we can have them to use and eat."

The largest house in the reservation, numbering six rooms, belonged to the Forest Ranger—a man well fitted for the position, but this year he was supplanted because he could not pass the civil service examination. His little son could enumerate "five beds, five tables, four bureaus, one piano, one graphophone, a sewing machine, and some pictures hanging on the wall;" "six horses, two buggies, one wagon and twenty-four cattle" are also classed among the possessions, and, as the distance from school is too far to walk, he and his brother and sister "ride horseback to school," the ages of these children being 12, 8 and 6 years. Like the other Indian boys, he says, "In the evening I carry water to the house."

Formerly Saboba women made numerous baskets, but now it is difficult to supply the demand even though the prices have advanced very considerably. These baskets are of the coiled weave with brown and black figures as ornamentation. Very pretty little bijou baskets of a globular shape with a broad top or mouth are made also by the Cahuilla squaws. There is little difference between these baskets and those made by the Sabobas, both having straw-colored foundations ornamented with varying designs of yellowish-brown



A FOURTH-GRADE SCHOLAR IN THE SABOBA SCHOOL.

shades and black, these brown shades often blending beautifully with the straw color of the basket itself.

A notable figure among these Indians was Juliana Ringlero, who died in August. She had reached the age of 102 years and, having concluded that she had lived long enough, for the last three or four days of her life she refused all food and water and so quietly passed away and now sleeps in the little Catholic cemetery not far from the church. She had lived in a little shack that looked more like a stable or shelter for animals than the habitation of a human, one side of the house being covered with sheets of rusty tin roofing, or possibly tin oil-cans spread out and nailed to the side—but even these showed that some one had cared for her and would protect her room from cold winds.

Among some of the Sabobas there is a noticeable mixture of Mexican blood, pure breeds being in the minority.

One great drawback for the Indians has been the scanty supply of water, the amount of money available for this purpose being inadequate for cleaning and deepening the reservoir and ditches. The acres cultivated by the school depend upon a windmill for irrigation. But the prospects for this reserve are now very encouraging as the Government has apportioned several thousand dollars for irrigation. But the prospects for this reserve are now very encouraging, domestic purposes, Mr. Stanley's effort in this respect meeting with the success it merited.

In the early 'eighties of the past century, Mrs. Helen Jackson



THE LITTLE CHURCH AT SABOBA

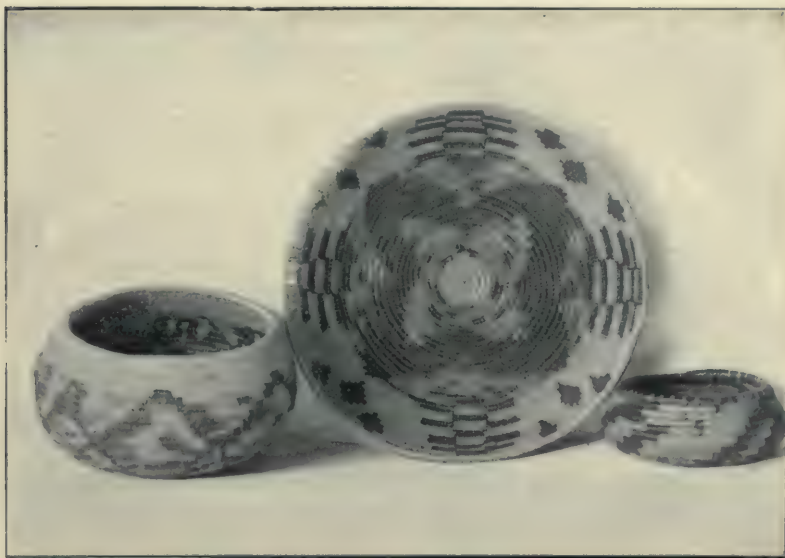
visited the settlements of the Mission Indians, and while she said, "No one can visit their settlements, such as Aqua Caliente, Saboba, Cahuilla Valley, Santa Ysabel, without having a sentiment of respect and profound sympathy for men, who, friendless, poor, without protection from the law, have still continued to work, planting, fencing, etc.," she was forced to remark that "drunkenness" and "gambling" "cannot be denied." And in the report of the late superintendent of these Mission Indians he wrote: "The most discouraging feature in all our Indian work is the constant and increasing drunkenness among the Indians and the crimes and debauching arising therefrom. * * * For a small sum Mexican or miserable white men, who act as go-between, can get the intoxicant."

While we condemn the Indian, we must remember that this liquor-habit was originally due to contact with the white man, for Venegas

wrote that the Indians of California never used inebriating liquors.

The annual Fiesta in celebration of Mexican independence is a great event among the Indians, as they congregate at Saboba from all the neighboring reservations for a three days' carnival. They begin to congregate in the pueblo for two or three days beforehand, there being a regular procession of all kinds of conveyances traveling toward Saboba.

The families of the visiting Indians occupy little rooms built of willow around a large court, the numerous booths forming an enclosure for the speaker's stand and a dancing platform. Like our Fourth of July, the celebration begins with noise, anvils and other clamorous sounds. Speech-making, music, baseball, games of



SABOBA BASKETS

chance, horse-racing, dancing, closing on Saturday night with the fire dance, with the usual concomitants of booths containing edibles, ice-cream, melons, etc., are the amusements of the week.

Although many fears had been expressed that there would be the usual disturbances last year (1908), due to liquor, the Fiesta passed off as the "most orderly celebration held in the Indian village since the settlement of the valley by white men. Not an arrest was made during the week, nor was there reported a case of disorderly conduct. While Chief Special Officer Johnson of the United States Indian Service was present with a number of his deputies, to see that order prevailed, the policing of the reservation was left in the hands of the village captain and his Indian officers. . . . The prohibition of liquor is responsible for this being the most orderly fiesta ever

held in Saboba. The officers declare that not a drop of whisky was drunk on the reservation, and that only in one or two cases, and those among white men, could liquor be detected on the breath. Chief Johnson complimented Superintendent Stanley very highly over the outcome of the fiesta, for he says *it was due more to the counsel the Indians received from their superintendent during the past months than to any show of authority and power* he and his deputies might have impressed them with during the celebration."

The italics in this last sentence are mine, for it is very evident that education along the line of total abstinence is the only hope for the Indian if he wants justice at the hands of the Law—for this same Law may tolerate an intoxicated white man, but a drunken Indian—never!

Los Angeles.

HORSEBACK RIDING IN CALIFORNIA

By FLORENCE KIPER.

DO YOU remember how we swung
Around the edge of the mountain path,
Where over us the gray rocks hung,
Above us screamed the eagle's wrath?
Oh, the world was young, and the world was young,
And we bathed and dipped in the sun's gold bath.

The little stones sped 'neath their flying feet,
You on Lady and I on Jack,
And the beat of their hoofs was our own heart's beat
As they thundered up the mountain track.
Oh, the world was sweet and the world was sweet,
And could there be ever of joy a lack!

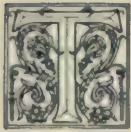
Then, as a sudden curve we turned,
Flashed before us the flaming sea—
Gold and silver and blue it burned,
And the beat of its waves was our own heart's glee,
And all in a moment life's best we learned—
All that is and that is to be.

Your lips were parted in sheer delight,
And the color laughed in your luring face;
And your hair, that held the rich dusks of night,
Floated and gleamed in the sun's gold grace.
Oh, the world swung right and the world swung right,
And my heart kept pace with your heart's sweet pace.

MR. EAYRS OF BOSTON

AN UNKNOWN CHAPTER OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT remarkable contraband trade with California (in the beginnings of the last century), in which a few of the most adventurous English and New England ships were engaged, has never been even reasonably described nor even understood. Along in the Eighteen-Thirties, the brilliant Harvard boy, Richard Henry Dana, gave us, in his little book, *Two Years Before the Mast*, a classic of wandering; but very little historic information either as to California life or as to that remarkable phase of international relations in which he was the only notorious actor and chronicler.

Yet much of the history of California takes color from this traffic; which involved the relations of the United States with Spain (and its chief province, Mexico,) and Russia—and the common enemy, England; and which no less illustrates the patriarchal life of California a century ago.

If historians have ever found, they have never used, any material so important and so illuminative to this significant phase of California history as is the remarkable record of "the Mercury Case," secured in Mexico this year by the Los Angeles Public Library—a manuscript of 1137 pages comprising the original documents, proceedings, letters, etc., in the only known case in which a contraband trader on the California coast came to full trial of which official record was left. This "find"—absolutely unknown to Bancroft and other historians (though they heard of the bald episode)—throws more light on this curious invasion of the Spanish possessions on the Pacific by adventurous Yankees, and on the markets, products and imports of California at the time of the "war of 1812," than any archive thus far discovered.

June 2, 1813, the armed Boston ship "Mercury" was seized near Pt. Concepcion (and taken to Santa Barbara the same day) by the armed Lima merchantman "La Flora," commanded by Capt. Nicolas Noé. The "Mercury" was commanded by Capt. George Washington Eayrs (spelled in various ways by Bancroft), a Boston Yankee who was engaged in hunting seal and otter skins on the California Coast for a dozen years. He evidently learned the profits to be acquired in smuggling; for he had ten vessels engaged in the trade when he was "caught with the goods."

The precise Spanish legal procedure was gone through in his case; and it is all recorded here—the full inventory of his ship and cargo, his correspondence with the Viceroy of New Spain, and with his brother and the shipowners in Boston, along with many furtive notes from missionaries and other prominent citizens of

California, "making dates" with him; his bills of sale, showing the liberal purchases of rather expensive goods, and the prices paid in money and in otter skins.

This is one of the most important documents on Coast history in the early part of the pastoral era, and gives us not only prices current, but an inventory of the imports and exports of California at the time of the second war between the United States and Great Britain—with which, by the way, Capt. Eayrs was by no means in sympathy. He feels that his native land made a great mistake in going to war with the mother country, and complains that it has cost him and his backers several thousand dollars. His relation of experience as a Boston trader to the Pacific—dealing with India, the Sandwich Islands, the Russians in Alaska and at Ft. Ross in California, and the Spanish possessions in California—is wonderfully illuminative.

Capt. Eayrs complains bitterly to the Viceroy of "barbarous" treatment by his captors; but apparently the Californians were as full of official red-tape and personal hospitality in his case as has always been their habit. The document includes receipts for money given him at the rate of \$1 per day during his entire captivity, and the record of a legal procedure as exacting and as merciful as any country could pursue. The testy Captain is a pretty good single-handed prevaricator. He maintains in his letters to the Viceroy that he touched California only for water and provision; but his own bills of sale prove him false. He is careful not to mention in any letters to his pious Boston relatives the Kanaka lady who accompanied him; but complains bitterly to the Viceroy that a slave boy whom he had purchased and presented to "My Girl" had been confiscated.

In the early days of 1806, one José Sevilla, who had been a citizen of Monterey, California, for 15 years, went down to Tepic (on the northern west coast of Mexico) with petitions to be made a Coast Guard for California against the active contraband trade by English and American vessels. The royal order, forbidding this traffic, had been published in Monterey in August, 1805, and was but a repetition of Spanish ordinances covering centuries. Spain is the mother of "Protection," and enforced the most perfect system ever attempted by any nation. She went beyond tariff to prohibition. This was the basic cause of the loss of her colonies, which covered nine-tenths of the populated area of the Western Hemisphere when they revolted.

Señor Sevilla relates that those commands are openly broken; that every year foreign vessels with contraband goods enter freely into all ports; and trade not only with the Missions and the citizens, but often with the military and naval commanders all the way from

San Francisco to San Diego. These foreign ships are so bold as to careen at the "Yeles of Santa Catanina" where they "trade with the natives and the citizens."

Señor Sevilla writes himself "An Apostolic Roman Catholic, by the grace of God; a Spaniard by birth, born at Agualulco; forty years of age; of estate, married; and a saddler by profession." He sets forth that these foreign ships bring goods over from the East Indies and from Asia, and sell them for money and otter skins. He prays that his commission as guard authorize him to arrest and seize all such contrabands; and that the Governor of California and the military and naval commanders shall not vex nor injure him in person or property for such action.

Among the articles which Capt. Eayrs smuggled to the willing Californians were camel's hair shawls, Canton crepe, white nankin (at \$9 a bolt), silesia (at \$29 a bolt), double serge, English blankets, fishhooks, gunpowder, shoes, bedspreads at \$9 each, silk kerchiefs at \$20 the piece, Canton canvas at \$13 a bolt, sewing and embroidery silk at \$12 for 22 ounces, linen thread at \$7.50 for 22 ounces, English linen at \$12 a bolt, Chinese silks at \$16 a bolt, common cotton sheeting at \$11 a bolt, plush at \$29 a yard, "Sugar Candy" \$10 a keg, red cloth at \$9 a yard, a sextant of \$300, false pearls, hardware, crockery in great quantities, and cotton cloth beyond the dreams of avarice. "Fray Luis" (Martinez) at "San Luis" (Obispo) bought one bill of \$2134; and others did about as well. In return the trader paid \$5 to \$9 for sea-otter skins, 6 to 8 cents a pound for the best flour, \$6 to \$9 each for bullocks, \$7 for hogs, \$5 a sack for beans, \$6.25 per hundred for candles, \$8.25 per 150 for eggs, \$9 for 13 hens, \$4.75 per bladder of lard, 8 cents a pound for tallow.

At the same time the "Flora" put down to San Blas with its prize and cargo of exports from California—including over 1600 bladders of tallow for Lima, 234 rawhides, 120 rough wool blankets and a quantity of frieze, besides salted sardines and salmon, and a few barrels of brandy and wines, and seeds and (the forerunner of a national industry) a large box of dried peaches.

Some of Capt. Eayrs' letters are punctually copied herewith.

SN DIEGO March 6 1814.

Dear Brother:

I Direct my Letters to you, as I have been informed our Father has Removed to the Country. I am quite ignorant as Yet what has occasioned the War between England and America—I can only say from what knowledge of affairs, America our adorable Country, in my opinion has taken a bad step—I well know that the English has not acted towards our Country justly, but for my part I do not see any difference between either England or France, they are both a Proud, Malicious People, allways seeking the overthrow of other Nations—I have my share of the Good and bad fortunes of the World. I have not lost all, but have lost by my ship being taken at

this Place, a handsome Amt that would if I had it in Boston make me happy all my Days.

I shall not be very particular as it is quite uncertain if this comes safe at hand—you will be good nuf to inform the boncers (?) of the Mercury that I intend next Port to write them, inclosing a statement of my affairs and an Inventory &c—I have Wrote all ready by Sea, by way of Canton.

I shall now only give you a statement of all my property that I am informed arrived safe at Canton & was worth when Captn. Wm. H. Davis left there, Eighty thousand Dollars including both my Ship and the Amethyst Property, that I Shiped to Canton.

Should you fortunately receive this Letter you will be able to exact my just Proportions of all my Property. I cannot inform you the Amt of the two ships separate, that you will be able to find out by J. P. Cushing, American Counsul at Canton to whom the Property was Shiped too

Should the property arrive in America before my return be particular and exact my just demands, not leting it go into other hands, but take it on the spot.

I wrote to Mr. Cushing not to ever ship any of my Real Property to America, only what I owned in Co with the Mercur's owners, there fore you mus be very particular and asertain this whenever any Property comes on.

I would make out a proper Act. in form, but that I can not do, not not knowing how the property sold in Canton, or in short anything more, than it arrived safe at Canton and was worth so mutch when Cap Davis left there all to gether.

The outfit of the Ship Amethyst I could not come at, with in a small Amt but by this you can come at my Share, Deduct one Quarter for the Capt say 600 Dolls., \$746.88 for Mr. Megee, & \$14453 for the whole boucers (?) of the Mercury— You will recollect I have the same share in this \$14453 14453Dolls as if it was in the Mercury & by my Bill Sale, a Portion in the Mercury You can come at my just share.

The whole out fit is 24000 Dolls or perhaps a very little more, dedg these sums, leaves for my real share in the Amethyst 2801 Dolls so that I have two Shares in this Ship one separate & the other in Co. with the owners of the Mercury.

God grant we may meet again releaved from all danger, in that once happy and delightful Country, is the ardent Prayers of your Brother

GEORGE W. EAYRS

P.S. I have wrote number of Letters by Sea,giving every necessary act. of my Voyage &c. Columbia River is taken by small number English.

SN. DIEGO, March 9, 1814.

Mr. Benj. W. Lamb

Dear Sir:—

I avail myself of this opportunity to write you a short statement of my misfortunes. I have wrote some time since by way of water, mentioning very minutely every circumstance & shall not be so particular here.

I send my Letters unsealed to Mexico, and it lies wholly with his Excellency, the Vice Roy of that Place, weather they can pase or Not.

I lament greatly my misfortunes, the affair of which has deprived me of giving great satisfaction to the bonders of the Mercury. I can only say, if any bad conduct has been performed, I sincerely believe it is at home, amongst You in the Government, God knows what will be the event in the end. This I know, the War with England has deprived me & the Mercurys owners of

many thousands, having when I left the Russian Settlement made a contract with the Governor for a great Amt to be brot him from Bengal & China and did agree to Buy the Brig Lydia in Co. with Capt. Bennet at Nutka.

I left Norfolk Sound on the 23 of April, after incountring with a most bitter winter, having with the assistance of the Governors, Carpenters, my men and my noble self, made the Mercury nearly a new ship, with a complete new Copper bottom. I had to Copper the Ship solely my self, no one here knowing how to put on a Sheet of Copper, and am now left to lament the resigning my hard toils, to a mean Lawless Drunken fellow, Comdr. of a Spanish Merchant ship, Said to come from Lima with the intent to take all the American Ships he could that was ignorant of the disturbance in America. This fellow brot the falce News to this Part of the World, of an open Declaration of War between Spain & America, in consequence of which I received some barbarous treatment.

I can only inform you at present, have wrote to his Excellency the Vice Roy of Mexico, & am waighting an answer, I know not yet what will be the result from that Place, but request of you, and all the owners of the Mercury, from the small acct I here relate to you, you will all prepair a claim to be laid before our President. From many circumstances, I declair to you I never will relinquish my blame to the Mercury until an hard and honourable struggle has been made, and hope you will persist in the same.

I can safely say, were our Merchant Ships to be allowed to conduct in the same Lawless manner, their Spanish Ship has, it would be prudent to lay up all commerce for no honest Man would be safe.

I left Norfolk Sound in April last, bound down the Coast for the purpose of obtaining permission to proceed on to Monterrey to lay my case before the Governor, but never could obtain one. I have wrote to the Govern but never as yet received an answer.

On the 18th I was ordered to depart amediately for Sn Diego, as orders had arrived that the Spanish Ship was expected every moment, and was bound direct to Sn. Blass. I expostulated with the Comedant the injustice & that I wished to go with my Ship that I could lay my case before the Vice Roy, but to no affect. I now reside at Sn Diego where I have been several months.

I conclude in giving you some accounts that has fell under my knowledge since being here,

February 1814 received account that an English Merchant Brig was at Sn Barbara, that one frigate was at Monterrey, and nother at Sn Francisco, that they had entered Columbia River with their Boats & taken possession of the American Settlement, and left one hundred men or more, one of the Ships has received some damage and is repairing at Sn. Francisco.

The American Ships Captns Wm. H. Davis, Jno Winship & his Brother, Captn Whittimore and one other Ship, was all in this Coast about one month since, for the purpose of supplys, but I believe from falce reports did not obtain much.

The Russian Company met with great Loss last Winter the Ship Naver was recked near Cape Edgecum and nearly a total loss and with many lives, including a new Governor. Two other Ships was totally, Amt to move them a half Million.

God knows what course I shall next take. I can only say I am in good health & hope these lines will meet you the same

With sincerity I remain Dear Sir Yours &c

GEORGE W. EAYRS

P.S. Write me a few lines if an opportunity should offer it may come safe at hand.

SN DIEGO Feby 17, 1814

Moste noble and Excellent Sir, Vice Roy of Mexico.

Haveing wrote Your Excellency by two different Posts, I am now improve this opportunity to write you again, fearful the difficulty of the times may detain my Letters— I have inclosed Your Excellency an Inventory of my Ship's Cargo so, with some minute transactions in my former Letters, I shall now imparshally give your Excellency a more perticular Account, mentioning ever circumstance—

I have with me at this place, my second Officer, Boatswain, and two of my Sailors, after my Ship was taken to Sn Barbara in the hostile manner I formally wrote Your Excellency, these men with my self was put under strict guard, not allowed any liberty what ever, The remainder of my Crew at liberty, enjoying in Drunkenness and the Sale of many articles of my Cargo with the other Ships Crew—my mate who is a real American acting as Dn Nicolas Noars first Officer—

When my ship was taken possession of, I was informed the Governor at Monterrey had given orders to take all American Ships wherever they could be Captured At Sn Barbara I was informed that Don Nicolas had his orders from Sn. Blass, then from Lima, and last from his Excellency the Vice Roy of Mexico.

When my Ship was safe at Sn Barbara, I was ordered by Dn Nicolas Noar, and Don Joseph Arwayu, to put up all the cloathing belonging to me and my Girl, and everything of my own and go on shore. Dn. Niculas, his officers, & Arwayus as I took my Trunks and things, overhauled all my papers, and every Bundle, taking whatever they thought proper.

I went to packing up my things as they was overhauled, haveing two very elegant Swords, Dn. Niculas admitted me to take one, saying he would take thee other, my Girl had in hir trunk, small cash to the Amt of four hundred Dollars, this she was permitted to take, with other things.

It was late when I was desired to embark in the long Boat, and what ever was wanting I could obtain the next Day, the next Day I apply for many thing that was missing and was informed I could have no more—I did not obtain but part of my Cloathing, and what I did pack up, was part stolen in passing into the Boat.

Nearly a month passed, when I was informed I must give in my Declaration, on the 19 June, I was sent for by Dn. Joseph Arwayu, Commander at this place, to give in my Declaration, no sooner then I had left my house, then Dn. Niculas entered, and took a slave Indian Boy from my Girl, several other persons entered in company with a Priest, informing my Girl she must pack up all his things and go with him, that I was not to return again to hir, but was to be put in confinement, with many other frightful accounts. I gave in a short Declaration, which was wrote in Spanish, and was desired to sign the same, though I know not what was wrote, when this was done, I was desired to go to my House with Com. Arwayus Son, the officers of Dn. Niculas, and several other Persons, for the purpose of overhawling my Baggage, said for Gold &c. I was informed this was by the Governors orders. I found on entering my House, my Girl in a deplorable situation; she sick

holding her Infant in one hand, packing hir things up with the other, I did not know what was done untill I had admitted all my things to be overhauled. The very things with the Cash, that I was admitted to take on Shore, I had now taken from me. They took from my Girl hir shoes, Hkfs and other articles of wearing apparel.

I have several times while in Sn.Barbara, sought for permission to proceed on to Monterrey to lay my case before the Governor, but never as yet reed an answer, I have desired Aewayu to admit me to overlook my Cargo &c to go with my Ship, that a just amt might be given, but all to no effect.

I have every reason to believe, an unjust Amt is intended to be given by the Parties, several of my men while at Sn Barbara was persuaded to give in their Declaration including several years, when they had not been on Board but a few months.

I shall give your Excellency a short and correct sketch of my Voyage, that your Excellency can judge for Yourself.

I left China in the year 1808 with the small Amt of Cargo about five thousand Dolls, my first Business was Hunting Furs. This Business I entered into with the Russian Governor, & continued several years, in which time I was in the Winter season as far South as California for supplis, and the purpose of taking Seal Skins. I received several letters, from the head People & Pandoes of California, intreating me to bring them many Articles that they was in distress for, & could not obtain them from the Continent. On my return from the Russian Settlement, I obtained all the Farming utentials &c that was in my Power, with the promise to make what ever more the Governor could. The Hunting & sealing Business, I continued in, until two years since when I obtained a large Amount of Furs of the Russian Governor, These Furs I obtained on Credit, to bring him a large Amt. from Canton in Goods & Provisions.

I Bought an old Vessel at Canton, loaded hir entirely with Provisions, and loaded my own, with Provisions and Goods, and returned to the Russian Settlement, where I landed the two Cargos excepting a small Amount that I reserved for the benefit of obtaining supplies.

I entered into a contract with the Russian Governor, to continue in the Hunting Business; while imployed in this Business, I received Letters from Capt. Lucas, intreating me to bring them many Articles that they was naked and were in great want.

I obtained some of the same articles again that I had sold the Russian Government & took on Board, Wheat, Beans, & what was wanting and proceeded as far as Cape Sn Lucas, I made sale of but little, taryed a few days and departed for the Russian settlement, having on board the same articles that is now in my inventory.

My ship on my Voyage to the Northwest, proved very leaky and obliged me to have her Repaired at the Russian Settlement. my detention was very lengthy, and occasioned me to expend nearly all my Provisions, or instead of coming to California I should proceed to Canton. After I had completed my Ship, took on Board as I wrote your Excellency before, many articles for the Russian Government, to be left at her settlement at New Albean, I delivered all that the Russian Commandor would take, haveing some of the things still on board my Ship, & departed for California, where in a few Days my Ship was taken at Point Conception.

On the 18 September I received orders from Dn. Jsph Arwayu to take a Hdfl. of Cloathing & depart immediately for Sn Diego. I expostulated with him the injustice and hardships he was putting me to, but to little

effect. I made out to obtain my small affects, affects with me, and departed in the morning for Sn Diego.

I mention these circumstances, on acct of many false reports made here, it was said when my Ships was taken, I had on board half a milion in Specia, that I had taken considerable back from the Continent &. In lue of taking back, I have Paid Cash away, and all that I have ever taken from the People, has been Provisions, with a very few Furs. I should be very willing to have my case laid before his Catholic Magesty, at the Corts of Madrid, would times permit, where I have no doubt I should be justified. There was several Spanish Papers, a mimorandoms, amongst my Papers, from some of the first People here, those I have no doubt has been destroyed by the Parties.

The whole affair of my Ship, has appeared to me to be conducted in a Clandestine, & *Lawless* manner. I have not been treated like a Prisoner of War, no can I say in what way I have been treated.

Whatever Laws the Nations of the Globe may have, human flesh is not to be taken, my Indian Boy was taken from me by force by Dn. Niculas Noar. If any Person has a right to that Boy, I am the just Person, having Bought him when a Child. The Robbing me of this Boy, and my Cloaths, and other things, after being put on Shore, is scandalous to mention.

I humbly hope Your Excellency will take my affair into consideration as spedily as posable, that I may know in what form I may lay my case before the American Government, to be presented to the Court of Spain. My affair I know, is not a great amt and to your Excellency, would be a mite, but to me a considerable. It is my honest and hard earnings, and I declare to your Excellency I will not relinquish my Claim, without an honest & hard struggle. There are many circumstances that has occured, and should these Poor People confess the truth, will be greatly in my favor as for my part, I hid nothing from Your Excellency, whatever danger it may lay me liable to.

I enclose with Your Excellency's Letter, two Letters directed to Boston, they come unsealed, with the humble request that your Excellency will let them proceed on after causing them to be sealed. I send them unsealed, that should any suspition of fraud be apprehended, they are at liberty to be read.

God grant Your Excellency many Years. I remain Your Excellency's most respectful, most Obdt & Humble Sirvent

GEORGE WM. EAYRS.

I send Your Superior Excellency here inclosed a Copy of two Letters Received from Sr. D. Josa de Labeyen Comso of S Blas, and my answer to them. I do not know the opinion of the Captn General Sr. D. Josef de la Cruz respecting the Sale of the Ship Mercury, I can only say, five thousand three hundred Dollars is very low, the Copper is worth nearly that Amount.

It is true their is nothing now remaining of much consequence but the Hull of the Ship, for what the Lawless D. Nicolas Noa has not robbed hir of, has since been stolen at S Blas. The Ship Mercury is now an abandoned Hulk, she has been two years exposed to nothing but plunder. It is four months since I wrote the Captn Genl., if the ship was not sold their would be a total loss, at that time there was several People that wished to buy the Ship, but the season is now past and there is only Messrs. Cardoso and Hunes appears as Buyers.

If the Ship Mercury is not sold now, I do inform your Superior Excellency, that it will be a judicious plan to have hir calked and paid twice over, once with Tar and then with pitch, the cost will be a mear trifle, and can be done in a few Days, and whoever may hereafter purchase the Ship, will find it to their interest to pay for the same.

God preserve Your Superior Excellency many years. Tepic June 9th 1815

I have the Honour to Remain,
Your Excellencys most obedient
Most humble Servant

GEORGE W. EAYRS

Sr. Dn Felis M.a Calleja
Mariscal de Campo de los
E.s Extos Virrey, Governador.
Capitan Gral de la N. E. &c.

Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL DAYS AND OTHER DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

III.

THE DANCE.



RS. DEAN'S little house on the hill seemed strangely quiet after the confusion of the picnic-grounds, where the fiddle was still scraping and firecrackers were still popping when they left them. The silence oppressed Isabel strangely. She felt lonely and then tired; and then a queer sick feeling began to surge about somewhere inside of her. She was puzzled by this peculiar state of affairs. She had wanted, only fifteen minutes before, to stay with Genevieve; now she wanted to be at home!

Mrs. Dean may have noticed the look on Isabel's woe-begone face, for she presently asked Genevieve to take to the school house the cake which had been baked for the dance.

"I've seen several people go by to get the school house ready. And Mrs. Jones just went with something."

"Oh! but mama!" Genevieve objected, without stirring from the floor where she lay, discontentedly kicking a convenient chair, "I'm so *tired*! And we sha'n't know where to put it—shall we, Isabel?"

Isabel looked doubtfully from Mrs. Dean to Genevieve.

"Oh, just take it to the little room back of the large one. Mrs. Jones will tell you. I thought you might like to see the decorations." Mrs. Dean was wily.

"Oh, yes!" Genevieve sprang from the floor with alacrity. "Come, Isabel."

"Let's look at the cake, will you?" proposed Genevieve, when the children were safely out of the door. "It's *beau-tiful*."

She set the plate carefully down on the stony road, and as carefully removed the napkin that hid the beautiful cake. The children bent over it ecstatically.

"Mama makes *delicious* cakes," continued Genevieve, "even if she can't cook much else. She can't make bread very well. I *hate* bread, don't you?"

"No-o," hesitated Isabel, whose mother could make bread. "But cake is nicer."

"I should say! Don't you wish we could have one *little* piece of this? The dance folks would think it had accidentally got broken taking it out of the pans."

"Oh! we *daren't*—do we?" Isabel was horrified.

"I—well, we won't, if you say so! Mama wouldn't have cared if I'd given my company a little, I guess."

Isabel did not take this hint, so it was necessary for Genevieve to cover the tempting plate again and lift it from the ground.

"Anyhow, we'll have some tonight," she consoled herself, "and we haven't hurt it, looking at it—except a little dirt on the frosting."

The school house was the same rough, unpainted building it had always been on the outside, but on the inside it did not look like the school house at all. The desks were all gone from their places and heaped out of doors. The blackboards were draped with bunting. A large hanging lamp had been put up, and several smaller lamps stood on a shelf at the back of the room. Two men were whittling miners' candles over the floor and merrily grinding them into the wood with their boots.

The back-room, too, presented a strange appearance with its white table and its many boxes and baskets of food. Lemonade was being manufactured by Mrs. Jones and her daughter, Ella—one of those big girls who had pined for this dance—and Ella was so happy over the thought of its nearness that she actually noticed Genevieve and Isabel to the extent of presenting each with a bit of candy.

By the time they were ready to leave the "ball-room," as Genevieve now insisted on calling it, both children were eager to have the festivities begin.

"Don't you feel grown-up, to be going to a really, truly ball?" Genevieve murmured ecstatically. "People will think we are *young ladies*, if we go to a ball, won't they?"

"No!" Isabel was older than Genevieve in her ability to see the judgments of her elders, but she was younger than Genevieve in many other ways. She had never felt the desire to be "grown-up." She had not moved from town to mining-camp, from school-district to school-district, where, as "the teacher's little girl," she had always been an important personage with older people.

"Mama! won't we be considered young ladies if we go to a ball? Isabel says we won't!" cried Genevieve as soon as she was in the house again.

Mrs. Dean drew Genevieve close, laughing and kissing her a great many times. It was quite as if Genevieve had said something bright instead of something foolish, Isabel thought!

"Why, love, I guess not. Why should Mama's little girl want to be a young lady?" And when she asked Isabel whether she wanted to be a young lady, too, Isabel replied with decision that she did *not*.

The evening until the time of the "ball" passed but slowly. Dinner—rather a parenthetical affair—consumed a part of the time, however, and Genevieve and Isabel managed to have an exciting quarrel with some children whose parents, because of this dance, were visiting next door.

Then, after a long while, people began to straggle past Mrs.

Dean's door on their way to the school house. Isabel and Genevieve had their hair freshly braided and their sashes adjusted, and they were ready to start.

Broad streams of light flooded from all the windows, gay talk and laughter floated out to meet them as they approached the school house, and by the time the children had reached it, they were fluttering with excitement.

"Our first ball!—our *very* first ball!—only think!" breathed the mature Genevieve, squeezing Isabel's hand as they passed the threshold at last.

It must be admitted that the place had a festive air now that the gaily dressed ladies were added to the decorations that had seemed so fine in the afternoon. Here and there some jovial couple was already trying a turn at a waltz to a whistled tune. The fiddler was busily tuning up in a corner, and—wonder!—a piano had been brought in.

"We'll have fine music tonight, Mrs. Dean. Tom Johnson's here with his violin, you see, and we've got Jim Green to play the piano."

Somebody gave the information as soon as Mrs. Dean had found a place for herself and her charges on one of the benches that encircled the room. From further away a louder voice came, too.

"Play? Tom Johnson? Bet your bottom dollar he c'n play! W'y, I've saw Tom Johnson, long 'bout four o'clock in the mornin', a-layin' back in his chair, half asleep an' plumb drunk—an' I'll be gol durned if he'd make a single bobble then! Play just as well drunk as sober! An' after rippin' out the music all night long, too! W'y, Tom Johnson—w'y, onct I seen him playin' fer a dance over't Squaw Flat! They'd give him an old busted-up gourd of a fiddle an' a bow with about six hairs on't! An' I'll be darned 'f he didn't play from 'long 'bout midnight, on till five in the mornin' with the stick! Yes, sir! An' there wasn't nobody knowed the difference. W'y, Tom Johnson—I!"

This eulogy was cut short by a sudden burst of music from the violin of the great Tom himself. A man began to scream to the people a lot of things that Isabel gathered were pure foolishness, and the company went obediently capering away over the well-greased floor. One man, a great, lumbering fellow, most painfully gotten up in what he conceived to be the latest style, found the floor to be too slippery, for he swiftly measured his length on it, and as swiftly rose, bowing with gusto to the company and returning with gusto to his partner and the dance.

In fact, there were many funny things to watch. Isabel and Genevieve giggled and looked slyly at each other when a large, fat Mexican woman, arrayed in pink lawn, sailed by with a thin wisp of a Mexican man. They poked each other delightedly when their own

schoolmate, Bennie Dixon, who had danced since he could remember, went past with Ella Jones, whose blue ribbons certainly did fly out, as she had planned.

"*Don't* he think he's grown-up?" sniffed Genevieve enviously. "He might have danced with me—or you. He wouldn't look so silly as he does now. It's *horrid* for a man to be dancing with a lady larger than he is. Don't you think?" Genevieve had assumed a lofty, grown-up air.

"Kind of," Isabel responded, rather carelessly. "Dancing is kind of silly, anyhow, isn't it?"

"No!" Genevieve stared at her in horror. "I think it's lovely! And you *must* like dancing if you're going to be a soci'ty belle."

"I sha'n't *be* a soci'ty belle!" Isabel was growing a little weary. "I'd *hate* to be always going to dances and being pulled about by ugly men. Don't you think there's *lots* of ugly men here?"

Genevieve looked critically about the room.

"Yes," she admitted, "but this isn't really soci'ty. There's only just a few soci'ty men here. *This* is only a mining-camp."

It was just then that a very ugly man with a red face and rumpled hair came up and seized Isabel's hand.

"W'y, if here ain't the Goddess o' Liberty! Come on, pardner! You're *my* girl!" he called loudly. Isabel smelled his breath as he bent over her, and though she knew nothing of the bottles stowed outside the building, she knew that something was wrong with this person. She had quite a sickening horror of him and of that peculiar smell and of the rather maudlin note in his voice. She pulled with all her small strength to release her hand, but the man was quite unconscious of it. Luckily he was suddenly struck with a desire to see somebody at the other side of the room, and he released her and dashed away, calling out hilariously.

Isabel, who had been standing at a little distance from Mrs. Dean, would have gone back to her now, but she had disappeared into the midst of a group of ladies, so she sat down on the bench trying to make herself very small, and wondering fearfully whether that dreadful red-faced man would come back again for her. And then a tall young man was standing before her—a very handsome young man, straight and slender and with a quiet voice.

"May I have the honor?" asked he, quite as if Isabel were indeed a young lady. But she was not quite sure that she knew the meaning of that phrase, so she only looked up shyly and questioningly.

"Will you dance with me?" The handsome young man made his meaning quite plain this time, and he smiled in such a pleasant way, and was so very good-looking, and so tall and so straight, that Isabel found herself standing beside him waiting for the music to begin before she remembered to say:

"I don't know how to dance, though!"

"This is to be a quadrille," said the handsome man. "You'll get along very easily, I think. I'll help you as much as I can."

He smiled again at Isabel from his great height, and she smiled back with the feeling that dancing was pleasant after all.

Then the red-faced man actually did return.

"Hi! See here! 'Takin' my girl, are yuh! I was goin' to dance with her!"

Isabel was frightened again for a minute, but the handsome man returned coolly:

"You're too late now, I'm afraid. She's going to dance with me!"

And the red-faced man disappeared. Isabel smiled gratefully at her partner, and then the music began and the dancing began, too. It seemed more fun to be in the dance than to be looking on. All the grown-up people helped Isabel, and she felt as if she were in some new and delightful game that had been set to music. She had a very important feeling, too, because she was the partner of the handsomest and the tallest man anywhere near her.

When the dance was over, this noble person took her to her place once more, but stayed for a minute to talk to her and Mrs. Dean before he left her. Isabel could hardly give attention to what he was saying, however, because she could hear Genevieve crying and whispering to Mrs. Dean even when her mother tried to talk to the handsome man.

"But, mama! *Nobody* will dance with me!"

"Hush, darling!" Mrs. Dean interrupted her conversation to say. "I'll ask Bennie to dance with you."

"I don't *want* Bennie!" wailed Genevieve, suddenly taking her head from her mother's lap and flinging herself at full length on the bench. "I want a *man*! I want a grown-up *man*! I won't have Bennie! I *want* a MAN!"

Genevieve was certainly a trifle prococious—for seven.

It may be that Isabel's cavalier heard Genevieve's wailing, for he said something in a low tone to Mrs. Dean, who whispered to Genevieve, who sat up and smiled. A minute later the handsome man was offering himself as Genevieve's partner—and Isabel was filled with unreasoning jealousy—even though a man who seemed to be the handsome man's friend had just asked her for the next dance. For the handsome man's friend, though quite a gentleman, was not so attentive—nor so handsome—as the handsome man.

After this quadrille, Mrs. Dean insisted on going home, in spite of Genevieve's tearful protests.

"I've had only *one* dance! Isabel had *two*!"

"Is this the way a young lady behaves before her company?" Mrs. Dean returned in a horror-stricken voice. "If you'll come home now, I've something *very* nice to give you!"

And they went home.

Maxton, Arizona.

THE "SMALL" COLLEGE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By JOHN WILLIS BAER, LL. D.,

President Occidental College, Los Angeles.



PAST of thrilling interest, saturated with a spirit of sacrifice and heroism, is represented by every educational institution in Southern California. The years are fragrant with the work and worth of true men. Their hands have bled and blessed. Borrowing Whittier's lines, I sing their praises:

"The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought
Has owned the good work the fathers have wrought."

The growth of these institutions has been great. It is, however, but a beginning. Campus and buildings are attractive, but these colleges are more than brick and mortar. Their most valuable equipment is their student bodies. Their fibre is far from flaccid and their ideals are raised very high above the plane of moral miasma. They seldom mistake figure for fact or shadow for substance. They give their best, and in seeking knowledge seek it not as an end but as a means to the end. They make more than institutions; they make their college an influence—an influence to be traced around the world, for good and for God.

These colleges are Christian colleges. Under denominational control, enjoying broad interdenominational fellowship, they foster self-respecting denominationalism without permitting narrow sectarian supremacy. Welcoming a spirit of friendly rivalry with other institutions, they are here to supplement and not to supplant. Founded upon the idea that a college of liberal arts has a mission distinct from a university, they do not make a specialty of providing advanced and professional work for graduate students. As a college they stand between school and university; and, appreciating that the demand for college-bred men and women is in excess of the supply, they give their students a liberal education fitting them for every walk in life. The courses of study compel accurate scholarship. At the same time, their curricula are not considered a catholicon for life. By moulding character and impressing high religious ideals, they are proving that an education in a Christian college is not a toy, but a tool for the farm, the work-shop and the counting-house as well as for professional life.

For one, I am studying with keen interest the curricula of successful Eastern colleges, in the hope of elevating the standards here. This is being done with an open mind, unfettered by precedents or prejudices. I am anxious to be shown the changes that should be made of the right kind, and to be prevented from making those

of the wrong. These colleges must have a standard for scholarship second to none, and we are determined that nothing shall keep us back from having it. Every step taken in that direction will be maintained as we ever move toward our goal. Day and night we will strive to strengthen our position in the educational life of the Pacific Coast, as we covet only the best gifts.

For fear I may be misunderstood, let me share with you President Hyde's recent definition of a college and you will better understand what we claim for our Southern colleges. "A college is an institution where young men and women study great subjects, under broad teachers, in a liberty that is not license, and a leisure that is not idleness—with unselfish participation in a common life, and intense devotion to minor groups within the larger body, and special interests inside the general aim; conscious that they are critically watched by friendly eyes, too kind to take unfair advantage of their weakness and errors, yet too keen ever to be deceived."

Rejoice with me, too, that these colleges in Southern California are not too large in number to interfere with individual training, while large enough to give needed stimulus to healthy competition. Quality before quantity is the watchword. The students are encouraged to believe that mastery of "detail, drudgery and duty" is the sure road to real success, and that academic honors are valuable only when obtained as rewards for love of learning and truth. Classical, culturing and disciplinary is the training of these classrooms. We are developing latent talent, and giving a practical turn to classical education.

Sound learning is good, pure living is better; sound learning and pure living—that is best. By precept and practice, pure living is inspired in our students. High ideals for individual and collegiate life are inculcated, and the graduates are sent out into the large school of life, prepared to blight greed, to purify citizenship, to deepen the spirit of patriotism and to inspire love of country.

"For what avail the plough or soil
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

Culture and citizenship! We fling out that banner, and assure the Commonwealth that our influence is potent for good. This commonwealth, favored beyond many others, rich in mineral resources, only beginning to comprehend the possibility and rewards of irrigation as water transforms its own and tributary arid acres into gardens of wealth and beauty, must be developed by cultured citizens imbued with the principles of pure living. Our small colleges must give to the nation men and women thoroughly grounded in all standards that are fundamental to honesty in business and purity in the home. To an unusual degree the undergraduates of

our universities and colleges are the trustees of our country's prosperity. Within our walls, love of country means much more than that we should die for her when duty demands it. Here we are taught to live for our country as true men and women and to believe that some men are as truly called of God to make important sacrifices, and become leaders of righteousness in municipal, state and national governments, as other men are called to enter the gospel ministry. These colleges, keeping in mind Freeman's statement, "History is past politics, and politics present history," shall encourage the study of politics and the duty and privilege of good citizenship. Their young men will cast their first ballots in the fear of God, and their standards of life will be a menace to the brothel, the gambling den, the saloon, and every cesspool of iniquity, private or public. California has a valuable asset in the product of its institutions of higher learning.

Let us keep in mind that the map of the world has changed in the past few years. The Pacific ocean has become an American lake and the Occident and the Orient meet on California's shores. Boston is no longer the "Hub"—the Pacific Coast has become the world's center. Have you ever thought what brilliant foresight Timothy Dwight displayed when in 1794 he wrote:

"All Hail! Thou Western World by heaven designed
The example bright to renovate mankind!
Soon shall thy sons across the mainland roam
And claim on fair Pacific's shores a home.
Where marshes teem with death, shall meads unfold,
Untrodden cliffs resign their stores of gold.
Where slept perennial night, shall science rise,
And new-born Oxfords cheer the evening skies!"

Alongside of this prophecy of over one hundred years ago, put this extract from an address by none other than Dr. Horace Bushnell given before the American Missionary Society in 1847, fifty-three years later. Said Dr. Bushnell, in the hope, no doubt, of rousing the East to take a larger interest in the problems of the West:

"There is no literary atmosphere breathing through the forests or across the prairies. The colleges, if any they have, are only rudimentary beginnings and the youth a raw company of woodsmen. These semi-barbarians, the immigrants, are continually multiplying their numbers. Ere long there is reason to fear they will be scouring, in populous bands, over the vast territories of Oregon and California, to be known as the pasturing tribes, the wild hunters and robber-clans of the western hemisphere, American Moabites, Arabs, and Edomites." What a dismal picture for so good a man to paint. It is difficult for us to believe it ever could be true, and we turn from it with a smile and with pride point to Berkeley, Stanford and other institutions of less magnitude, and declare the prophecy of

1794 fulfilled. Timothy Dwight had a vision of educational extension, the realities of which we are enjoying. California is growing by leaps and bounds. The rush for gold, begun sixty years ago, has not abated in fact, though it has in form. We rejoice with grateful hearts in our prosperity. At the same time we are sobered by the thought that unless our ethical, social and religious life keeps abreast of the ever-rising tide of commercial prosperity, all the advance of years may be swept aside. California needs today, more than ever, "not more men, but more man." These small Christian colleges aim to supply that need, and are turning into the life of the commonwealth men and women with non-materialistic ideals and with purposes infinitely loftier than the desire to accumulate money for money's sake. Once again, I say, education in a Christian college has civic and social value, of an inestimable degree. "No man liveth unto himself."

How swiftly we move today. Our pace in 1860 was represented by the Pony Express. Two years later the first telegraph line crossed the plains; seven years later the last spike was driven uniting the east and west by a transcontinental railroad. Contrast the early days with today, and bless God for the stride of civilization which is fast forming a great empire on this coast.

How easily that word "great" slips from our lips. Everything in California is measured by it. The land is great. The population is great. The climate is great. The features are great. The treasures are great. The need is great. Only the supply of distinctively religious teaching is not great.

Shall Business be King? His reign, dominated by modern methods, unless subordinated to the Prince of Peace, is full of peril. This commonwealth must maintain its rightful place in the national family, and the loyal support given to this and kindred institutions is evidence that there are men and women who desire to see Christian education keep step with California's irresistible progress. The problems of capital and labor, class hatred, and political independence at present absorbing public interest, are waiting for level heads and ready hands to apply the Golden Rule, and can be solved only in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. I am an optimist and believe the good in the world is surely, though all too slowly, gaining over the bad. I must admit at times, when the war is aggressively waged, it is difficult to discern the victor through the smoke of the battle. Our small Christian colleges are valiantly aiding in clearing the clouded atmosphere, as each year a new and noble influence arises from them like incense from a sacrificial altar; or like

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls
And lifts us unawares."

THE MAKING OF A BASKET

By KATE T. FOGARTY.



NE afternoon as the sun was sinking over the distant mountain top, two Indian women, one old, the other very young, came slowly down a mountain trail, carrying on their backs great bundles of grasses. They had been gone since early morning, searching for materials for their basketry. The day had been full of intense pleasure for the young girl, for, like her grandmother, she was a great lover of nature, and now she was being trained by the old woman to take up the art of her ancestors, which was fast threatening to become extinct.

Interesting, Sally found it, especially the searching for materials, but it was none the less fatiguing, and she gave a little sigh of satisfaction as they came in sight of the Indian village, which was camped at the edge of a wood.

As they drew near, a woman came out of a lodge and lifted from their backs the heavy burdens, carried them in and found a safe place for them within the lodge. The grasses were very precious. In only one spot were they to be found, and that a most inaccessible point almost at the top of a mountain peak. Nevertheless, not a year went by that Nihabe was not there, just at the right season, to gather the harvest.

Sally's mother busied herself about the supper, while the two told her the adventures of the day. They had taken the ridge-trail very early in the morning, and had continued quite to the top, climbing over large rocks and across deep ravines. It had been a hard trip and a long one, and they both felt glad now to rest on the soft skins of the lodge and talk over the day's work.

Soon Sally left the conversation to the older women, for her thoughts had roamed to the collection of baskets over in one corner of the lodge. These were the most prized possessions of Nihabe, for they told the story of past events in family history, and of thoughts and fancies of her youth and womanhood. Sally had always been fond of these baskets; she not only took a family pride in them, but she enjoyed making up stories about them, and occasionally getting from Nihabe herself the real stories. Each one had a special significance, and, partly for their beauty, but more for their association, Sally had selected her favorites. She was especially fond of the little ceremonial basket, which was wrought with such exceedingly fine stitches and made of this very sort of grass which they had today been gathering. The feathers, too, with their gay colors, which decorated the edge, had a history. Many times had Sally been told the story of the pair of beautiful little birds who made their home each year in the wood near the

Indian village—how one had one day been killed by a hawk, and the other drooped and died in its grief. Nihabe had loved the little birds and wove the feathers into this basket as a sort of memorial.

Then there was the buffalo basket, which Nihabe had made when she was not much older than Sally herself. It was in the days of the buffalo, and Nihabe had felt very proud to be selected by the older women to go with them to the hunt to assist the men in the preparation of the meat and skins. It was a long journey into the home of other tribes and was full of danger and great adventure. Oftentimes when in a hostile land they had lain down at night in the brush with no lodge covering, and as she lay and gazed at the stars she planned a basket decoration which was a chronicle of this great event in her life. There were zig-zags and curves to represent the mountains, valleys and streams, and other figures for the buffalo, arrows, hunters and hostile tribes, and at the top, as a border, the moon and stars which had helped her to work out the design.

Another favorite was one which had the rattlesnake design. Sally had watched that one in the making. Nihabe had confided to no one the meaning of the design, but it was at a time when one of her sons was hunting in a rattlesnake-infested land. All the members of the family realized that this basket was a prayer to the Great Spirit to bring her son home in safety. He returned before the basket was completed, and the spirit of joyfulness with which the border was put in was a thanksgiving in itself.

Sally remembered the day that the basket-collector visited the village. Many of the younger women sold some of their baskets, and arranged to make more for sale. Great was the indignation in Nihabe's lodge. She had little to say, but her actions plainly showed her feelings. She came from a family of basket-makers, and she herself was the head weaver of her tribe, and, like her ancestors, she would as soon have thought of selling a papoose as a basket. They were a part of her life, of herself; they expressed her poetic fancies, her hopes and prayers, all her brooding thoughts, as well as being picture-stories of events in her life. What the collector would have given to know the story of that jewel basket in yonder corner! The first of Nihabe's beautiful baskets! She was no older than Sally when it was completed, and, as in some tribes, so in hers, the completion of a girl's first beautiful basket was a great event in the village. Among others who saw it was Black Eagle, a young brave, a member of an allied tribe who was a visitor in the village. His family was also a great basket-making people, and he appreciated the worth of this beautiful work of art. He determined to win this maiden for his wife. Later, among the gifts which he brought when he came to seek her hand in marriage, was

a beautiful necklace which he himself had carved of pieces of bone, to be one of the jewels for the basket.

But the collector did not hear the story, nor any other, from Nihabe, for she could not appreciate his attitude in the matter.

"Why comes the white man here?" she had exclaimed. "Only to laugh at the Indian woman. They know not our ways. They have taken our lands, now they want our other treasures. Let other squaws make and sell. I want not the gold."

The other squaws did make and sell. Soon they found that from the agency they could get the dyes and so save themselves hours of labor. The collectors looked with admiring eyes (when they had the opportunity) at the beautiful dyes of Nihabe's baskets, for never would she stoop to accept the cheap dyes. It was her pride that no white man had ever had a share in the making of her baskets, or of those of any member of her family. She herself had gathered and prepared, often with great labor, the roots, twigs and bark, until she had suitable materials to weave the beautiful creations. With certain leaves and roots she concocted the enduring dyes that far surpassed anything the trader could offer.

Sally, roused from her reverie, ate her evening meal as any healthy girl would who had spent the day in the open air. Leaving the Indian women thus occupied, let us take a look about their lodge.

It had not the dirty, smoky appearance that so many Indian lodges have. Articles not in use were rolled into bundles or baskets and set into corners. The earth-floor was covered with gaily colored rugs; soft skins and blankets invited one to rest as though they covered the softest of couches. Everywhere were baskets, some crude, others fine, some large, some small, and all were put to some use. In one corner was an immense one, large enough to hold a person. In this was kept the basketry material as it was prepared for use, wrapped in dampened blankets at first to be kept flexible until it could be made into suitable material for weaving, then rolled into coils, tied up with strips of bark or bright-colored strings, and stowed away until the weaving. The little papooses enjoyed tumbling in and out of this big basket when it was empty. They called it the Black Robes' basket, for its design told one of the stories which the Black Robes had told the Indians about the Son of the Great Chief who came down to earth to show all men the way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The twelve figures on the basket represented the twelve men chosen by the Chief's Son to tell the story after He had gone back to the Great Chief. One of the figures was placed on a line below the others, for he was found to be a bad man, not what the Chief's Son had meant him to be. One was set a little apart from the others, for he was different from them; in one way he was the best loved of the Twelve.

To have seen Nihabe sitting there eating, no one would have thought she was the maker of all this beautiful handiwork; no one would have attributed to her the beautiful thoughts and sentiments which were the underlying charm of her baskets. The collector no doubt found her a very unattractive and ignorant-looking old woman, and not at all communicative. Her face was shriveled and shrunken from age and long exposure to weather and hardships, her body was bent from hard work and heavy burdens, and she had long been schooled to hide her emotions and keep to herself her inmost thoughts. No white person could ever hope to break the wall of her confidence, but in the privacy of the lodge she often told stories of her past life, and Sally was especially favored, because of her devotion to her grandmother, and her interest in the old woman's life and work. But there were some things she never revealed; these, Sally, with unusual discernment, seemed to divine, and often while Nihabe brooded, the young girl was dreaming of things untold.

Sally had had her share in the making of the family baskets, but so far she had attempted only the cruder ones or those with no special design—mere household utensils. But now her grandmother was planning with her the making of a fine basket which was to prove her fitness to take up the family industry.

The fact that this basket was to be a work of art was not the only inspiration which was moving Sally. Nihabe had offered as a prize, to the first one of her granddaughters who would make a basket fine enough to hold it, the beautiful necklace which Black Eagle gave to her when he came to claim her for his bride.

Nihabe intended that her granddaughters should keep up the family reputation and do every part of the work themselves. She was now taking Sally with her on her expeditions after materials, in order to teach her the different plants used for the work. Every morning found the two "wending their way through the sweet woods, coming home with dew-bedraggled skirts, laden with heavy bundles of bark, twigs and roots." Occasionally Sally's older brother was pressed into the service, when roots were to be dug from the bed of a stream, but all the other work was done by the two themselves, one day searching in the woods, another in the swamps and another on the hillsides. Thus the spring and summer passed, each season calling for a different part of the work.

On stormy days was discussed the subject of a suitable design for the maiden effort. As each design was planned it was sketched on to the skin walls of the lodge, but none seemed to meet the girl's fancy. One day as they were in the woods, an idea came to her. She had been musing on the beauty of the spring flowers and wishing she could weave them into a design, for nothing did she love as she did the flowers. Then in her imagination she saw it all pictured: first

the brown earth, then here and there patches of green, and, to represent the different flowers, were rows of yellow, light purple and white, and, as a climax, to top it off was a row of flaming scarlet. Nihabe was well pleased with the idea. She showed how it could be set off by rows of the natural color so as to make all blend.

Sally was eager to begin the basket at once now that she had the design. The work grew from week to week, the mother and grandmother offering suggestions as it progressed. With characteristic Indian reticence she would let no one see her finish the last few rows, and when she emerged from her retirement with the beautiful work of art, Nihabe was the first to meet her and gaze in admiration. While the others were examining and admiring it, the old woman was groping among her treasures. She soon appeared with the carved necklace. Before the eyes of the adoring family she placed the jewel in the basket.

Butte, Montana.

NEPA

By KENSETT ROSSITER.

I



SOMETIMES at night there is a call that sounds above the still desert—a call more weird, more strange than the farthest stillness, more real than tomorrow's dawn, more terrible than tonight's sacredness; it is the howl of the lone wolf who has lost his mate. Once I heard it when the range-riders came in from Pasture Mountain; once I heard it in a distant cañon; once I heard it rise almost from the grave where we buried an Indian maiden—and I know.

Through a tiny barred window that was ever closed, through sunlight that caught at the dust in the room, Nepa watched the shadows crawl from the mountains. The sun took a long time to climb the range, and for a long time in the morning light shadows lay strange on the plains—shadows which struck at his heart and at which he could not strike back. Nepa had killed a man who was not fit to live; therefore they said that Nepa was not fit to live—that he must die.

"Must die!" Over and over he repeated the words to himself till they lost part of their meaning. "Must die!" And when he trembled, it was not with the fear of death, but with that strange uncertainty of leaving a world of doubt, and of seeing again his people who called, but never came to him.

The white man had taken his forests away, his plains, his mountains, his desert. The white man taunted him; when he spoke, he called him "My Brother," and now—he must die. But somewhere there was a land they could not take away—a land that was his—

whose forests were of petrified stone, whose mountains beckoned, whose rivers, whose lakes, whose seas, whose running brooks, all, all were watched by the eye of the Great Father. It was—the hill-top of Death.

Many years before, the little Indian girl, Nurita, played with the daughter of one Thomas Lines, rancher; but that was forgotten now. Forgotten, too, the mound where Nurita lay buried; forgotten, the still night; forgotten, the howl of the wolf; forgotten, the tenderness; forgotten, the harshness—all except the father, except Nepa.

A gold country had opened up in the hills. Some of the ranchers moved their corrals, and built adobe houses, running their cattle on the south plains, while they sank shafts and drifted tunnels in the north hills. At night the wolves came from the cañons to worry the stock on the range; by day they lay still and hid far back in the desolate land. The cattlemen had lost heavily. Guns were of no avail; steel traps were sprung in the night, but each time by the little prairie wolves, the coyotes. Strychnine, arsenic were useless, and rhodium ceased to allure. Every cattleman at Shiny Forks knew that the pack was small, and could they but get the lone wolf that howled at night there would be no further trouble; but they had tried every known method, and had acknowledged themselves beaten.

A group of men conversed on the road in front of Marik's saloon. "Stay," said Lines, "there's one man can do this—he's under the ban."

"You mean Nepa?" flashed Priestly, a look of distrust deepening the hard lines about his mouth.

"I mean Nepa," answered Lines coldly.

"But I say *no*," snapped the other. "Who makes laws in this country? Who breaks 'em? I guess I'm somethin' in this pool—that man's got to die."

Jim Banter asked himself, "Why?" The others regarded Priestly with the distrust that he himself provoked.

Lines paid no attention. "Boys," said he, "I reckon a man's life is worth something to him, and I reckon our cattle is worth something to us. If Nepa gets that wolf that howls at night, he goes free. If not, he'll come back. I trust him that much."

"Considerable to trust," vouchsafed several.

Lines backed up his statement. "Considerable," he said. "Considerable!"

A slender girl on a cow-pony loped up the street, and wheeled her mount alongside the men.

"Father!"

The sound broke pleasantly on the listeners' ears. Lines studied

his daughter, the playmate of Nurita. There was no reason she should know of Nepa.

"Father, they want you at Three Bars Pasture. Shall I say that you will go?"

Lines looked awkward. "Yes, child—in a minute."

The girl drew away. Bare-headed the men watched her go; respected of all at Shiny Forks, trustful, unkind to no man. Priestly's eyes alone were restless as he watched her depart, he who had tried to win her by fairness—and fairness was not his "long suit." There were other ways—and then—but an Indian can uncover the trail of a plainsman; it is well that an Indian should die.

"I judge," soliloquized Banter, "I judge that they is some of us here what ought ter be ploughed under for fertilize, but I reckon they ain't none of us good enough ter determine the parties."

At this there was a murmur of approval.

"Are we agreed?" asked Lines.

"I reckon we are."

"And I say *no*," repeated Priestly.

"And you go to hell!" was the prompt reply.

When they stood before Nepa, all except Priestly, Lines interpreted the law of Shiny Forks. "My brother has three days' liberty," he began, "to do as he chooses. If at the end of three days he brings back the ears of the lone wolf, he will be a free man."

Nepa looked at them piteously out of his deep-set eyes—eyes that were not dishonest. He could not speak.

"Do you understand? Will you go?" questioned Lines.

"I will go," said Nepa.

"Explain it all to him," some one added, and Lines put the question: "You will return to be hanged if you fail?"

The Indian nodded.

Lines laid a hand on his shoulder. "In an hour," he said, not unkindly, "in an hour my brother will start."

Later, when they stood in the open air, Banter linked his arm through Lines'. "I trust that fellow; by God I do," he said.

But their feeling of confidence clouded as they saw Priestly slink around from the low building where he had been listening.

"What's the matter with you, you hound?" spoke out Lines.

II

Three days later a lone figure moved south over the great desert plains—grim, unchallenged—Nepa, the last of his tribe.

His mission had failed. One by one he had gathered in his traps; one by one his chances of life had gone, and now, as he went like a shadow through the evening light, the steel jaws of

the traps jingled from his arm, and taunted him with the white man's ways. What did he owe his white brother? Would he return? But they had trusted him! It was enough.

Slowly, carefully, he went on; then suddenly he paused. Something white upon the prairie—he saw it flash in the sun. A bleached skull, and the bones of a withered carcass; an old kill, but Nepa was an Indian, not a plainsman who sets his traps around fresh meat, and there he had set his first trap—the last to be gathered in. For a moment he listened, then ahead he heard the tugging of chains. A grim smile passed over his stolid features, then was gone like the wind on the sea. He heard, too, the gnashing of teeth that closed on the steel jaws.

Suddenly out of the gloom of the desert, there rose the moaning howl of the lone wolf. It rose and fell, then rose again, quivered and was still—still—but all the bitterness of the world, all the hate was in that call.

Stealthily Nepa crept forward. The great wolf glared and backed, then turned and crawled into the dried carcass. The chain drew taut—it had saved his life. Above the shaggy head Nepa swung his axe—and paused. Again that wild cry went out into the gloom; again it shivered in the air to rise and fall and die away, but this time it seemed to rise from the grave of Nurita. The Indian stood motionless, then trembled, his brain thinking strange thoughts, his muscles paralyzed. The axe fell from his limp fingers; he bent down, his weight on the steel springs. Instantly the wolf turned, sinking his white tusks deep into the flesh of the arm; but Nepa did not feel—he was an outlaw again, a messenger of his people. Slowly the steel jaws sprang out; the wolf leaped back, limped to one side, and licked the wound on his arm. Then uttering a low moan, it drifted away to the hills in the night.

For an instant, it seemed to Nepa he saw through the dusk the form of a man moving toward the hills. It flashed in his brain—and was gone. Slowly he took up his pace—his back turned forever on the wilderness—his face toward the settlement and the Hill-top of Death.

A pistol-shot rang out on the still street; an Indian entered the town from the north cañon. Voices in the alley were drawing together; lanterns jingled, throwing a glimmering, uncertain glow on the faces of the rough plainsmen. A pistol-shot is the quickest way to gather the town.

Apart, stolid, unnoticed, Nepa heard. A girl had been harmed—it was—wait—the daughter of—of Thomas Lines. Who had harmed her? The man—the man who had stolen the gold from Burton's cache, and the pepper from the company's store—pepper is bad for the scent of dogs. Were any horses missing? No; the

south range was too open, and a horse is a burden in the hills.

Nepa turned. He thought not of his parole, nor of the men that had given it him. A fire leapt in his brain. They with the lanterns had not seen him come, nor did they see him go. A moment—out in the night, into the desert; he heard again the call of the lone wolf, bringing him close, closer, to his Nurita, and the white woman who had been kind to her.

Suddenly a dark shadow rose out of the desert before him, and moved toward the hills. When it did not take shape like a man, the contortions of Nepa's brain made it appear like a beast of the night—and yet it was a man—a man who did not know that eyes which could see through the night were watching him. The Indian trembled, clutched at the air; then grew calm, deliberate. Once again, like a wild creature, ever watching his back-trail, he peered into the great Beyond—a part of the night, invisible in its murky stillness. Once again he was hounding to earth an evil spirit. The thought dominated him till in his half-delirium it became confused, distorting even the image of man. Every nerve in his body was set, tense, alert; every muscle felt its strength. Some uncanny spirit of the past coursed through his veins, giving his body life, and his senses something that is stronger than life, a more subtle force.

On and on through the night they went; past the gravel-wash, past the derricks, past the mine-tunnels, into Sunk Cañon.

Nepa saw the man whom he followed approach cautiously and enter the tunnel of an abandoned mine, and an impulse stronger than life led him on. A beast of the forest would have had an unequal chance; the man that he followed had none.

The tunnel was low; at some places he had to crawl on his hands and knees. Nepa crouched; the man in front had stopped, but the Indian, motionless as the rock walls of the corridor, feared not. He knew that he had moved unseen, unheard. He saw the man light a taper, and the glow flickered dimly along the rock walls. Down, down, down, he followed till he reached the first level, the second, the third, and heard the terrible sound of rushing water as it roared and seethed in the tunnel beyond. Where was the place? Was it—yes, Beaches' Caldron, where the water came roaring from its underground channel—from no place—and went on as it had come. Men paused and looked at the flow. It was a gruesome spot; they wanted to get away. No one would work there—the mine was abandoned.

Slowly, carefully, seeming hardly to move, Nepa followed on. He saw the man bend low to the awful current; he heard the roar and the rumbling below; he saw him toss a sliver of wood—it swirled and was sucked down—the man smiled. Then Nepa saw him draw a bag of gold from his pocket, and begin to dig at the

base of the rock—he would come back for it. He saw him do this and smile again, a sickening smile.

But the Indian's caution was gone. With all the hatred of a tortured wild beast, he sprang and bore his victim down. There came a sudden flash, and the tunnel roared with the shot; a bullet had gone in above Nepa's heart, but he did not feel the pain, and as he gripped his victim tighter the blood from his own body trickled into the man's face and eyes, blinding him. Fingers like bands were at the other's throat, choking him, choking him down. They rolled toward the low rock-ledge that shut out the stream. Nepa's head and arms and shoulders were in that awful current. Life was gone from the body, but the muscles twitched, and the fingers sunk deeper with the convulsive shivers, till at last they released their hold and his body slipped gently into the dark seething water. For an instant it floated on the surface, then was gone—gone into the world of tomorrow, away from the world of tonight, into his petrified forest, on to the Hill-Top of Death.

The next day but one Priestly's body was found lying across the low ledge. By his side was the bag of gold, Burton's gold, and even in death it seemed to taunt him. The expression on the man's face was one of horror, and as they turned him over, one remarked that only the lone wolf could tear a man that way, but others shook their heads.

Nepa's body was never recovered. The great, silent, mysterious underground earth wanted the dark-skinned brother. It did not want the other man.

Norwalk, Cal.



THE PRIDE OF JENNINGS

By GERTRUDE MORRISON.



JIM HORTON locked the door of the bank while his temporary assistant, Charlie Bradley, at the bottom of the six steps, leaned against the banister, waiting for him. He whistled idly a strain from "Mandalay"—

"There's a Burmese maid a-sittin'
And I know she thinks of me"——

and surveyed with criticising eyes the low, sparse clusters of buildings that suggested a mushroom growth on the mountain-top. He was startled by the other's sudden laugh, and shake of his arm.

"You've got it bad, old man! Hadn't you better think about importing a 'care-dispeller'?"

"I'm going to, some time within the next two years," said Bradley, flushing. "You know I can't afford to have her come yet." The other passed an arm across his shoulders and walked away with him. Presently, some thirty yards ahead of them, they saw the little hotel, scattered over whose hospitable porch a group of miners lounged.

"How disgusting they are!" said Charlie. "There they sit, loafing away. Why don't they go out to those mines over there," nodding to the north, "and earn a decent living, instead of counting on their luck for something to turn up and make them suddenly rich? Haven't they any life in them? Just the struggling is worth while."

"Life? You'll see enough of that in a couple of weeks," said Jim. "You mean?"

"Oh, these people have a ridiculous custom of holding a race-meet every fall, with a week of strenuous festivity—racing by day, dancing by night, stacks and stacks of gambling of every kind, and lots of booze—a sort of semi-civilized Indian fandango. You'll be surprised to seen even the women and children crowding around the surest of sure-thing games—chuck-a-luck, for example—to get a chance to lose their money."

A call from one of the group on the piazza stopped them. "You see, young man," drawled the tallest one of the men, addressing Bradley, "this he-ar community has been accustomed——"

"I've been telling him about all that," broke in Jim.

"I've been saying to the byes as how I've heard tell that back the-ar in your collidge, whe-ar you learned litigation," he said, rolling out the last word in evident enjoyment of it, "you could run a little, too." He paused for affirmation, but received none. "Now, we reckon on having Jake O'Hara he-ar—he's an ex-prize-fighter over in Tonopah with a record of some forty straight vic-tries—and George Martin, he's comin' he-ar from Dixon some ten miles

back," with a jerk in the direction of the valley, "and I reckon George can negotiate even time—hey, byes?" The group around him nodded and murmured in assent. "Now, what the Jennings byes wants to know is, 'Will ye run'?"

"What's the purse?" asked Charlie, warily.

"Ten dollars."

"No," he said, "not at that price. It would not be worth my while to put on my spikes and get into shape. There would be too much hitting the turf, and nothing in it."

Looks of disappointment spread over the faces of the audience. "Well now, if it's the money that's troublin' you, I reckon Jennings'll fix that up all right. What d'ye say, byes?"

Leaving them debating, Charlie said carelessly, as he moved off with Jim, "Oh, nothing less than seventy-five."

"They've got you now, old man," said Jim.

"You don't mean——" he stopped with a low whistle. Then he threw back his head with a quick laugh that revealed gleaming teeth. "Well, why not?" he said, with a restless toss of his head. "I'd supposed my racing days were over. But why not? Just one more? No harm could come of it." His face became animated with keen appreciation of the humor of the situation and anticipation of the sport he loved.

His friend gazed affectionately at his handsome profile. "There will always be a bit of the free-lance in you," he said indulgently.

"Tell me of mine adversaries."

"Good men, both of them—but you can win out. You'll have the town solid if you do; and it will mean all the law-practice you can look after, when they find out what straight goods you are."

It was settled that the purse should be for seventy-five dollars. Each afternoon, when banking hours were over, a crowd of small boys gathered to watch a sinewy, white-clad figure striking out over the ground in long, easy strides, head slightly forward, arms doubled close to his sides. Every night, as the young attorney, weary, but alive with the old-time glow of the sport, sought an early bed, the group around the hotel increased and waxed more enthusiastic. It reached the ears of the runner that the Jennings miners were backing him until no more money was in sight, wagering some three thousand dollars on the race and adding a ninety-dollar bonus to his share. He saw that he must win or leave town.

The race came on Sunday. The whole town was at the track. All the eyes of Jennings centered on the somewhat stocky figure of the man who jerked off a new red bath-robe, gay with dizzy blue stripes. Beside him stood the large Tonopah wonder and the man from Dixon, whose legs, it was noticed, were sturdy. Jennings

saw (with trepidation) that the legs of its representative were, as rumor had said, bowed.

Further meditation was broken off by the drawing of lots from a floppy old sombrero with a rattlesnake band. They lined up, with the Tonopah man on the inside and Bradley next. Horton stepped out, the revolver in his hand pointing toward the ground. The spectators settled forward with a final rustle.

"Get on your marks!" said Horton's voice, low but distinct. They stooped, arms extended straight to the line.

"Get ready!" The back of the Tonopah champion dropped perceptibly.

"Go!"

The crowd, starting, recovered from the sharp crack to see the smoke rolling away from the revolver. Down the track sped the runners, Martin setting the pace. A sigh escaped from the watchers. They had time to look off to the mountains in the distance.

Twice the runners pass the grand-stand, each time with steady, easy stride. Martin drops behind. The revolver signals the last round. Quickly the yarn is stretched across and made fast to the iron stakes. The crowd sways to its feet. "Stay with them, Martin! Keep it up, old man! You're all right! Tonopah! Bradley! Tonopah, forty times!! Jennings is with ye, bye!! Strike out, Irish!!!"

Across the field the Irish O'Hara *does* strike out. He shakes himself loose, as a huge mastiff might. Bradley comes three yards back of him. They round the end and come down the last quarter. Martin lags. The brawny Irishman quickens his stride. And Bradley—yes—no?—yes! He gains! "Bradley! Bradley! Bradley!" screams Jennings frantically, jumping up and down. "Pretty! Pretty!" shrills a woman, unconscious that she speaks. A youngster pipes, "We're bettin' on you, wish-bone!" Horton, waiting for them, runs in by the side of the track. "Save yourself, Charlie! Take it easy, old man!" Then, "Now! Go!!" The smaller man gathers for a sprint. The head of the Irishman tosses ceaselessly over his right shoulder. Six more strides and—but the other is up with him. The roaring sounds far off to the runners. The limbs of the giant jerk; his eyes start; his wet jersey plasters tight to his chest. Bradley's face draws; his lips curl away from clenched teeth; he looks old. A final spurt—a second's dead hush—the yarn parts across a man's chest with a singing "Tsh-ing-g!" Jennings has won!

Down the track men sprang forward to catch the runners. Bradley staggered into the arms of a tall, lanky miner who said, "The-ar, bye! the-ar bye!" soothingly. The ex-prize-fighter rolled his man over with him. While the crowd roared and cheered, the winner walked wearily up the track, Horton and the miner each with a nerveless arm drawn over his shoulders. The glory of the red bath-

robe trailed behind. Bradley appeared some minutes later, pale but steady, a gleam in his eyes, a ready laugh on his lips.

The crowd, streaming down off the benches, caught him up on their shoulders and started around the track with him. Women trailed behind to shake his hand or pat him on the back. It occurred to him that a running-jersey was not exactly a coat-of-mail; and that a daintily gloved hand thwacking one on the back made an impression hardly to be described. The piping youngster hugged himself with glee. "It's better'n splendid!" he crooned.

The next day the Tonopah wonder was after him for a match race. Jennings offered to back him to the extent of \$2500 and he might have \$1,000 of it if he won.

"I'll take a day to think it over," he said. In his heart he knew that he had gone far enough.

That night, hands in his pockets, an old black slouch-hat pulled well over his face, he turned away from the chattering group on the hotel porch to the lonely mountain road, heedless of its red glow in the moonlight, the coyote skin drying on the fence, the tethered burro, or the light flickering off across the hills at Mine No. 1. "It would be just one more," he mused, "and then I could stop." He kicked a loose pebble out of his path. It went rolling down the mountain-side, and, with a last grating click, stopped with a splash. A new sound broke the strained quiet.

"Oy-ee-eee-eeee! Oi-eee-eeee-eeee!" A long, drawn, sad wail that searched out a hitherto unsuspected spot in one's heart and gave a sense of being alone.

He stopped, and threw up his head, listening. "What is it?" he said, half aloud.

"Oy-ee-eee-eeee! Oy-i-eee-eeee-eeee!" This time he located it in the blackness of the valley below him; and, connecting place with recent gossip, knew, in that uncanny monody of human heart-break and rebellion and hopeless woe, the cry of a squaw mourning for her dead brave. He listened intently; but it floated up no more.

Tears came. "Poor old Nancy!" he murmured, picturing the bowed form of the squat, copper figure so seldom seen in the village of late.

It changed the current of his thoughts. He sat down on the stones that formed a retaining wall where the road made a sharp curve. The broken fragments of a wheel, revealed in the moonlight, suggested that a reckless driver had made the turn too suddenly. Gazing down on the stiff, sombre tree-tops, he was permeated with the mystery of the night and an awe of the Infinite—very much as he had been once away off by himself on a mountain-top. In such moments, he had a living, personal God.

An instinct for human sympathy brought to mind the one person

most in his thoughts—a girl with soft hair and clear gray eyes. He seemed to address her. "It would be just one more," he pleaded, "and for a thousand dollars? We could get married sooner," he added wistfully. His smile was very, very winning.

The gray eyes must have answered him; for when he rose there was no more struggle in his face. He walked up the hill with a firmness that crushed a chance pebble into the earth ere it could roll. Once he stopped and bared his head, taking in the cool air in deep breaths, gazing around in keen appreciation of the glow of the road, the shadows, and the heavens. "The jolly stars are burning," he sang lightly, recalling the line of an old college song.

Reaching the village, he skirted the hotel where he suspected that a few loiterers still lingered. All unconsciously, he was the object of their talk. "He kin run, anyway. I tell ye, byes, he'll beat that Tonopah feller *again*, even if he *am* littler. Anyway," disdainfully, "I reckon 'tain't as though his la-igs would accommodate a peric'larly fat dawg."

Bradley waited their coming the next afternoon in the room back of the bank, where the Board of Directors held their morning meetings. He stood silently at the open window, Horton's arm resting lightly on his shoulder. Men had always wanted to caress him. He blew rings from his cigar, and watched the smoke fade into the purple blue that is inseparable from the Sierras. Here and there a tree of unusual height thrust its long, slender cone-shape above the massy foliage. The light streamed through its branches, and defined its every leaf. The sun, orange-red, grew larger as it sank. In the east, a long, narrow line of deep pink hinted the after-glow. Off on the mountain-side the early light of Mine No. 1 blinked with a clear distinctness that belied its five miles' distance. There were glimpses of the peculiar red of the road as it wound down the mountain; and from somewhere below came the slow crunch of wagon-wheels and the clanking chains of the leaders. Away off in the distance the wheat-fields of the San Joaquin valley shone a yellow strip. Beyond that gleamed a line that might have been the ocean. The air, warmed in the day by the waves of intense heat that rose from the valley, was cooling rapidly. Night was closing in the mountain side.

As he mused over his answer, the men came for it. His reply brought amazement and consternation to the faces of his listeners. None were more sorely grieved than his lanky champion of the evening before. "Why, harkee, bye," he said, not unkindly, "it ben't that ye'll back down now? A thousand dollars is a big purse—and the byes' good-will thrown in," he added, shrewdly. "Ye say it's law ye want. Well, it'll mebbe help set ye up a bit. I reckon a

collidge what kin teach ye how to run like that kin p'rhaps learn ye a right smart bit of law. Can't it, byes?"

"But I won't sneak into law-practice through a back door."

Cajolery, argument, and strong language alike proved futile. The leader of the miners dropped his eyes in busy perplexity. Suddenly he looked up, his face alight. Those around him brightened in anticipation.

"Pshaw now!" he said, in mingled relief and embarrassment, "if it's them la-igs, why, we all, me, and Bob, and Jamie here, we ain't—"

His confusion spread to the young attorney. "It isn't that," he stammered, his cheeks growing hot. Every man in the crowd studied the floor, or looked out of the window.

At last, with a long sigh, the old miner said, "So ye think ye ca-an't—just once more, bye?"

"I've gone far enough," said Charlie in an even voice.

Horton, standing in the door-way between the two rooms, turned away, suddenly conscious of an insistent, noisy crowd, and a proffered glass, and a straight young chap with white lips but stubborn lines, and that same controlled voice saying, "Fellows, you've gone far enough."

"Be you afraid?" suddenly demanded one of the miners. For answer the runner gazed directly at him, a gleam in his eyes that caused the fellow to shrink back among his mates.

"Seems like ye hardly measured up accordin' to notions in these he-ar parts," said the old man doubtfully.

Bradley winced, but he said, "I cannot." To his great disgust, a new note in his voice betrayed ever so slightly that something within him was suffering. They scarcely understood it; but they turned in his favor.

"Well, bye," said the speaker, "'tain't like as though I quite made ye out; but ye've given us one race; and Jennings ain't goin' to forget it. Put it the-ar," he said, holding out his big, worn hand.

Bradley walked home alone. The yellowish-gray coyote skin loomed up ragged and matted. The browsing, braying mules seemed in keeping with the shaggy, unkempt look of the wooden buildings. Fresh crudeness thrust itself forward in the loose, shambling walks. The charred, paneless skeleton of a building completed the feeling of absence of all that was restful. The "Oy-ee-eee-eeee!" came back to him.

The miners gathered at the hotel, and mopped their brows with coarse bandana kerchiefs, as though the night were warm. They ordered drinks for all, while they told their story. Some murmured. One said contemptuously, "Might have knowed the youngster——"

The gaunt old miner cut him short. He raised his glass and attempted to throw out his flat chest. "Byes," he said, "I reckon we all don't guess that air is jest our way of seein' the p'int. Mebbe them collidges makes a fellow diff'rent. I dunno," with a dubious shake of his head. "'Tany rate, the youngster showed a right sma-rt bit of grit. And, byes, I reckon we all kin drink to the 'Pride of Jennings'."

Boston, Mass.

"LA DANZA"

By HENRY W. NOYES.



HE stood upon the polished floor,
Amid the ballroom's blaze of light,
And slowly scanned the maskers o'er
Who mingled there last night.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain,"
And knighthood was in flower again.

The Piña's film her form caressed,
A damask rose hung o'er her heart,
Her breast old Moorish laces pressed—
Her crimson lips apart.

And then, in throbbing minor strain,
The contra-dance began again.

She held a trinket in her hand,
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,
A heart-shaped fan—yet he would stand,
Who won that prize, a king.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain"—
Doth Cupid string his bow in vain?

Gay gallants watched, with eager eyes,
Her roving glance for word or sign,
Till, with a smile of sweet surprise,
Her midnight eyes met mine.

The contra-dance they played last night—
One satin slipper just in sight.

She waved her fan coquettishly,
And half inclined her well-poised head,
As, in a tone part coy, part shy,
"Come, take my heart," she said.

The waltz they played was "Golden Spain,"
A passion-throbbing minor strain.

How quick the thrilling pulses start!
She was my own for that brief space—
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,
Her breath played o'er my face.

The contra-dance they played last night—
The dawn broke slowly into light.

L'ENVOI.

Has she who gave forgotten quite
That measure in a minor strain?
The contra-dance they played last night,
The waltz was olden, "Golden Spain."

Sacramento, Cal.

SEEING AMERICA



By George D. Heisley

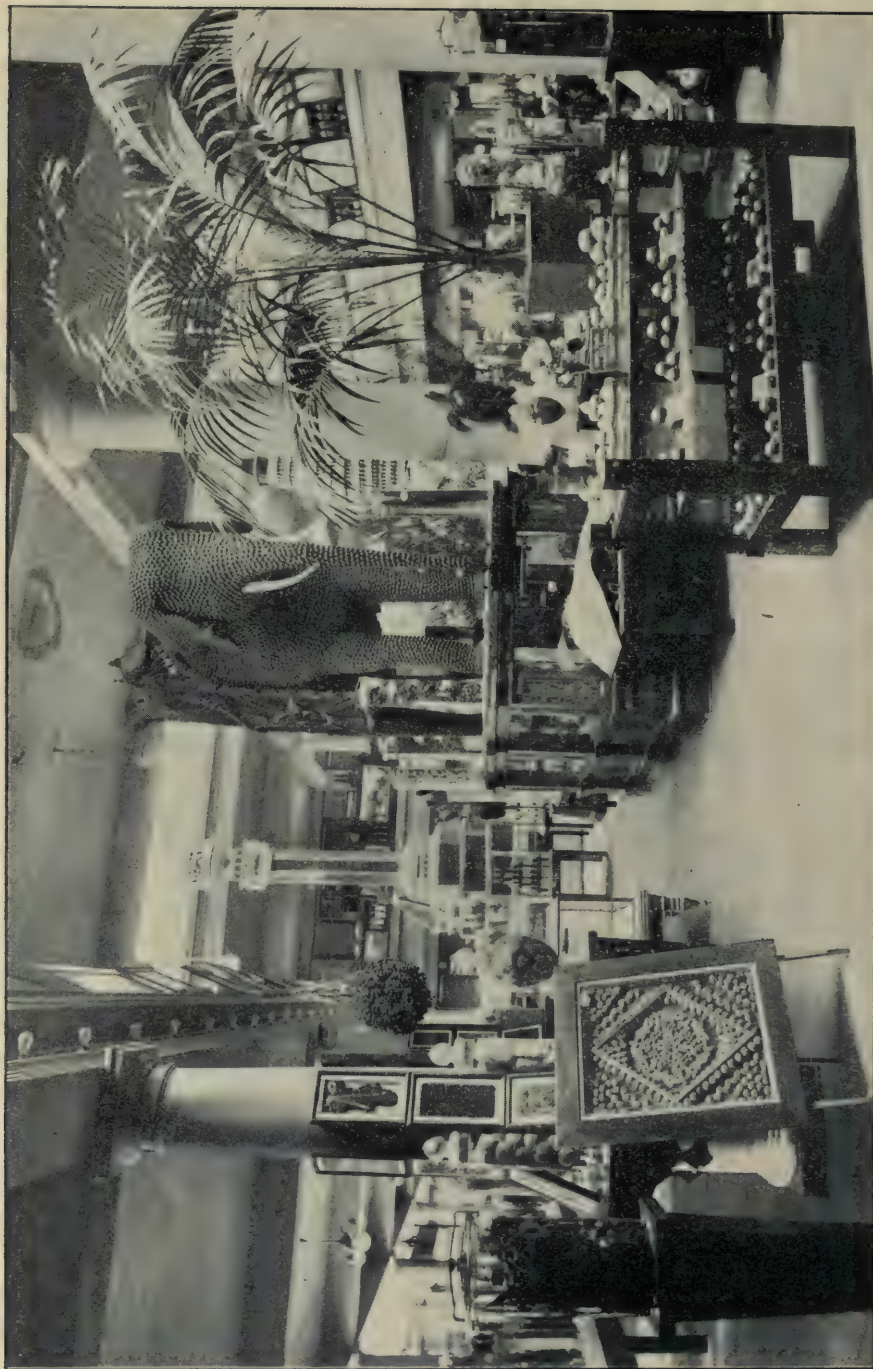
LOS ANGELES



T WILL at once be conceded that there is no better place in which to begin an expedition for the purpose of *Seeing America* than this very city of Los Angeles—especially at this time of year, since there is no other large city in the United States in which the climatic conditions are so agreeable during February and March. (Confirmed Angelenos, by the way, will affirm, and offer proof, that the same thing is true of any other two months in the year.) But quite apart from its good fortune in the matter of weather, Los Angeles may fairly stand as representing the finest type of American city. Beautiful, and growing more beautiful every year; prosperous, and fostering her prosperity by the deliberate and organized effort of her citizens; growing rapidly, and with reasonable expectation of continuing to grow till her corporate limits contain more persons than are to be found in the entire State; with vastly the greater part of her population hers by their own deliberate choice and not through accident of birth or circumstance; imbued through and through with that eager, intelligent civic pride, which appreciates to the full all the good that has been and is, and is fully determined to move continually on to better things yet; proud of her traditions, prouder yet of her assured future—that is Los Angeles.

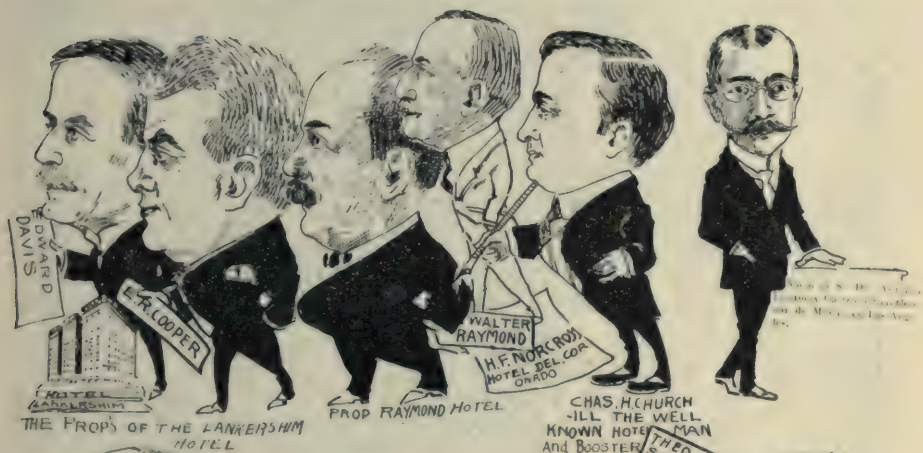
In this introductory *Seeing America* trip, the guide is going to talk very little, and will not attempt to examine into the factors which have made Los Angeles great and are making her steadily greater. He will only offer to the party accompanying him a few glimpses at the city, and impressions of some of the people who are active in its welfare. The views are hastily chosen, and a thousand others quite as attractive might be given; the people are picked from among those whom most Angelenos know, and most visitors would find it interesting to meet.

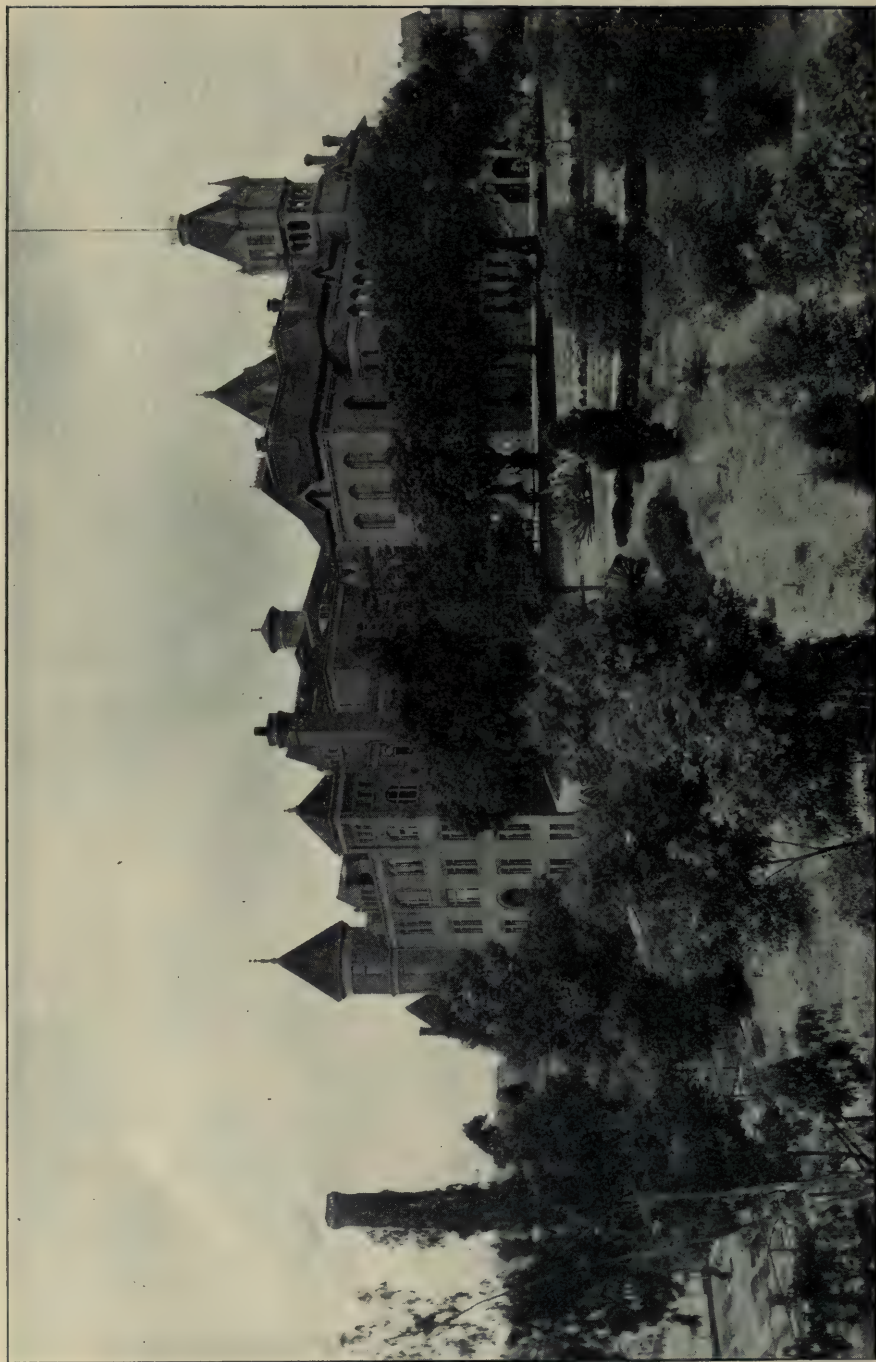
Another month, perhaps, the guide may study more closely some of the details of the present and future prosperity of Los Angeles.



MAIN HALL OF LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Photo by Pierce & Co.





THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES

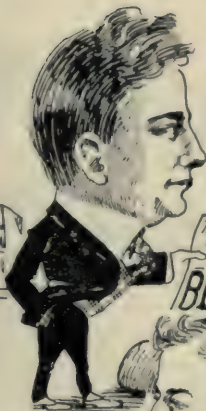
Photo by Pierce & Co.



Thomas Lee Woolwine
The man that
caused the
WHIRLWIND in Los Angeles



Wm. HAVERT
A booster 24 years



Thomas Kenton Kase
BOOST



BYRON OLIVER
A HALE Fellow Well
met And A Booster



ROSS THKNOR
AND ATTORNEY



SVIANDI
Has been
a prominent
booster for
the last
24 years



Geo A
Le Doux

JE
Heath
Attorney



George H WOOD
RUFF
A fine
fellow well
met



WILLIS S
MITCHELL
BOOSTER AND
HAS one
of the
finest
homes in
the city



SUNNING
JENSEN



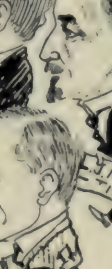
LORA
CREN
SHAW
A fine
fellow well
met



JE
Heath
Attorney



JE
Heath
Attorney



JE
Heath
Attorney



JE
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Attorney



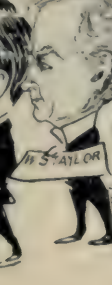
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SOME TRANSPORTATION MEN

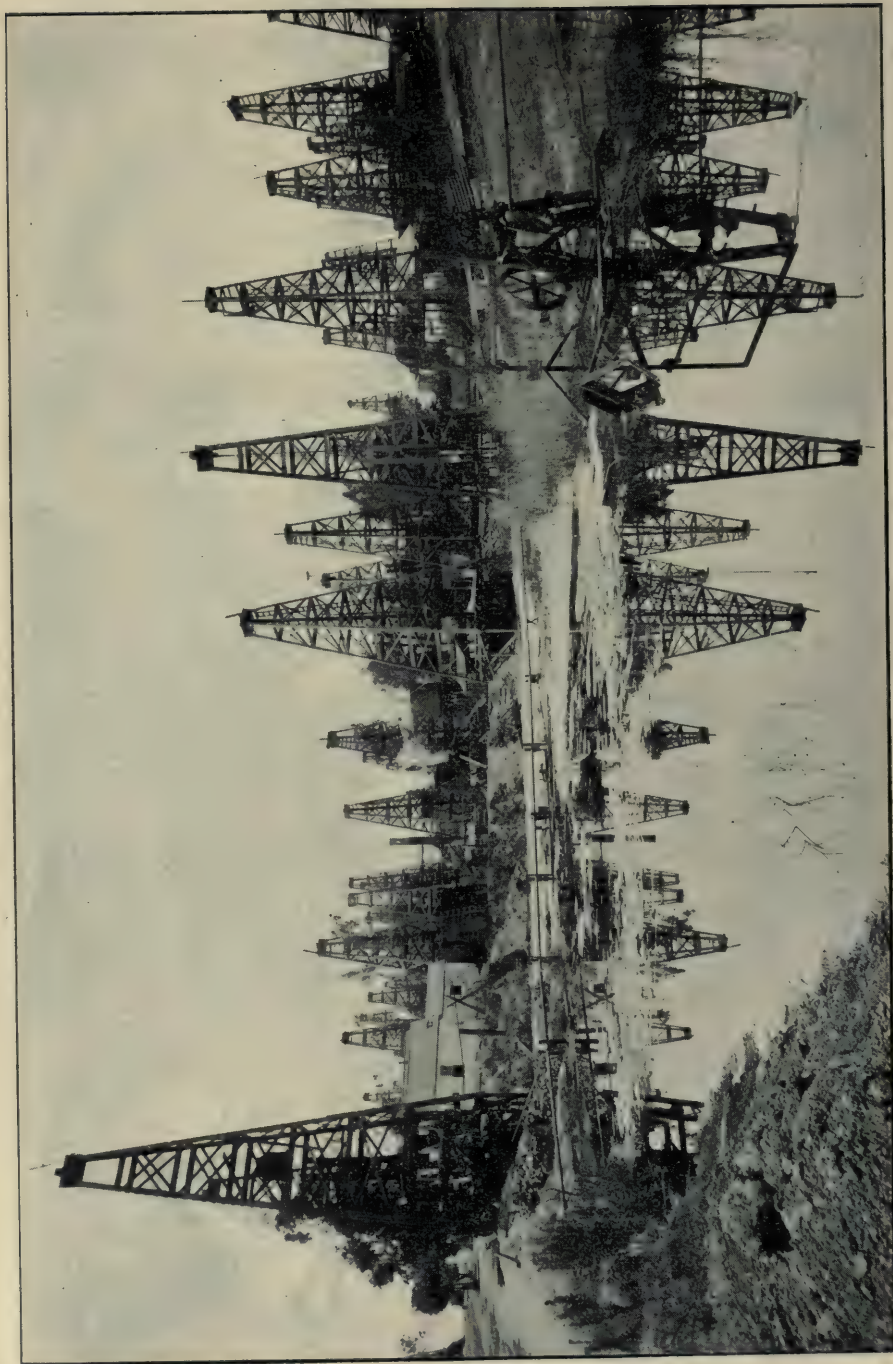


PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING



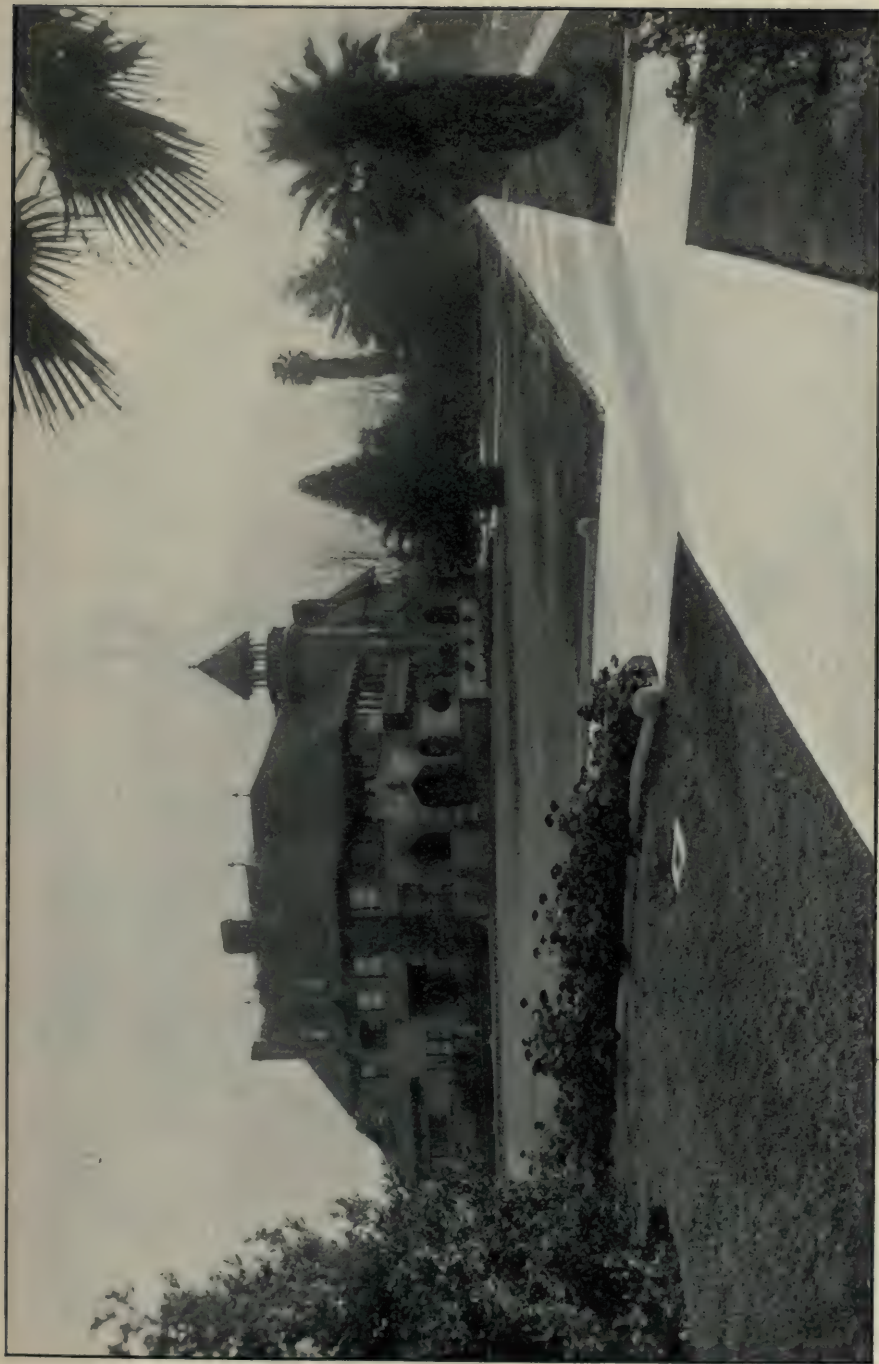
NEW HOME OF THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

Photo by Pierce & Co.



IN THE OIL WELL DISTRICT OF LOS ANGELES

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



THE LOS ANGELES HOME OF AN "OIL KING"

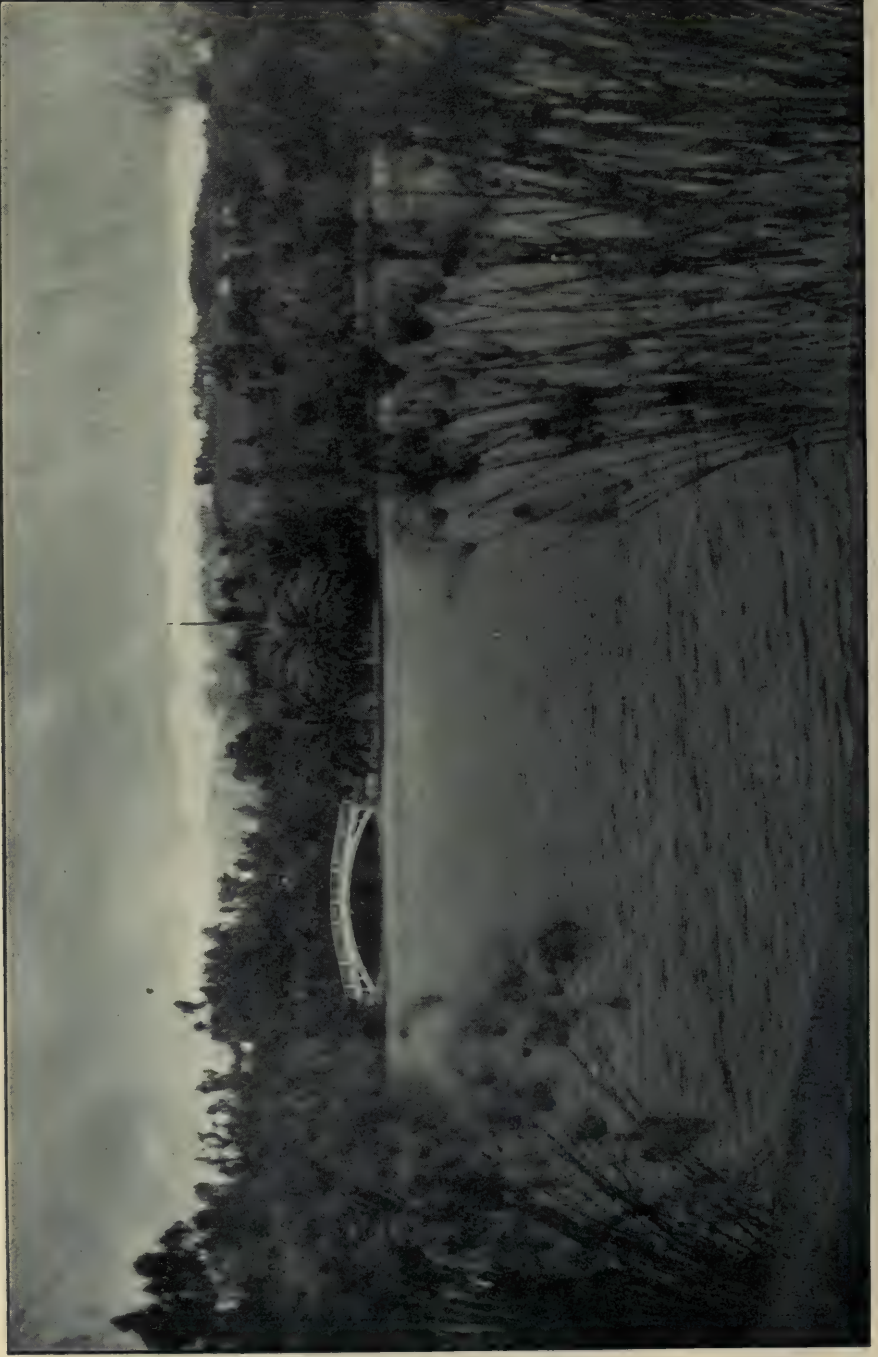
Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



AMONG THE MINING MEN



FIFTH AND HILL STREETS. Photo by Pierce & Co.
California Club at the right; Auditorium beyond; State Normal School in background.



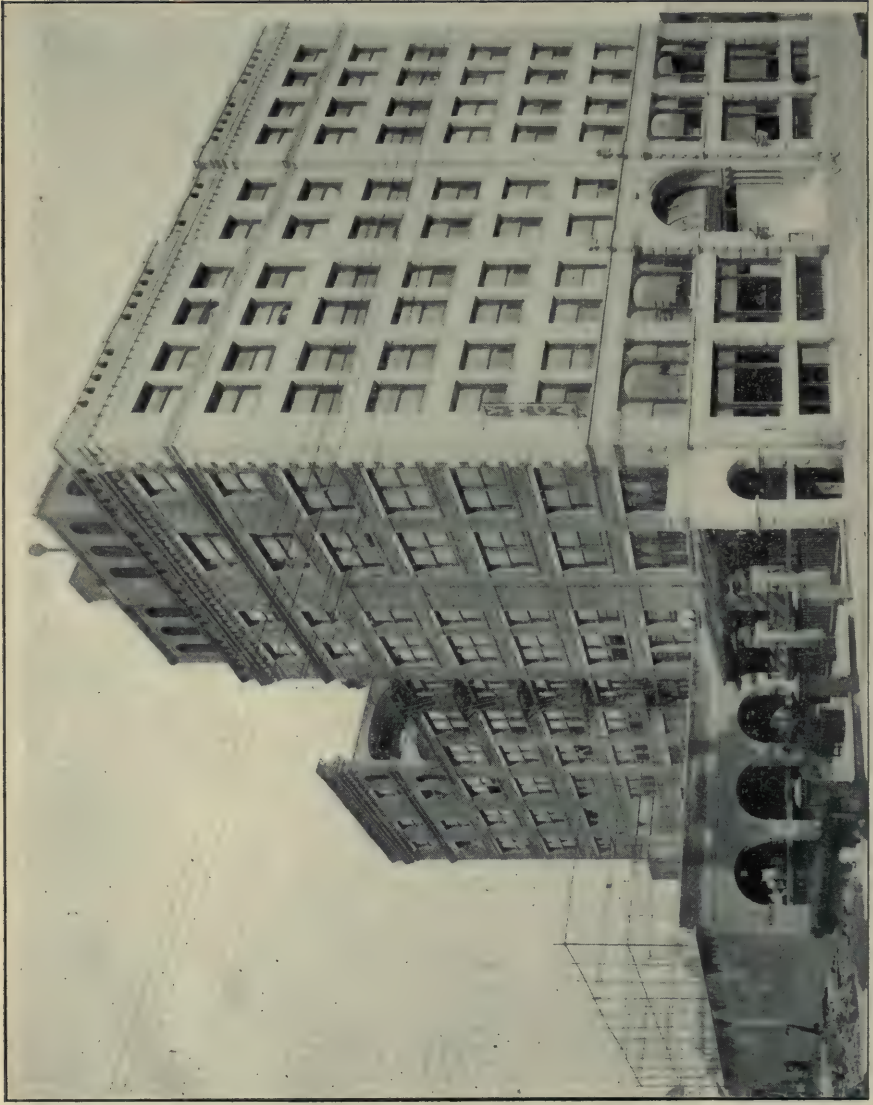
AT ECHO PARK

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



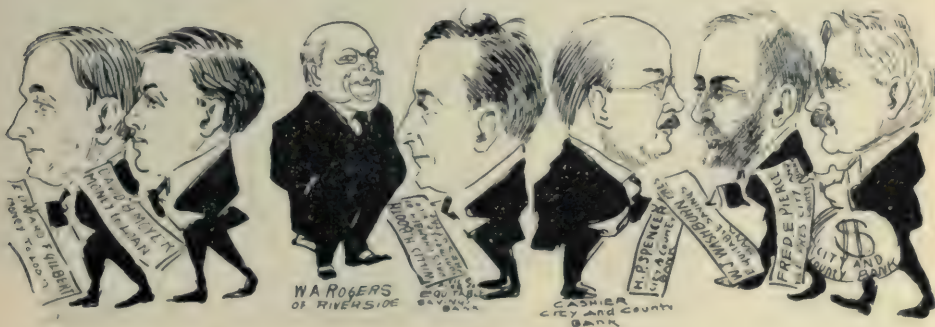
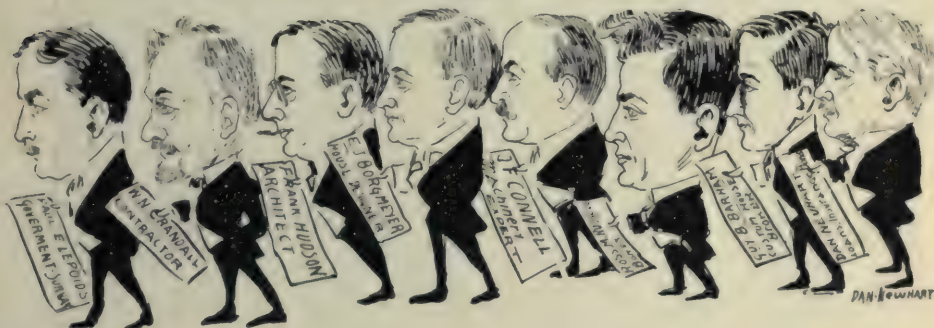
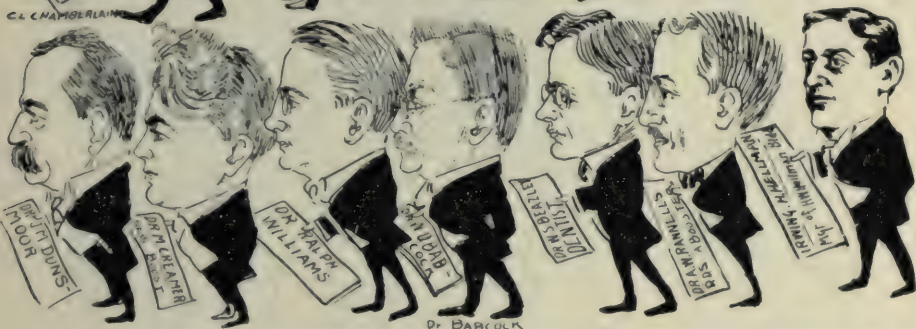
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IN ELYSIAN PARK



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

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OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

Photo by Pierce & Co.



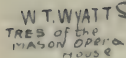
A SCHOOL GARDEN

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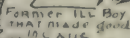


AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE, EASTLAKE PARK

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



Pres of the Theatrical
Mngr's Association



President of
the Tampico
Sugar Co



THOS
ALLAN.
BOX

Calif
fruit growers
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of the
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MdR FRUIT
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GRAND RAPIDS
BOY MAKES 3 GOOD
IN CALIF

R. FRED
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PALM DRIVE AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



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J. H. CARR

Pres of the Central Oil Company

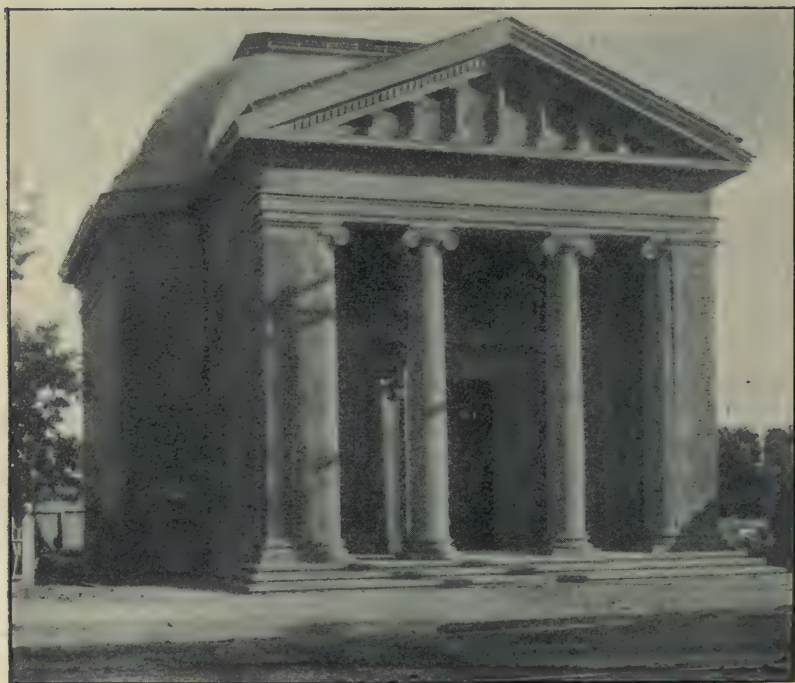
THE HOME STATE OIL Co

Mgr of the Diamond Oil Company

The Great Music Teacher of BLANCHARD HALL



IN THE WOMAN'S CLUB

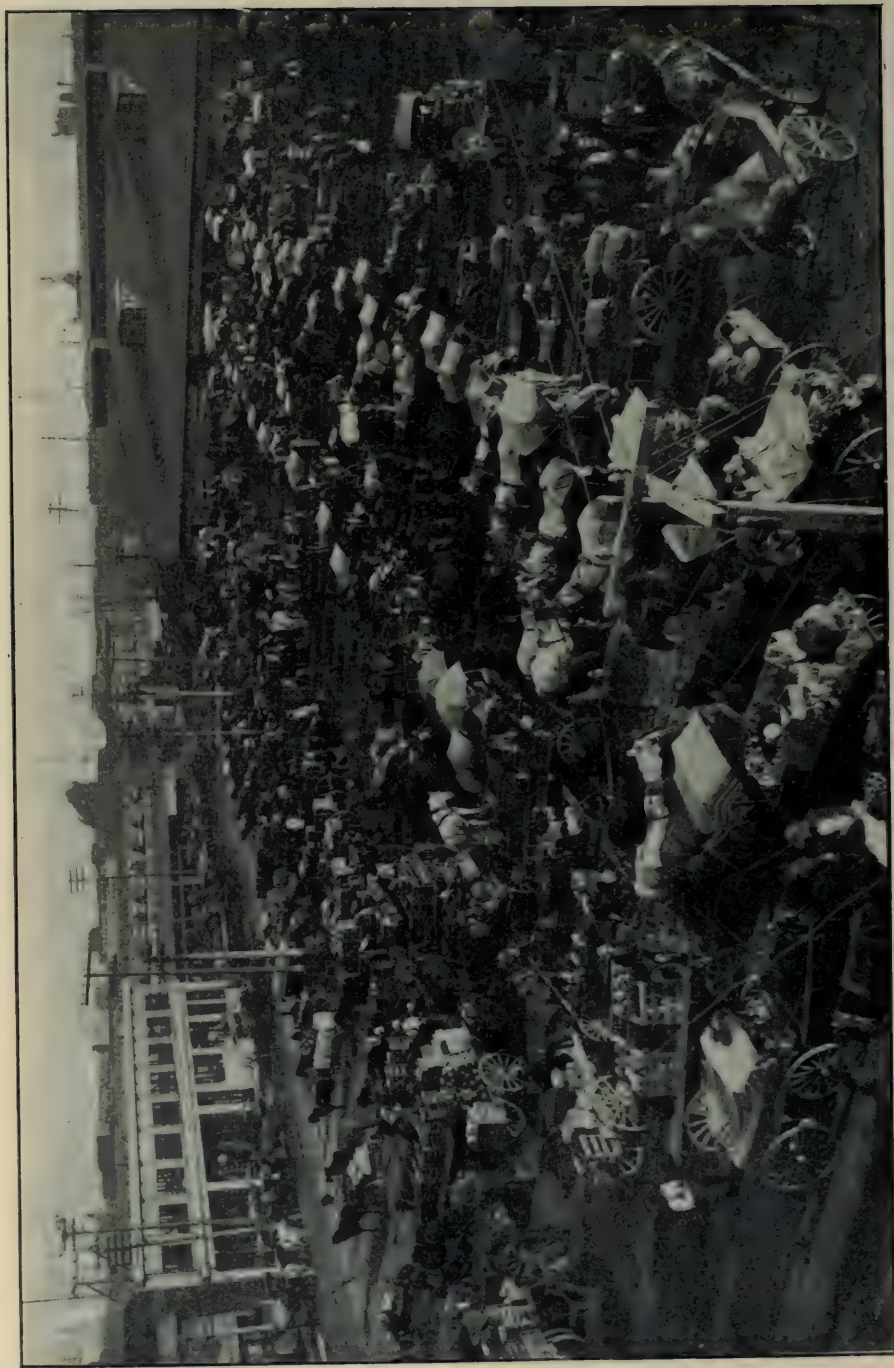


LIBRARY OF U. S. C. MEDICAL COLLEGE



A LOS ANGELES HOME

Photo by Pierce & Co.

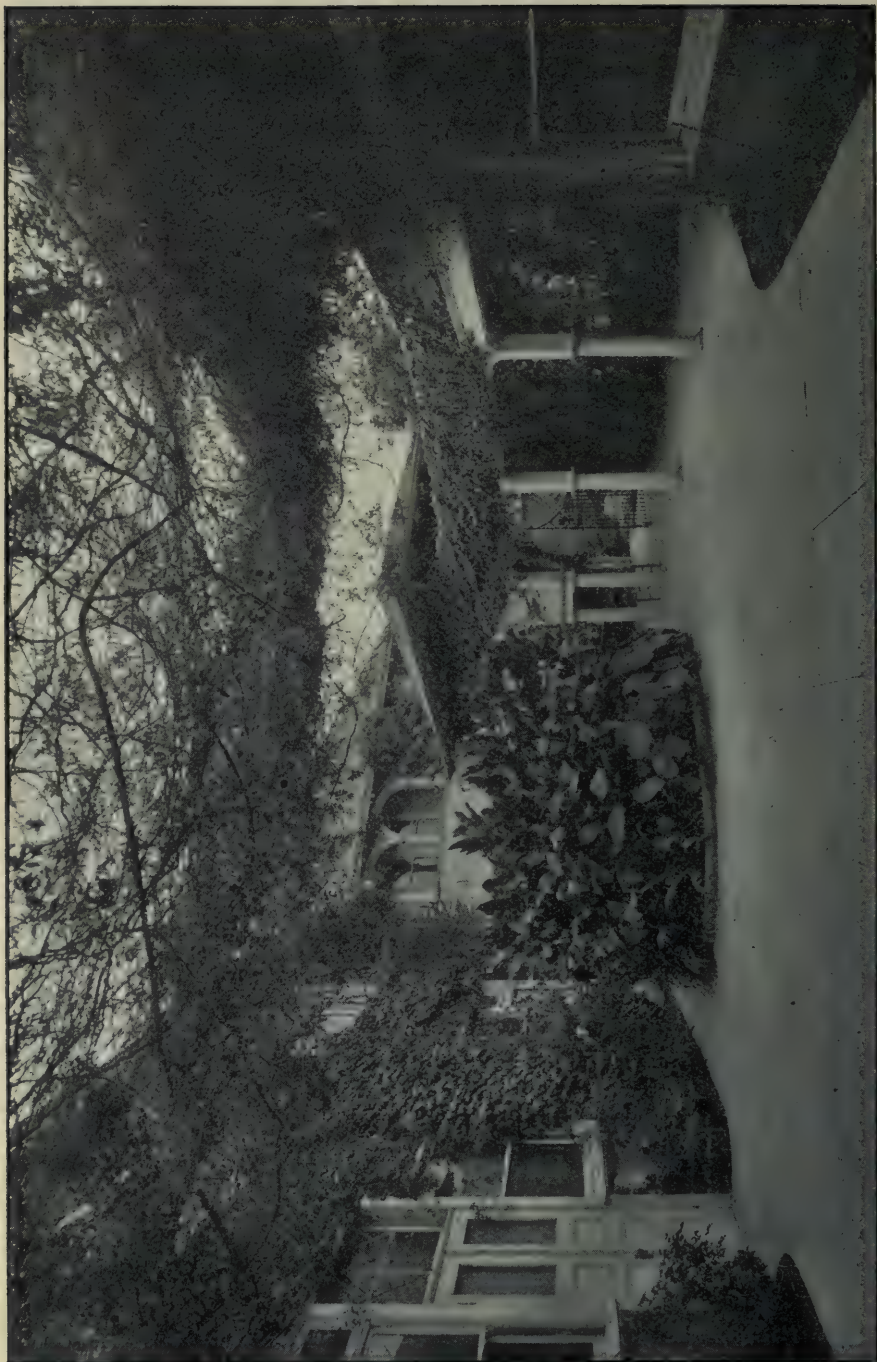


THE CITY MARKET

Photo by Pierce & Co.



A LOS ANGELES GARDEN



PATIO OF A LOS ANGELES GIRLS' SCHOOL

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.



A TYPICAL BUNGALOW



ANOTHER ONE





THE CUMNOCK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Building modelled after the birthplace of Shakespeare

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SIXTH AND SPRING STREETS
Central Building in background

The Victor Dealers of Los Angeles

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Geo. J. Childs Co., Real Estate

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Upland News

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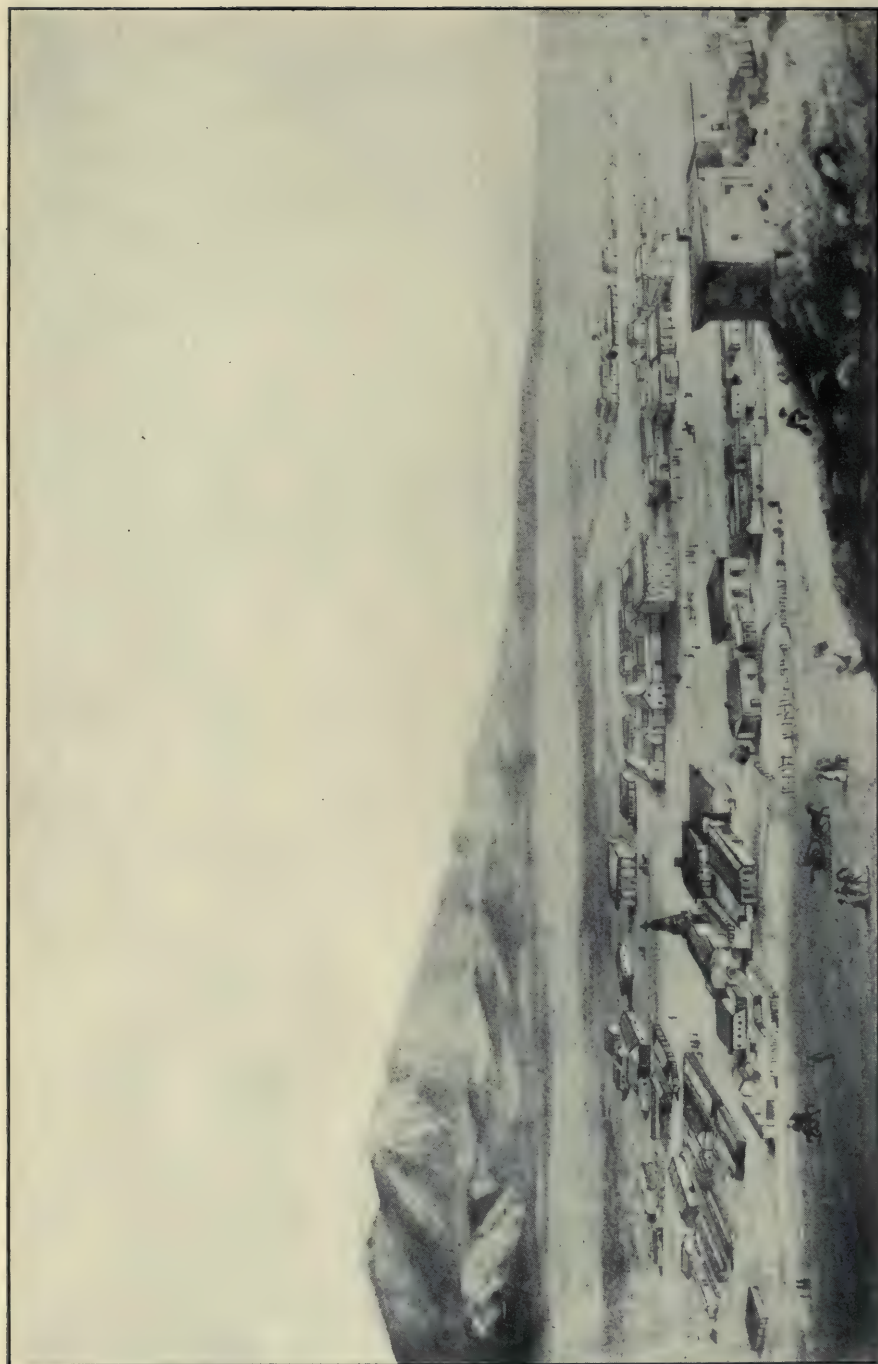


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LOS ANGELES ABOUT 1850

See article "Chips from the Workshop of History" for some details concerning this picture



Vol. XXX No. 4

APRIL, 1909

'THE MAKING OF LOS ANGELES

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



HERE are doubtless those still extant who remember so much of the Shorter Catechism as this:

"Who made you?"

"God."

Every well-regulated child had this inclusive knowledge of his origin, without too much particularity of detail as to the human interventions by which that Power (so easily spelled in three letters) works His miracles—or, rather, has given to the eternal miracle the feet upon which it may walk forever alone.

At twenty the unconscious revised version is, when modest, "Me und Gott." When immodest, the last two words are omitted. In the flush of strength and self-conscious mastery, we think as little of the foundation upon which we rest—the millenniums of concentrating forebears who have conspired to make the red corpuscles in Smith's veins so different from the red corpuscles in Jones's veins—as of the superstructure that is some time to rest upon our children—the future Smiths and Joneses, each debtor alike to his forgotten sires and to his unguessed posterity.

At forty we begin to look with more tolerance on the old family pictures of blessed ladies in queer empire bodices, and gentlemen in Abe Lincoln coats, with their hands on their hearts. Likewise, to take more notice of little squalling pink gobs of flesh, as to which the flattering neighbors say: "What a fright! Doesn't he look like Papa, though!"

Youth is the time of breaking—of toys, records, hearts and whatsoever else gets in the way of the dominant ego which elbows all horizons. Age is the epoch of saving, of mending; of treasuring the memories which are good; that there may be thought and love for the next generation of toy-breakers. It is an unfortunate Youth which has not Age beside it for poise; and a miserable Age which has not Youth to guide and to get inspiration of.

A philosopher who had come so far along that he could trust his

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philosophy to jest (feeling secure) said of a prominent statesman:

"The chief secret of his success is the discretion with which he picked his ancestors." It happened to be true that the gentleman would not have been Premier if he had been the son of some one else. If his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had been cut out from the genealogical tree, ten times his talents would not have sufficed him—yet he and they owed as much in fact to forgotten forebears as to the remembered ones. We hear about "self-made men;" and each of us likes to believe himself chiefly the product of his own industry, strength and "character." So we are, in a way—very much as if an oak post were given power and privilege to apply to itself the final varnish and hand-polish, and were to say, "I am my own making;" forgetful of the million years it took for oaks to grow into oaks from sage-brush, or from some still lower

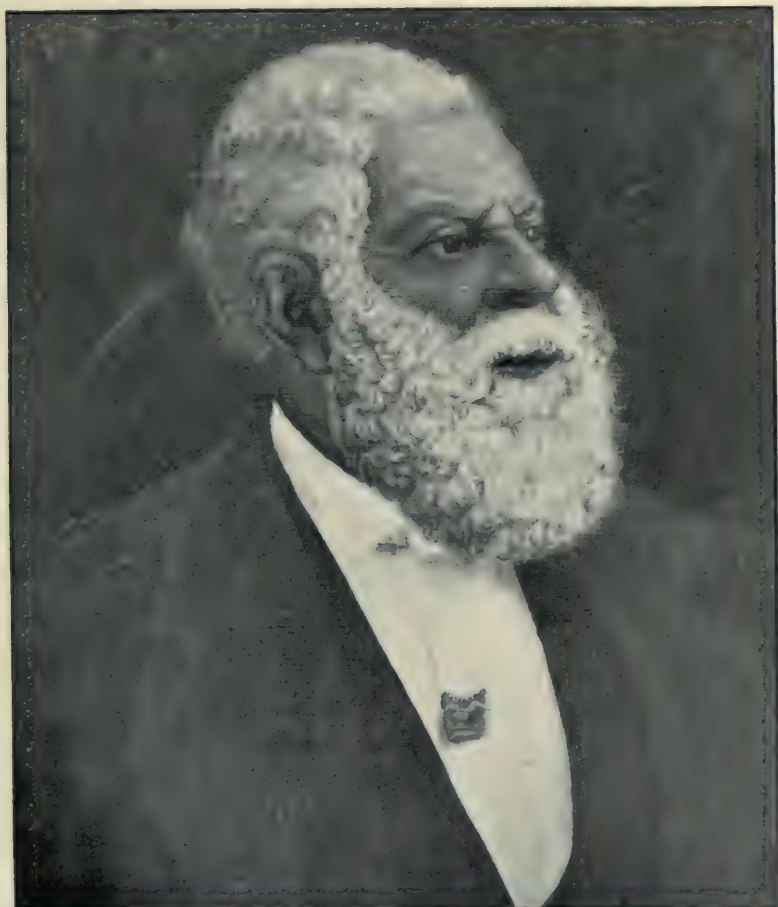


EL RECREO—THE CORONEL HOME

form of vegetable life; forgetting the centuries of the single tree upon this immemorial heredity; forgetting the woodman's axe, and the saw mill, and the planing mill; forgetting all the things which are made for us and shipped to our "present destination"—the knocked-down furniture for which we have only to put together the prepared members.

In man or oak—in things that are made of oak and of man—the single individuality or identity is, compared with what has gone before in preparation for that identity, about as a fly-speck on the face of the United States.

With reference to the future which is unguessed and immeasurable, there is no reason to presume that a like proportion will not hold. We shall be forgotten by even more billions of people than we have ourselves forgotten. It is not necessary to conclude, with the Widow Bedott: "We are all poor miserable critters." But it is just as well to remember that no matter how much we do, most

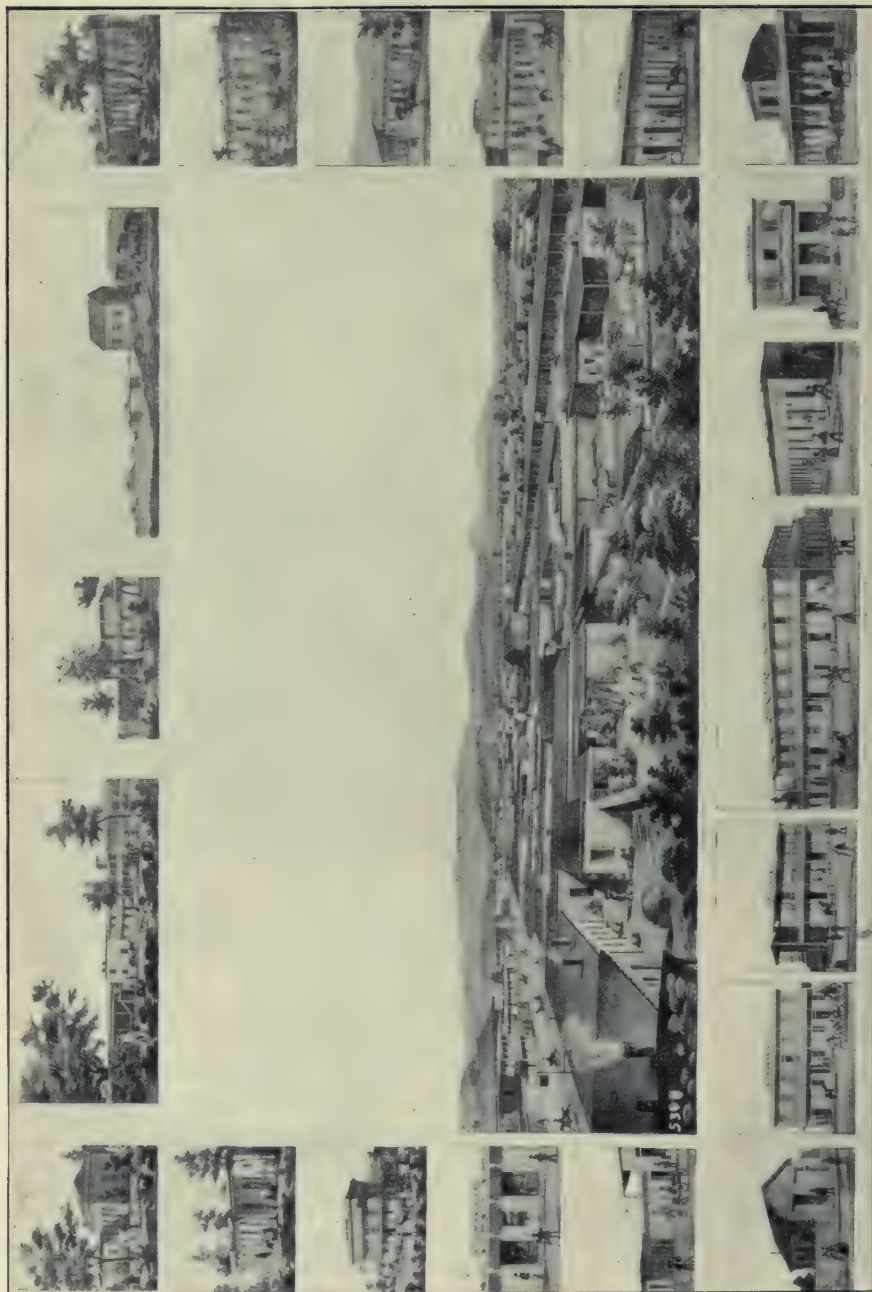


DON PIO PICO—THE LAST GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA UNDER
THE MEXICAN REGIME

From a photograph, copyrighted by C. C. Pierce & Co., of a painting in the
Coronel Collection

of our power comes from the past, and most of our fruit will go to the future.

A little recognition of this truth makes better fathers and mothers, better children, better cities, better states, better nations, and a better world. In its more personal aspects, we call this feeling "the family tie;" collectively, we denominate it "patriotism;" and in the evolutionary definition, it is just plain "intelligence." It is the backbone of all human life thus far. In spite of the frequent lack of it—in spite of ungrateful sons, and bad citizens, and traitors to their country, there has been enough of this recognition and obligation to the past and to the future to keep the world going. To borrow a simile from our present standards, it is a matter of honesty. Neither individual nor community can afford to jump a



LOS ANGELES AS SHOWN IN A PRINT OF 1857

bill nor repudiate a debt. The world which really believes itself to be becoming "intellectual," and "the best ever," cannot afford to go bankrupt in that quality without which schools, libraries, universities, stock exchanges, and business altogether, would be futile.

God made Southern California—and made it On Purpose. And by the same stupid agencies of wind and rain and igneous upheaval; by explosion and by erosion; by the counterpoise of the Mother Mountains and the everlasting sea; and last of all, the rubbing-down by an astounding procession of pretty nearly every variety of His last and least responsible erosive tool—Man. It might be extreme to say of Los Angeles: "God made it, and we found it;" but it



DOÑA MARIANA CORONEL AS LA TORTILLERA
From a painting now in the Chamber of Commerce

squints that way. If the 25,000 most energetic, most progressive men and women apiece from New England, New York, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota and all the other incubators of American progress, could have come together at some point and decided to build a city like this, they could not have made Los Angeles anywhere except here. That class of people have to have something to work on, or they won't come to work; if they tried to work, all by their lonesome, they would make a wonderful record for human persistence and ingenuity—but not Los Angeles. The Old Man likes our help; but we have to have His.

For millions of years God has been making Los Angeles—or rather a place in the lap of the Mother Mountains where a Los

Angeles may lie. We are pretty smart ourselves—but we didn't make the Sierra Madre, from whose breast we draw our very life. Nor the skies by which we draw our pleasure; nor the soil which serves us not only for foothold but for fortune; nor the sea which is our salvation. Nor did we even find the way to where these things were opened for us. We never would have come unto them, except for men whom we have almost forgotten. If it had not been for the political complexion of the Old World, and of Spain's beginnings in the New; if it had not been for the kind of faith and zeal which are now outgrown, there would be no Los Angeles. If it had



WASHINGTON GARDENS, A FAMOUS PLEASURE RESORT IN THE LATE '70S

not been that later there were enough "Americans" with prophetic eyesight—there would be indeed a Los Angeles, but it would not talk English (nor mutilate its own name), nor have trolley cars, women's clubs, recall mayors, and other implements of civilization. It might indeed talk English—but if so, it would have been under the British flag. But whether English, Spanish, or Russian by allegiance, it would not be the city it is—it could not be, for you and I would not be here. Other people who think quite as well of themselves would be here, but WE would not. Even within my own memory this fortuity seems clear. When I walked in here, quarter of a century ago, the census gave us 12,000; and we claimed 15,000.



DOÑA MARIANA CORONEL AS LA PERFILADERA
Photo from a painting in the Coronel Collection

Most of the people who have come here since have come here simply because those 15,000 had found it already. It has grown like a snowball rolling down hill; but there had to be some one to start the snowball. There had, also; to be the snow and the hill.

The average of us will live to celebrate, some quarter of a century from now, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery and christening of California. It is more than 200 years since the first European settlements were made in California—but these were missionary outposts in the desert Peninsula. It took more than 220 years after its discovery before the present Golden State became of concern to the civilized world; and then only because of the rivalry



THE HOUSE OF DON JUAN RAMIREZ IN 1857
From a contemporary print

between Spain and Russia—a somewhat similar case to that which stirred up the half-open-eyed Americans to save California from the clutch of England in the 1840's. But Spain was the best colonizer in history—both in the business and the humanitarian point of view. Instead of armies, it sent a few priests to convert the natives to the kind of God that WE believe in, from the kind that *they* believed in; and to establish Spanish settlements as homesteads against any claim-jumping by the Russians. They sent perhaps the best business man that was ever in California—a barefoot enthusiast who was crank enough to walk from Vera Cruz to Mexico, from

Mexico to Lower California, from Lower California to where San Francisco now is, and back and forth several times; and to believe that the heathen were entitled to a square deal; and that the immortal soul of man was the first concern; but two-fisted enough to lead men who had never been led before, to beat the politicians to a frazzle (and there were plenty of them, both civil and military) and to convince the Central Government that he was right, and all the officials wrong; and to keep the soldiers off the Indians, and the Indians off the soldiers; and to build a chain of monumental architecture which is the finest thing in California today; and to make, by his handicapped efforts, such a unified settlement as has no parallel on any other frontier in the history of the United States.



A LEADING HOTEL IN 1857
From a contemporary print

Los Angeles might be somewhere, but would not be where it is: if it had not been for this same two-fisted quality of the Franciscan pioneers. If they had a good deal of Peter the Hermit for inflaming gross multitudes with the clear fire of the Crusades, they were as good judges of land and water, wood and all the other essentials, as any civil engineers that ever stepped on California soil. They never made a mistake; and to this day the choicest garden-spots of the Garden State are those selected a century and a half ago by these two-sided missionaries. The same quality which led them to establish the first industrial schools in the United States, and enabled them within a generation to turn out more harness-makers,

masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers, soap-makers, wagon-makers, tanners and other tradesmen from naked savages, than all the industrial schools of California are turning out now from civilized material; the same quality through which, without the army of contractors, without supplies, without material or skilled labor, they built edifices which are revelations to modern architects (and the source of thousands of our houses, of which most are mere caricatures upon a noble style)—this quality, which was no rarer genius than skilled common sense, stood by them when they picked sites for settlement.



A '49-ER PARADE IN THE EARLY '60S

Los Angeles was not made a Mission, for the simple reason that the raw material for a Mission was not in abundance—namely, Savages. But such men as these Franciscan pioneers could not pass such a location without “spotting” it; and the very first time they stumbled upon this site (where we have today a city of 300,000 people) they nominated it as the place for a settlement, and christened it, and made it as sure of a future as it was sure that civilization would continue. When developing policies and state needs made a pueblo advisable, this was the site selected; and Don Felipe de Neve founded Los Angeles September 4, 1781, with a small and very mixed body of colonists—eleven men, eleven women and



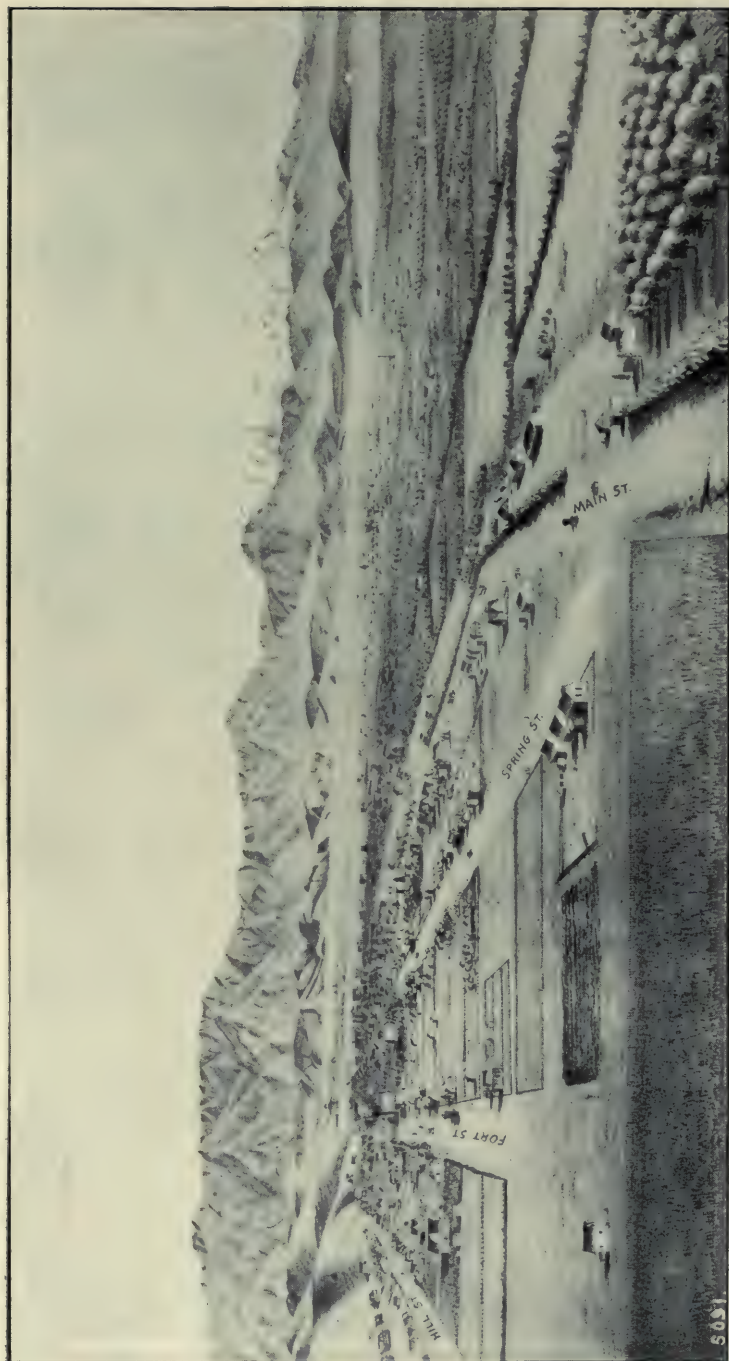
CORNER FIFTH AND OLIVE IN 1880

From a contemporary print. The splendid Auditorium Building now stands diagonally opposite this site

twenty-two children.* The incidentals of its history in the early days may be found in the text-books, and are mostly unimportant, though true. The vital facts are as to its founding, and the curious development of these few particular square miles which rule the business, the education, the social destiny of an empire today. This is not a date-book, nor what is confidently called in Grammar Schools, a "history." It is merely an attempt to hit the high places in what really IS history; to touch the reasons which have brought

*He called it by the name given it the day of its discovery, August 2, 1769, by Portolá, the first governor of California. That was the day of the Virgin Mary; and in her honor the place was christened for Nuestra Señora, Reina de Los Angeles. At various "silly seasons" in history, attempts have been made to change it to "Victoria"—just as similar imbeciles tried to change California to "Moctezuma." But though not erased by one set of vandals, the name is today incredibly murdered—beyond any other city in the United States. There are a dozen different mispronunciations in vogue.

The Lady would remind you, *Please*,
Her name is *not* Lost Angie Lees—
Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride
The G shall not be jellified.
O long, G hard, and rhyme with "yes"—
And all about Loce Ang-el-ess.



LOS ANGELES AS IT APPEARED TO A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN ABOUT 1873

about this miracle—a city twice as large as New York was when Los Angeles was founded; ten times as large as Chicago was when the United States became a real nation by rounding out its Pacific side, and no longer a muddle of provincial colonies on the Atlantic seaboard; a city which not only in growth of population,[†] but in the graces of civilization, material and educational, has no parallel in proportion among American cities.

The influence of the Franciscan epoch on Los Angeles is mostly forgotten. So is the longer influence of the patriarchal time of the Spanish colonization, the "ranch period." But neither can be as if they had never been. The glaciers which chiseled our ranges are melted, a hundred millenniums ago; but their autograph is there. In spite of the enormous inrush of educated, excellent, lov-



THE PLAZA CHURCH IN 1857
From a contemporary print

able Easterners who know nothing of its past; in spite of their pre-occupation with its present, and some vague reference to its future—for all these new, good folks, the men and women whose dust is in the hills above us have left their mark indelible upon the life and the thought of Los Angeles. A hundred years from now, though we shall be vastly more numerous, we shall realize far better the coloration that has been given us by these unknown predecessors. Without going into the chemical analysis, a mere suggestion of this philosopher's truth may be conveyed by asking anyone to analyze their own acts—what brought *you* to California? Was it big

Population,	1800.....	315
1st U. S. Census, 1850.....		1,610
3d U. S. Census, 1870.....		5,614
4th U. S. Census, 1880.....		11,183
5th U. S. Census, 1890.....		50,395
6th U. S. Census, 1900.....		102,479



CORNER SECOND AND BROADWAY IN THE LATE '70S

The corner building is the First Presbyterian Church. The Jewish Synagogue is beyond, and just beyond that the site of the present City Hall

pumpkins, or ranches, or merely our incredible decency of the sky—or was it the glamour of California; the glamour made by histories you did not know, by people whose language you can't understand, of a life which seemed romantic? Among the tangible, modern, intelligible forces of our development, the Chamber of Commerce, for instance, takes a leading place. There was never before just such a combination of public-spirited men to induce intelligent immigration. But such men had to have something to go on. Even if they had been congenital liars, their "literature" would not have been so effective as it has been, but for their circulating the truth. God has been here more eloquent than any promoter could invent. In other words, the modern makers of Los Angeles have succeeded in their marvelous achievement for the reason that earlier makers (from God down to the Argonaut) had laid the foundation.

At present we are a hustling crowd. If we do not sneer, we

smile at the "Mañana habit." Even so my four-year-old regards the attraction of gravitation. It may be a good theory for papa, but *he* is immune. Likewise his dearest theme is to find a grizzly and pull its tail off.

The mañana habit is a matter not of race, nor of speech, but of climate. As sure as God made little apples, this climate will put some mañana in even the most strenuous Saxon life. I have seen it here in process for twenty-five years. I have seen it in the tropics



A PIONEER TYPE

in process. This is so much easier a place to work in than any other part of the United States, that the climate will kill off those who can't learn anything—since they will be able to work themselves to death, regardless of the weather. Those who are somewhat teachable will get more done by not having to run so hard between storms. Taking it net, the farmer has three times as much time to work in this country as in the East; and the business man saves thirty per cent., probably, in a year on weather friction. If we

count what this friction of bad weather—construction, storm doors, coal, furnaces, wraps, clothing, etc., for the home, school-house, and scores of other things—costs the average American in regard to his business and his family, he makes at least a forty per cent. time-saving by the simple process of coming out here. Nor should it be forgotten that most of the making of Los Angeles is by the things which will always continue to make it. It is no flash in the pan: no boom; no transient thing. It does not depend even on the survival of the spirit of progress among Americans. If we all got as deliberate as a peon, those inevitable magnets will still exist which draw even the peon to a Better Country.

The Mission epoch of only about seventy years was the foundation



THE CORONEL HOMESTEAD IN 1880

From an old print. The great Bishop factory now occupies this site of the patriarchal epoch, and lapped over into it. More than the historian has as yet realized, it colored (and with enduring dyes) all that was to come. Its influence is still traceable in our legislation; it is a strong note in all California literature, and all the literature about California. As to the visible face of our cities, it counts more than any other half-dozen architectural influences combined. And there can be no doubt that the heroism and the high ideals of that regime are daily felt in our own ideals and standards.

The patriarchal epoch, from about 1800 to 1860, was still more potent in shaping our later destinies. It was human, of course, and not perfect; yet it came as near Arcadia as this country has ever



DON ANTONIO CORONEL AND DOÑA MARIANA

From a photograph, copyrighted by C. C. Pierce & Co., of a painting in the
Coronel collection

seen. The old rancho life was not "progressive;" it might be called indolent. But it was very happy. Life was good not only to the home, but to the stranger within the gates. It was nearer the life of Abraham than we shall ever see again—and with no more faults or shortcomings, and with a finer hospitality and altruism. It did not breed a race of effeminates, despite its indolence. The Californians were the finest horsemen in the world. Their virtues were sterling, their faults petty. Their morals were clean—far cleaner than we can say of the California of today. The family ties were almost invariably beautiful, and the social life full of generosity and charm. The occupations were those of cattle-growers every-

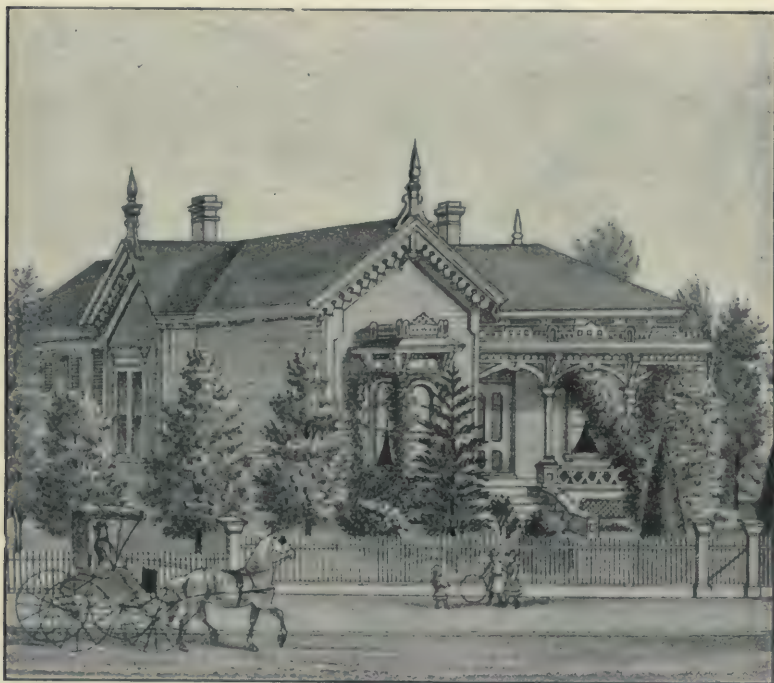


SOUTHWEST CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN IN 1880

From a contemporary print. The residence of I. W. Hellman. The Farmers' and Merchants' Bank Building now occupies this site

where—even Americans—obviously not so slavish as those of the farmer or the money-maker. These people were not what we call "business." Money was nothing to them, except for what it would buy; and they cultivated to the highest degree those best things which money will not buy. The Brotherhood of Man will never again be as intrinsic in California as it was in those days. The Californians have been sneered at for their inability to cope with the new-comers to whom hospitality, neighborliness and fair play were less vital than "wealth." But the most spendthrift of the easy-going Californians never equalled the record this city has made under American rule. As late as 1856 the city owned full eighty

per cent. of its area of some 17,000 acres. It gave this priceless heritage away—generally for nothing, and altogether for next to nothing, without ever once getting an equivalent or a good bargain. It impoverished the future in revenues, and often in the vital necessities. We would have the finest parks in the world, and the finest schools, and the finest public buildings—and all endowed beyond the dreams of avarice. As it is, nothing was left the city but the Plaza and some river-bed when we began to take notice. East Los Angeles, for instance, was sold in 1863 for 50 cents an acre—and this was a fair example of the business sense of the Superior Race.



N. E. CORNER SPRING AND FOURTH IN 1880

From a contemporary print. This was the home of H. W. Hellman. The Hellman Block now occupies this site

But that old romance of the pastoral life with its happiness, its gentleness, its physical sanity, its cordial use of the blessings of California nature—these are still in the air that grows thicker with factory smoke and the dust of a roaring city. Today, at last, we are beginning to understand California as it was; and schools and women's clubs and libraries are all focusing attention upon that fascinating past. Few of the old ranchos are left; few of the old families retain a vestige of their wide leagues. They have been separated from their property by the new-comer—generally under

color of law ; but too often by procedures about on a par with taking candy from a child. But we cannot evict them from the atmosphere.

The Argonaut period made less deep impression on Los Angeles than the patriarchal—but as perduring. Though gold was discovered within a few leagues of Los Angeles long before 1848, it did not excite anyone. The world-racking “find” on the American River affected Southern California mostly as a way-station and a supply depot, with the natural slump in ethics. This became the central market for the cattle which supplied the motley multitude of gold-mad fortune seekers in the north. It became the chief station on that wonderful overland route of stages and pony express which were evolved as the logical result of California gold. Here



NEAR BROADWAY AND THIRD IN 1883

was the only reasonable population between 3000 miles east and 500 miles north; and this influx of the side-traffic of the Golden Fleece into the foremost “Old Town” in the State made a curious community—on the one hand the cattle-dealers, travellers, gamblers, and the American and other refugees kicked out of the mines; and on the other hand the metropolis (of some 1500 people) representing the best of the old California life. The chivalries of social New Spain were only a few blocks away from the tough frontier way-station where they had a man for breakfast every morning. All this has counted in making the local traditions—though no more forceful than the older part Los Angeles played in the “wars” of the “conquest.” What little fighting was done here or anywhere amid the transfer of the Golden State from Mexico to the United States would not seriously disturb our present police department. Much more important was the sequence when Frémont, the Path-

finder, came down from his bloodless victory and proceeded to win the hearts of the Californians. This counts for much more than shows in written history—for ever since Frémont's time the attitude of the native Californians toward the invaders has been friendly, despite a million fair excuses for hatred. The military history of California is not stirring; but Los Angeles was the chief storm-center in it all—from the chronic near-revolutions of the Mexican regime through the tuppenny "campaigns" of the American "conquest."

No other American city has had such an extraordinary story as to population. Beginning with forty-four people, it took Los Angeles nearly ninety years to get a population of 5,000; whereas, for



CORNER OF THIRD AND BROADWAY ABOUT 1885

the last ten years it has been adding 20,000 a year. In 1870 there were 5600 people, and 110 saloons—one to each fifty-one inhabitants. We now have one saloon to every fifteen hundred people.

The complexion of the city's ethics has changed after a fashion as extraordinary. From the quiet, sociable, happy-go-lucky early days to the invasion of the gold rush—particularly its failures and its outlaws—this sleepy old pueblo became probably the toughest frontier town in the United States. Murders, lynchings, and brigandage surpassed all records.

Luckily there was, with a mass of excellent natives, a considerable leaven of good "Americans"—pioneers of our own people who had wandered across the deserts even in the days from 1831 onward. Southern California has never had better citizens than some of these men. They intermarried with the best Spanish families; their issue was a credit to the union; and they made vital changes in the com-

mercial and municipal methods of their outnumbering neighbors. They joined hands with these in the struggle for law and order; and after a wild and woolly decade, they succeeded measurably well.

Another radical change came over the spirit of the city in 1885. That great agent of civilization, the railroad, had been in operation for nearly a decade—by San Francisco from the East in 1876, by Yuma from the East in 1883. But this had made marvelously little difference, either in methods or in growth. In November, 1885, the Santa Fé railroad poked its nose through the Cajon Pass; and Los Angeles had not only a competing railroad, but one on the warpath. California oranges had already taken the premium at



FROM THE TOP OF THE CITY HALL ABOUT 1889

the New Orleans Exposition over Florida. The Santa Fé saw that its future lay not in the traffic of a sparsely settled wilderness, but in populating that wilderness. It began to advertise as no railroad had ever advertised before. It woke up not only the newspapers; it interested writers whose words carried weight in permanent form. Nordhoff and Charles Dudley Warner and lesser stars brought California into literature as a resort and a home. The glamour and the romance were brought forward from a dim past into the full light of day. The fairy story would come true if you only went out to read it.

But this wasn't all. The pocket was appealed to, as well as the imagination. At this time the fare from the Missouri River to Los

Angeles was about \$100. The new railroad made war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. In a little while fares were down to \$25. For a short time, they were as low as \$5 for 3,000 miles—and one day, transcontinental tickets were sold in Los Angeles for \$1. And there you were. There began then, and has continued ever since, an immigration to which the gold rush of '49 and '50 was not a circumstance. For the first four years the average gain of the city in population was 10,000 annually. The transcontinental highways were dotted with trains crowded to their capacity, all bound for Los Angeles—mostly visitors who came to spy out the land. Enough of them stayed to make this extraordinary growth.

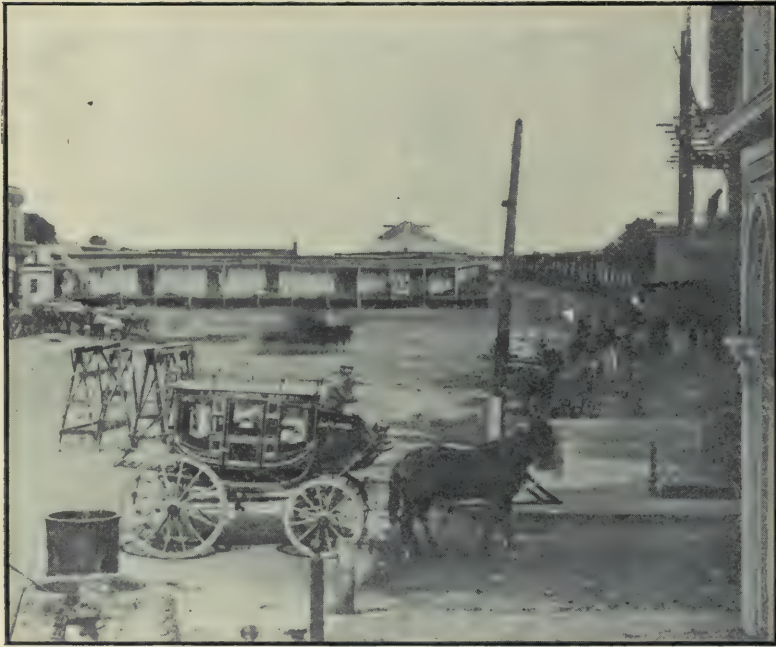


EX-GOVERNOR DOWNEY'S HOME IN 1880

From a contemporary print. This is about where the Belasco Theater stands at present

With them came the birds of prey, the speculators; and in 1886 and 1887 the city was the center of such a land-boom as has no parallel in American history. In 1887 the real estate transfers actually of record amounted to \$100,000,000. The ethics of the place again underwent a curious temporary metamorphosis. The whole city seemed to be gambling in land—and not so much city real estate as town lots anywhere this side of the desert—and on it. In one stretch of thirty-six miles, there were twenty-five town-sites staked out in 25- and 50-foot lots—and almost all were sold off at ridiculous prices. It was comparable to the great gambling days of San Francisco on the Comstock and other Nevada mining bonanzas,

though perhaps not as disastrous in its effects. It was a brief insanity, useful ever since as a lesson and a warning. It did little injury to any material interests of the city; the land-sharks sought other feeding grounds with the collapse of the Boom; and business and standards promptly recovered their normal poise in the city of 50,000 Americans. These two years left their scar, indeed, but as salutary as that which is left by vaccination. There were enough adventurers and scrubs to keep the newspapers busy; but the vast majority of this huge inrush was of an extraordinarily high class of American citizenship, both in means and intelligence. I remember very well our first high-license fight. Everyone thought we



THE BUSINESS CENTER IN THE LATE '50S
From a Contemporary Print

would lose it three to one. We won it just the other way about. It was the first organic attempt of the city to be good; and was the beginning and the key-note of municipal progress since. Today, after twenty-three years of this kind of immigration, the city is "more Boston than Boston" in many ways—though not nearly so congested. No other city in America has so large a proportion of professional men, of educated, law-abiding, well-to-do citizens. By very much the same tokens it contains the most extraordinary proportion of theorists, of isms and ologies, of cranks who are heard and felt at every turn. But the vast mass of intelligent citizenry is undiverted; and keeps about its business of making a great and

noble city, second to none in its appointments—and ahead of most—nor in its business, its social, and its educational standards.

Here is history somewhat repeating itself—for Los Angeles was the original "Recall Town." No city in the United States was ever such a hotbed of revolutions as was Los Angeles in the old Mexican days. The revolutions of Central America had none the better of those hatched here; and Reform was always stirring uneasy in its seat—Reform generally meaning, here as elsewhere, to Get In. These revolutions were trivial affairs, bloodless as a French duel as a rule, ephemeral in their results, and notable only for their frequency. Once in awhile the opera bouffe revolutionists



A BUSY SCENE IN 1880
From a Contemporary Print

came up and made faces and shook their guns at the opera bouffe governor with such effect that he faded back to Mexico; but sometimes the governor was a better bluffer, and his grimaces were more terrible, and the rebels evaporated.

The rate-war lasted less than two years—but it precipitated an interminable avalanche. The cut was not only in fares, but in freight. I remember when the charge on a car-load of oranges to the Missouri River was \$600; and the shipper had to give security to make good if the shipment didn't sell for enough to cover the charges. In one fell swoop this terrific tariff was knocked to \$400

per car ; and presently to \$200. It became at last possible for many people to make a living from the soil in California.

But it was not a mere calling of new citizens to Los Angeles. A city cannot feed upon itself very far ; and the same far-sighted policies proceeded to create a "back country." Almost before we realized it, the Santa Fé had tapped the choicest valleys of Southern California with railroad lines ; and new towns began to spring up as by magic ; and some of them to grow to cities ; and tens of thousands of farms and orchards replaced the sage-brush and the wild-flowers ; and the growth of the county began to rival the growth of the city ; and the neighboring counties affected by these lines came forward in the march of development. Presently the Southern Pacific awakened to the game and began to throw out its own feeders and branch lines. The old-time careless dry-farming of



MAIN AND THIRD STREETS 25 YEARS AGO

cereals, the lonely cattle- and sheep-raising, began to be replaced with crops a hundred or a thousand-fold more productive per acre in money, and ten thousand-fold better in the economics of a state. Tens of thousands of farm homes of substantial Americans, living with all modern conveniences, cultivating the soil intensively by irrigation, took the place of the vast ranch which had before maintained one or two families, perhaps, and a force of hireling harvesters in the season. The natural flow of water in the streams was inadequate ; and the supply was increased a hundred-fold by human effort—innumerable irrigating systems, individual, or communal or corporate. New streams were dragged forth from the flank of the mountains or the bowels of the valleys ; and huge reservoirs were built ; and thousands of miles of irrigating ditches. Farming ceased to be a gamble and became a certainty—since the farmer was his

own Jupiter Pluvius. The increment to the wealth and the revenue of the community was incalculable. Hundreds of thousands of good Americans were working for themselves directly, but all indirectly for Los Angeles.

The development of the fruit industry alone was one of the most startling leaps to wealth ever made by any state in so short a time; probably the most remarkable among cases of income from the soil. This was to say nothing of the mineral resources of this "back country"—including not only the metals, but stone and other materials mined from the earth. There had been even a beginning of that industry which was destined to have as marvelous growth as even our population and horticulture—petroleum. Only thirty years ago the most famous geologist this nation has ever produced—Whitney of Yale—stated in the Encyclo-



THE OLD SISTERS' HOSPITAL OPPOSITE THE RIVER STATION

pedia Britannica, that while there were superficial indications of oil in California, the industry would never amount to anything commercially, and there could be no flowing wells. Today, California is the first oil producer in America, with some 40,000,000 barrels a year—all from the southern part of the state. This development has been mostly by Los Angeles people, and the oil interests center here.

In a word, this broad expanse of dry and desert-looking basins and valleys, with scant and occasional water-courses, has become a vast producer of wealth, not by sweat-shop factories, nor alien coal mines and blast furnaces, but by money clean from the soil. When land for cultivation brings \$500 to \$3000 an acre, and pays enormous interest on that price, it means something in economics, and indicates a new thing in American history. And this is one of the vital

things in the making of the present Los Angeles. A million square miles are tributary to it—the two great Territories and northern Mexico, and half the Golden State. All are working for us, even as they help themselves.

No single article has counted so much in the making of Los Angeles as the orange. It appealed to the imagination more than any other fruit; and it appealed to business sense as well. The first shipment of oranges from California was from the Wolfskill orchard in the present heart of this city. The first car-load went East in 1877 over the newly completed railroad; one month in transit, and the freight charges were \$500. Today, though the orchards of Los Angeles have given place to homes, the citrus shipment of Southern California amounts to 30,000 car-loads a year—practically



PART OF LOS ANGELES IN THE LATE '50S

all from within seventy miles of Los Angeles. But though the most alluring of our products from the soil, and responsible for the largest number of immigrants, the orange is but a small part of the story of cultivation. The deciduous and small fruits (fresh, dried and canned), the cereals in enormous bulk, wines, nuts and raisins are other heavy items. The biggest sugar-beet country and the biggest bean country in the world, are next-door to us. One little community ships out 600 car-loads of celery a year. And so on. Nor is all this a mere matter of money. It is quite as important hygienically. One of the beauties of Southern California is the variety and sanity of its diet. Fresh vegetables and fruit every day of the year, sea-foods unsurpassed for variety and quality, besides every other edible that is available in the East—this is no trivial thing in the health (and presently in the temperament) of a community. It is

almost as vital as the fact that here we breathe more air and better air than Eastern people do. And so long as the United States shall produce people who take thought as to their health, Los Angeles will have a steady procession of them.

Los Angeles as a seaport may sometime compete with Los Angeles as a railroad center. It is a long story since the first foreign vessel sailed into the shallow channel at San Pedro in 1805. Millions have been spent to form a harbor which will accommodate the commerce of an empire; breakwaters and dredging, wharves and fortifications (the latter coming) will make this the best harbor, as it is easily the most important, in the 600 miles between San Francisco and San Diego. Very soon San Pedro and Los Angeles will



BURNING OF HOTEL BELMONT IN THE LATE '80S

be one, and the city which will begin at the mountains, will end upon the sea. With the completion of the Panama Canal, this seaport will be a dominant factor in the development of the whole Southwest. It has been secured not only through money and labor, but by one of the most peculiar and striking campaigns ever made by a community against adverse interests—an example of that strange solidarity which advances Los Angeles in spite of the fact that sixty per cent. of its citizens did not know one another ten years ago.

They do not, many of them, look like pioneers; but these newcomers of the last twenty-five years have performed the most notable feats of "civilized pioneering" on record. Taking a raw little Sleepy-town they have transformed it to a buzzing metropolis,

with the first municipal electric lighting system in America, and today probably the best; with the best system of urban and inter-urban transit in the world, supplanting the little horse-cars which it outgrew sooner than New York did; with as large a proportion of fine business buildings and first-class hotels (and every other class) as any city; with more churches and theaters to population than any other city; with as liberal supply (and as good) of schools, public and private, colleges and other provisions for education; with the largest proportion of attractive homes owned by their occupants, and a greater beauty of home-surroundings throughout the year than can be shown anywhere else; as well regulated and orderly as any American city of its size or larger; with more



THE PRECURSOR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

women's clubs and parks, and music in proportion; so progressive and aggressive in its spirit of betterment as to be a national proverb, and generous in thought and deed beyond the Eastern guess. In the strength and number of its fraternal organizations, in the organization and extent of its charities, in the organized safe-guarding and promotion of its commercial ethics and interest in its intellectual activity, in its use of a public library and of twenty other libraries, it stands at the head of the class. It has the largest Y. M. C. A. in the world, and the largest Y. W. C. A., and the largest W. C. T. U., and so on for quantity. No other city ever had, so widely and so well, the chance of doing good deeds, as well as of removing the bushel from over them. It is not over-modest, but its pride is honest and justified; the pride of a splendid and successful youth—not

bombastic, nor malicious, but based on love. It begins at last to foresee its own future and to undertake provision therefor. No American city has done a more audacious thing—wisely audacious—than when Los Angeles reached out across the mountains to bring a river 240 miles to her feet, and bound herself in the sum of \$23,000,000 for the Owens River supply which will suffice for a million people. That is the sort of thing this sort of Americans do when they have the chance and the stimulus, not of money-greed, but of home-building and upbuilding, in lines responsive to their effort and their touch.

These are substantial foundations. They cannot be undermined. Just so long as American progress continues in the East; just so long as each year graduates tens of thousands of the class of people who know when they have money enough to Live, and wish to use it that way; just so long as Americans enjoy the best scenery, the best air, the best conditions of life—just so long will the East also continue to pay tribute to this city, either directly or through its tributaries. There is no other region in the United States which offers these things in anything remotely approaching our degree. Americans are not going to expatriate themselves in mass, even for such advantage; but they are coming, and will keep coming, to the Better Corner of their own country.



OWENS RIVER NEAR LONE PINE BRIDGE

Photo copyrighted by A. A. Forbes, Bishop, Cal.

THE RECORD OF THE OWENS RIVER PROJECT

By W. S. B.



HE fear of failure makes cowards of most of us.

Had this sickening dread of defeat gnawed at the stomachs of the men responsible for the Owens River Project, the floods of the High Sierra doubtless would continue to find their way into the saline depths of Owens Lake, valueless and undesired, while Los Angeles, with a population constantly increasing, would have gone on ignoring the fact of a diminishing water supply until further dissembling would be of no avail, and the limit of growth would even now be at hand.

The plan in itself is stupendous. Without consideration of any of the large engineering difficulties, Wm. Mulholland and his associates knew at the outset that the city's credit must be extended to the utmost to defray the cost of the enterprise; that it involved the solving of new problems; that from eight to ten years must elapse before its final accomplishment; that, even though feasible and necessary, jeopardized private interests and political chicanery might bring the project to a bad end and involve all in ruin. Truly, these men were not those of whom apprehension makes cravens.

Credit is given to Wm. Mulholland as being the Father of the Owens River enterprise. The credit is wrongly placed. To Mr. Fred Eaton, formerly City Engineer and afterwards Mayor, belongs this high distinction. Give to Wm. Mulholland the praise for being a man large enough to recognize the true value of Eaton's plan, big



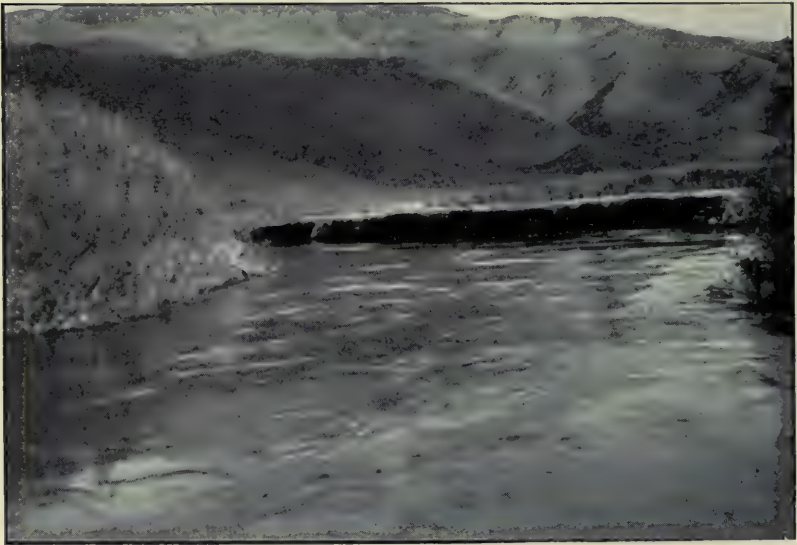
LIPPINCOTT

EATON

MULHOLLAND

enough to declare that an undertaking holding within its scope the life of the city should belong not to a corporation but solely to the people, and sufficiently skilled to undertake its construction for them with such far-seeing care and understanding that today the aqueduct is being built within the time and money estimates, free from politics and with no taint of graft.

Seventeen years ago the plan of the aqueduct was born in the mind of Mr. Eaton. He was a rancher, then, in the Owens River Valley. Mr. Eaton did not permit the idea to "die a-borning." He had been engineer and superintendent of the Los Angeles City Water Company, and in his after years of public life, in the late nineties, he became only the more firmly convinced that some day the city must go to the Owens Valley for its future water supply.



OWENS RIVER AT INTAKE OF AQUEDUCT

He procured options on water-bearing properties there, and presented a proposition of a joint corporation-municipal water system to the Los Angeles Water Board. This was in 1904. Government assistance was necessary. This, said Mr. F. H. Newell and Mr. J. B. Lippincott, then of the U. S. Reclamation Service, was impossible unless the project should be solely municipal. At the request of the Water Board, Mr. Mulholland made an inspection of the proposed route in company with Mr. Eaton.

Here was the first crucial point in the undertaking, where the difficulties might easily have prevented the plan from ever being brought to public notice. There were practically no laws in existence which permitted the municipality to perform the functions of a corporation; government co-operation had been sought and had

been denied if there should be any corporate interest with the city. Mulholland might easily have been appalled at the magnitude of the proposition, as were other engineers who followed him, and reported adversely; or the Water Board justly might have refused to be party to a scheme almost phantasmal in its rich promises and of a daring without parallel in ancient or modern engineering.

But Wm. Mulholland returned from three weeks of crossing the desert, climbing up and sliding down mountains, convinced that the solution of the problem had been found. The Water Board acted favorably upon his report and took an undesirable responsibility upon their shoulders.

The next problem to be solved was how best to bring the thing about. The plan might be made known to the people and a request

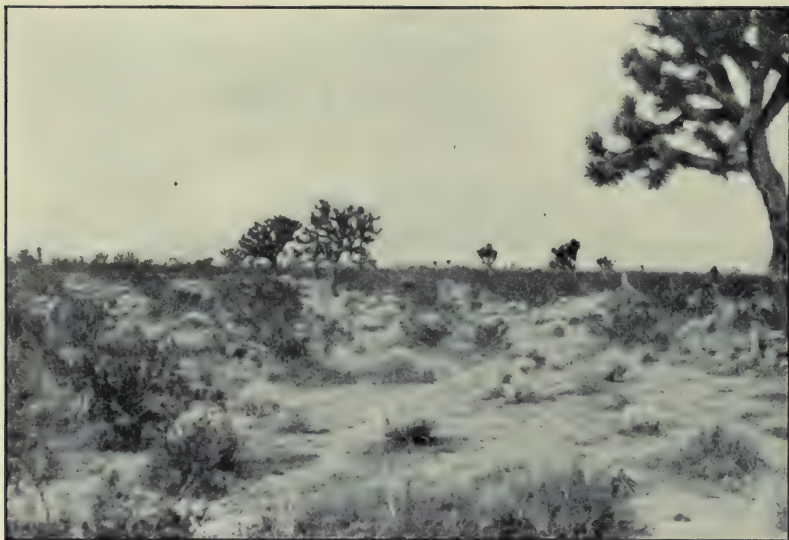


COTTONWOOD CREEK IN AUGUST

made for a bond-issue to purchase water rights. This would have relieved the Water Board and Mulholland of much responsibility; also, it would have permitted speculators to file on water-bearing properties, and politicians and their friends to become interested, before the project even could be started, and corporations vitally affected might well have brought about the defeat of the enterprise. Acting within their prerogatives, but daringly nevertheless, the Water Board, composed of John J. Fay, Jr., J. M. Elliott, Fred L. Baker, Wm. Mead, and M. H. Sherman, began the purchase of water rights in the Owens Valley—not in the name of the city, but in that of private individuals. Funds were advanced from the treasury of the Water Department for this purpose. One morning in June, 1905, the city at large awakened to the fact, through the

newspapers, that Los Angeles was vitally interested in Owens River Valley, a little corner of the earth of which most of the population had never heard.

One million five hundred dollars was required for water purchases and to carry on the preliminary investigations. The new difficulty which now arose was to prevent the defeat of the project at this first bond election. A determined opposition developed immediately in certain quarters, not only in Los Angeles, but in the valley, where settlers were led into the belief that the city was stealing their waters from them and planned to depopulate their towns and villages and drive them out. During these summer months, also, speculators flocked to the valley and filed upon an aggregate of more than 2,000,000 inches of the flood-waters of the



A SCENE IN THE ANTELOPE VALLEY CROSSED BY THE AQUEDUCT

river, hoping to profit through some technicality or oversight on the part of the city's attorneys.

The bond-issue was passed by a vote of 14 to 1. The exuberance arising from this victory and the faith which had been manifested in the enterprise had not left Mulholland and his associates before they were confronted with evidences of political manipulation hostile to the aqueduct at the National and State Capitols.

Efforts were made to have the Government retain lands in the valley which had been withheld from entry for reclamation purposes, and when these failed, the passage of a bill was attempted which provided that in granting a right-of-way to Los Angeles over public lands the city should be given the privilege for the conveyance of water solely for "domestic use." This was an unforeseen

and unexpected move on the part of the opposition. Post-haste, a committee from the Chamber of Commerce, accompanied by W. B. Mathews, then City Attorney, and Wm. Mulholland, set out for Washington. With the aid of Senator Flint, an audience was gained with President Roosevelt and the situation was laid before him. The objectional provision made it problematical whether the city could go on with the project. It was open to doubt whether the words "domestic use" could be construed to mean the irrigation of the thousands of grass-plots and gardens which give to the city its chief beauty.

On the President's recommendation, the words were stricken out, the bill became a law, and the city was granted a free right-of-way through Government domain under very favorable conditions.

While this fight was being waged, other interests were slyly at



CATERPILLAR TRACTION ENGINE HAULING MATERIALS OVER THE DESERT

work at Sacramento. This became apparent when a bill was offered in the Legislature providing for a minimum payment of \$2.50 per day for day labor on all public work. Innocent in appearance, the intent of this bill was vicious. Eighty per cent. of the cost of the construction of the aqueduct goes to labor. To have increased this cost by 25 per cent. would have added an additional \$5,000,000 of expenditure. The city could not have provided in one bond-issue for the completion of the project because, in voting \$23,000,000, the city was voting the limit of its bonded indebtedness. The fight was changed to the State Capitol, and here again the city's forces were victorious.

In this interval of strenuous watchfulness over the devious methods of adverse legislation, the line of the aqueduct was being traced slowly, foot by foot, from Charley's Butte to the depressions in the

San Fernando Valley which mark the site of the Fernando reservoirs.

The time for voting a larger issue of bonds was now approaching. Money was sadly needed to continue the work. Forthwith, as soon as it was known that the aqueduct officials were to ask for a bond-issue of \$23,000,000, there sprang from nowhere projects to give Los Angeles a water supply from half a dozen sources. All these possible sources had been investigated and turned down by aqueduct engineers before the Owens River project was suggested. Even the poor old Los Angeles River, which had served faithfully for fifty years, was made to appear ridiculous with 10,000 miner's inches of water running to waste. The only water course not suggested as alternate for the Owens River was the Arroyo Seco.

The Board of Consulting Engineers, in their report of December



BUILDING ROADS IN THE JAWBONE DIVISION

27, 1907, verifying the plans and estimates of Mr. Mulholland and his assistants, stopped the mouths of the many, but those with an object in view waged the war as never before. The date for holding the election met with postponement after postponement until all concerned were sick at heart. At length June 12th (1907) was set. Here was the second crucial point in the fortunes of the aqueduct. Money was needed—a great deal of it—and the final decision now rested with the people.

Here are some of the arguments which were presented: The project was not feasible and the aqueduct could never be built. It could be built, but at a cost not under \$50,000,000 and twenty years of time. There was not sufficient water, and what water the city could obtain would evaporate before it reached the city. The water

would not run down; it should be pumped over the mountains. Not one aqueduct should be built, but two (making the cost prohibitive) should be constructed to guard against earthquakes. The proper way was through a steel pipe-line. Calumny, slander and vilification of those at the head of the undertaking were added in an effort to defeat the measure.

Was the public mind to be so befogged as to the issue as to defeat the project by a refusal to vote bonds? No chances were taken on this, and the campaign, in which all the civic bodies of Los Angeles united in favor of the undertaking, is one of the most remarkable which the city has ever witnessed. A campaign of education was waged which extended from discourses before school children and Women's Clubs to stereopticon lectures and chalk-talks to the men at night.



TRACTION FREIGHTING

No higher tribute to the citizenship of Los Angeles can be paid than by an enumeration of the vote at this election of June 12, 1907, with 21,918 votes for and 2,128 votes against.

Were the difficulties now smoothed away? Not at all! The Aqueduct Bureau was deeply in debt, and before the preliminaries necessary for the sale of a part of the bonds could be arranged, Wall Street had declared its ultimatum to Roosevelt. The depression of October, 1907, still green in memory, was at its height when the first bond-issue of \$1,020,000 was placed on the market. With banks refusing specie payments to their depositors, and the stock market demoralized, these gilt-edged securities went begging. The State took half the issue, and the remainder was disposed of at public subscription and to the city's banks. The money so realized carried the work into June. Here another crisis was met with.



CENTRIFUGAL DREDGE FOR THE AQUEDUCT



ABOARD THE



BEING TESTED AT SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR



CENTRIFUGAL DREDGE

The Bureau was again far in debt—the issue of January scarcely covered the indebtedness which had already been incurred at that time. Creditors for more than \$1,000,000 were unpaid, and still there was no money. The remaining part of the \$23,000,000 issue was put on sale and the Council for ten days held daily sessions, in which they failed to come to any understanding with bidders.

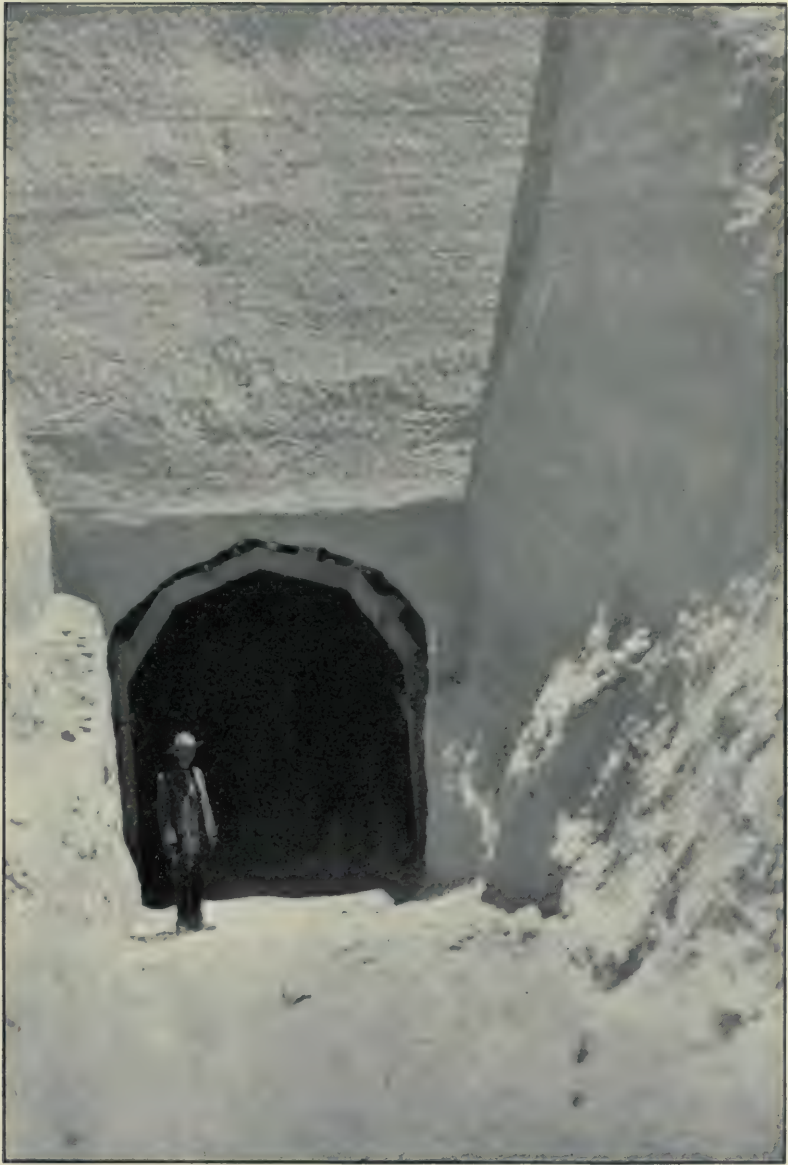
For three years the Bureau had been slowly perfecting an efficient organization wherein the thousand component parts were just beginning to understand the duties demanded and how to accomplish them. Wages were due these thousand men July 1st, and there was no money in the treasury to pay them. It is told here for the first time, but in such straits were aqueduct officials that on July 10th the purchasing department was instructed to cease making



HYDRAULIC DREDGE AT WORK IN THE OWENS VALLEY

purchases, and it was determined that unless money was forthcoming by the 16th of the month the entire organization should be disbanded. Had this action been necessary, it would have been at the cost of many thousands of dollars and a twelvemonth in the completion of the task. Organization of an engineering force is of slow growth, and upon organization rests efficiency. Men, as do mules, work well in the harness only when they have learned to pull together. Provision for the sale of the bonds was made July 16th.

In the foregoing the difficulties encountered have been those responsible to human agency. While aqueduct heads were striving to overcome these, they were hard at work, also, in the field, seeking to conquer the difficulties which Nature had thrown in the way.



ONE OF THE TUNNELS IN THE JAWBONE DIVISION

Go with Mulholland to Sugarloaf Mountain in the Jawbone Division, look down upon the aqueduct, 1200 feet above the railroad and the floor of the desert, marked by a yellow streak of excavated rock and dirt and the thousand ants of men at work, the line appearing and disappearing in a country torn and twisted and tossed in the eruptive period of ages gone, and you marvel as much at the ingenuity of the engineers as at the effrontery of Mulholland in daring to return from his trip of inspection and report to the Water Board that the thing was possible of accomplishment.

In the beginning, almost every requisite needed for the undertaking was lacking. For four-fifths of the way the stage-coach of the early 'forties or the saddle-horse was the only method of transportation. From three to five days were required to send a



A CAMP IN THE AQUEDUCT

letter from Los Angeles to the Intake near Independence in Owens Valley. Most of the aqueduct line lies in a desert where a spring gives cause for a lonely stage-station, and, if Nature is kind, a tree or two. The mountains nearby offer no timber for construction, and their depths bring forth no coal for fuel. For many miles the aqueduct survey threads a country so rugged as to have been inaccessible to burros when the preliminary lines were being run. A stray arrow-head here, a flint or a *metate* there, tell the story of the race which traversed this waste and passed on long before the engineer tramped his way with hob-nailed boots and left his line of stakes behind him.

Two years were consumed in finding the most feasible route.

and this was often changed after economic studies of the situation by Mr. Mulholland and his assistant, Mr. J. B. Lippincott.

Estimates showed that more than 1,000,000 tons of material would be needed and 6,000 men employed to complete the work in the time specified. The exigencies of the situation demanded a railroad 120 miles long, from Mojave to the shores of Owens Lake. No other method was practicable for the transportation of machinery, steel, timber and cement, as well as the thousands of tons of sustenance for the army of workers. Water must be found far in the mountains, brought down to the line of the aqueduct and piped its length for domestic use and the mixing of concrete. All parts of the work must be made accessible by roads and trails, a cheap source of power must be devised, and when this had been accomplished,



A BIT OF AQUEDUCT WORK

preparation must be made for housing and feeding the labor force, keeping it in good health, and a method of communication adopted by which this force could be directed from the general headquarters in Los Angeles.

A period of fourteen months was consumed in overcoming these natural obstacles. With the exception of work on the Elizabeth Tunnel and at the Intake, not a shovelful of earth was thrown in actual aqueduct construction until October, 1908. But when construction did begin, every need of the builders had been foreseen and provided. The results of laying the foundations well are now apparent in the rapidity with which the aqueduct is being made.

The transportation of freight was taken care of by calling for bids to handle the entire amount. The contract went to the South-

ern Pacific Railroad Company on the condition that this company have a steam line in operation from Mojave to Olancho within two years. The company is a year ahead of its contract, and the line is two-thirds completed and in operation.

Four water-systems, with three reservoirs and 400,000 feet of pipe-line, furnish an abundant supply of pure water wherever it is required. Cheap power has been provided by the construction of three hydro-electric plants—one on Cottonwood Creek, on the shores of Owens Lake, and two in Owens Valley. These power-houses furnish electric energy over 160 miles of transmission-line for driving the dredges, electric shovels, compressors, drills, fans and other tunnel equipment. More than 200 miles of road and trail, some of the former constructed at a cost of more than \$5,000



SOUTH PORTAL ELIZABETH LAKE TUNNEL

per mile, make the aqueduct line accessible, and caterpillar steam-engines do the work of heavy hauling over them to the camps perched high in the mountains. For communication, a copper-wire telephone-system stretches from the Central building in Los Angeles to every camp from the city limits to the Intake. Machine-shops, bunk-houses, mess-halls, offices, hospitals, warehouses, stables and a dozen other kinds of needful buildings have gone up as if by magic wherever there has been need for them. Included in this task of preparation has been the construction of a cement mill at Tehachepi, completed at a cost of \$400,000 and having a capacity of 1,000 barrels per twenty-four hours.

A representative of one of the largest contracting firms in the United States, having \$24,000,000 worth of work under way at the



TESTING THE COVER OF THE AQUEDUCT

time he inspected the Jawbone Division previous to submitting a bid, made the assertion that never in his career had he been called upon to figure a contract where the natural conditions were so unfavorable for its accomplishment or where they had been so admirably overcome.

With the exception of ten miles of conduit and canal in the Antelope Section, the work is being done by the city under the direction of the Board of Public Works and aqueduct engineers. Even here there has been difficulty. The right of the city to do its own work was contested in the courts. Arguments were presented that it was contrary to the City Charter and that the work could be com-

pleted cheaper and in less time by contractors than by force account. The first argument has been refuted effectually by the fact that the city is constructing the Jawbone Section at a cost of less than one-half the lowest bid submitted by a contractor. Ten days after bids were rejected on this division, Mulholland had 400 men on the ground; 45 days later this was increased to 700, and in January the working force was 1278. For the first ten days of the year a record was made in driving 2,456 feet of tunnel on this section alone, while the American tunnel-record for boring in hard rock is held by the crews of men at work at the South Portal of the Elizabeth Tunnel. This is an illustration of the speed being made.

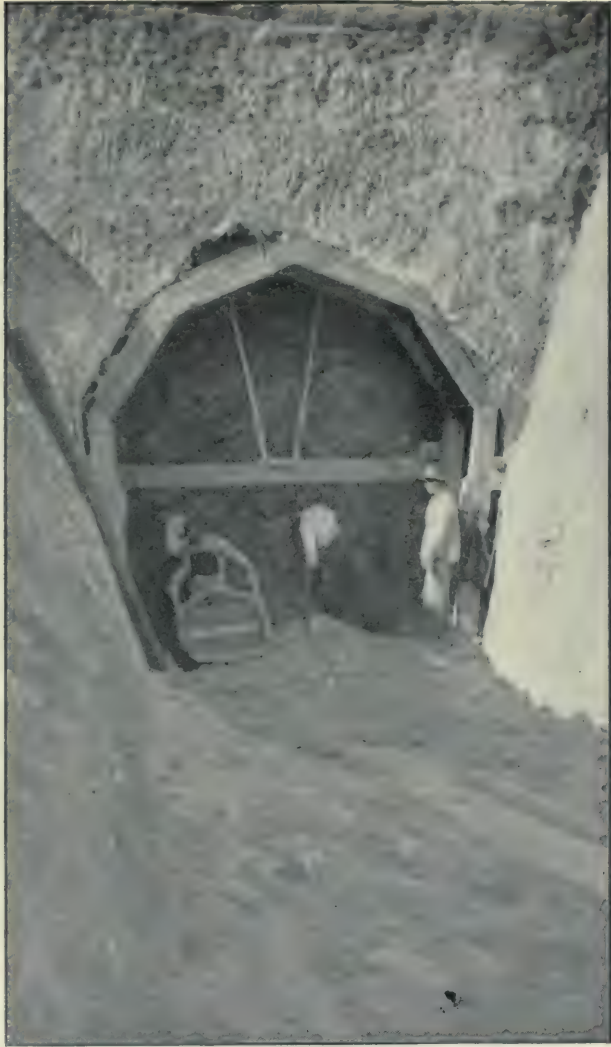
For the first two weeks of February the excavation rate of progress on the aqueduct was 761 feet, or four-and-one-third miles



OPENING NORTH PORTAL ELIZABETH TUNNEL

per month. With the installation of the additional machinery ordered, Mr. Mulholland is certain that this can be increased to five miles beginning with the opening of summer.

Even a little study of this man reveals a temperament so sanguine that it recognizes no difficulty which cannot be overcome. Few contingencies ruffle him, and if so, it is not for long. One problem solved, it is dismissed from his mind and he is at another as if the first had never existed. He has, by nature or achievement, the faculty for recognizing the ability of a workman and of attaching good men to him. The same broad-mindedness and democracy which one finds in him he permits in his subordinates. In the Water Department, not long ago, a laborer who had been given a letter to a foreman, returned with the letter and explained that the fore-



A TUNNEL IN JAWBONE DIVISION

man had said he had all the men he could use, and every one of them doing good work.

"Well, then, I guess that settles it and there isn't a place open," Mulholland said. "Big John is responsible for laying that pipe." Not much politics are possible so long as these conditions continue.

His recognition of station and position is rigidly observed. He may watch a gang of men at work for half an hour and say no word to them. Later he may explain to the foreman how the result of their labor can be improved, and pick out the drones one by one. To those in the ranks is offered the preference when a

better position is open, and a man with a grievance is given as respectful a hearing as would be given to a delegation from the Chamber of Commerce.

It is this sympathetic placing of himself in the other fellow's place, the large democracy, simplicity, and withal the square dealing of the man, that endears him to the aqueduct organization, from office-boy and day-laborer up.

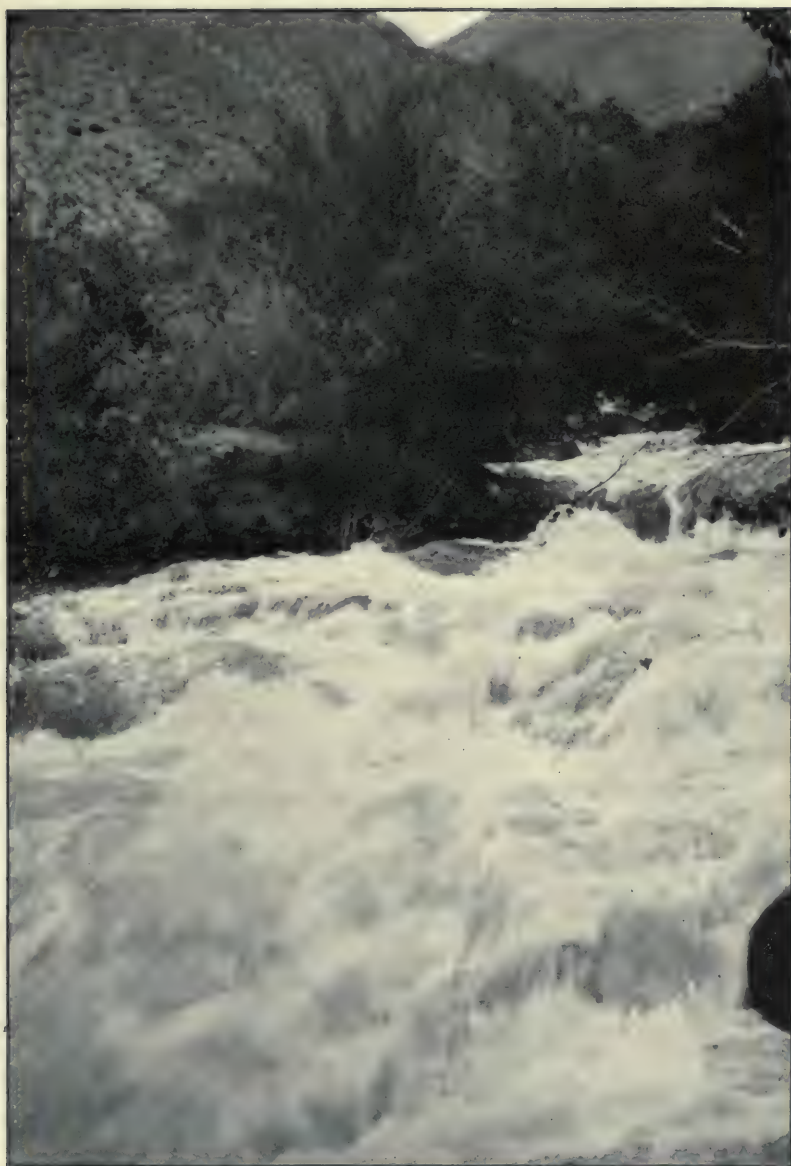
The engineering difficulties have been the least of his troubles, for he knows where to place his fingers upon them. The finances, fortunately, have been taken care of, but this was not so early in 1908, and politics were seeking an entering wedge. Mulholland was fighting to be let alone. Rarely, if ever, in disconsolate mood, to a friend on just one occasion Mulholland deprecated his connection with the project. "I don't know why I ever went into this



DYNAMITE AND WATER IN TRANSIT

job," he said, with a momentary droop of the mouth, and then with a smile, showing that the fit of depression had already passed, "There is more in a private practice, but I guess it was the Irish in me. Nature is the squarest fighter there is, and I wanted this fight. When I saw it staring me in the face I couldn't back away from it. I know the necessity, better perhaps than any other man; and if I don't, my thirty years of employment on the city's water-works haven't gone for much. I didn't want to buckle down and have to admit that I was afraid of the thing, because I never have been—not for a second." He was silent for some minutes, then continued: "And we'll pull her through on time, never fear, if the men in the ditch can have their swing."

The men in the ditch are having their swing, and at the present rate of progress the spring of 1913 will witness the entrance of the waters of the Owens Valley into the Valley of the San Fernando.



COTTONWOOD CREEK AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAÑON, AUG. 6, 1906

ECHOES FROM THE OLD COURTS

By WILLOUGHBY RODMAN.



FEW extracts from the records of Los Angeles County may prove of interest, as showing social conditions and methods of transacting business under Mexican rule. The Archives of the Prefecture of Los Angeles covering the period from 1834 to 1849 contain much interesting and valuable material.

From the records it appears that the title of one Governor of California was "José Figueroa, Brigadier General of the Mexican Republic, General Commandant, Inspector and Superior Political Chief of the Territory of Upper California."

The unsettled condition of affairs existing in 1839 is shown by a proclamation of Governor Alvarado, in which he advises and urges all citizens of California to postpone their disputes until the "administration of justice is organized in that country, and the corresponding tribunals are established."

That the wheels of justice did not revolve with rapidity is shown by the record of a certain suit.

On November 12, 1838, a citizen presented to the superior political chief a petition stating that in May preceding an alcalde had taken certain cattle from petitioner, and imposed a fine upon him. Petitioner stated that some of his cattle had been returned, but not all, and prayed that he receive the hides of the cattle still withheld, and that his fine be remitted. The value of the hides and the amount of the fine aggregated less than fifty dollars.

On November 14, the Governor referred the matter to the First Alcalde, transmitting to him petitioner's petition and exhibits.

On May 21, 1839, the First Alcalde transferred the case, with his report, to the Prefect of the First District, who on the same day returned the papers to the First Alcalde, "In order that he explain his report, binding himself to all the points mentioned in the complaint instituted." June 20, 1839, defendant appeared, and expediente (probably consisting of petition, reports and citation or process) was delivered to him. On this day the First Alcalde reports that he is absolutely ignorant of what report he can give on the subject, by reason that the fact referred to was the act of another judge, "who will be able to give an exact account of the matter," as the only thing which he—First Alcalde—could find in his court relating to the matter was the sentence of the ex-alcalde, which constituted petitioner's cause of complaint.

The matter was consequently referred to the Prefect *pro tem*,

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who on November 25, 1839, referred it to the Governor *pro tem*, "for his Superior information and decision."

December 16, 1839, the Governor ordered the expediente (record, or transcript) returned to the Prefect of the Second District, in order that he decree that on eof the judges of the City take such depositions as might be proper; also that he order copies of the ordinances under which the Second Alcalde acted in imposing the fine in question. The Governor also ordered, "Let this expediente return to the government with the opinion of said prefect, to decide what may be convenient."

June 14, 1840, it was ordered that the expediente pass to the Second Justice of the Peace of the City of Los Angeles, "in order that after compliance with the preceding order, it be returned to the Prefecture for its further fulfillment."

The Mexican records do not show the final disposition of the case. There is nothing to show that the case was transferred to an American court, after the conquest. Probably complainant despaired of receiving prompt relief at the hands of a new race, or the expediente became worn out from numerous transfers.

In July, 1840, one Cornelio makes complaint that he is imprisoned, and that his orchard is about to be taken away in payment of a debt. He complains that it is not a crime to owe money, and prays that his family be permitted to occupy his orchard.

The Governor orders the judge who acted in the matter to make a written report, although he had already made a verbal report.

The judge reports that, as prisoner had been sentenced by two judges, he (acting judge) could not revoke the sentence, but that out of consideration for prisoner's family, he had permitted prisoner's brother to take possession of the orchard in question for the purpose of paying petitioner's creditors, to which effect, Bernardino, the brother, executed a judicial obligation. The judge says: "This consideration has been harmful, because the credit of said Bernardino has been disconcerted, and on account of the continuous demands of Cornelio (prisoner) the order has not been carried out." The Governor orders as follows: "Let the judge make Cornelio Lopez understand that properties are respected whenever the debts contracted by the owners do not accuse them, that a judge may imprison a debtor, that the prisoner should not make use of subterfuges, making a merit of imprisonment, also that prisoner waits patiently and submissively the result to which he has given cause." The judge reported that he had complied with the Governor's instructions, and that, prisoner having understood, "remained informed and subject to what may be ordered."

The present generation is indebted to the old Alcalde for the expression "credit has been disconcerted."

October, 1840, applicant complains of delay in deciding a case. He says: "It is three days since I have been detained in this city for an affair of a horse in dispute which is being instituted before the Hon. Judge there, Don Felipe Lugo, which gentleman during so long a time has not deigned to decide the matter, and the stay in this place being to me very expensive on account of the damages and set-back, I suffer in my work, which is paralyzed for this cause." Applicant prays the Prefect to urge the judge to end the dispute.

Prefect's order: "The present petition has been noted—the judge who is acting in this matter will proceed to do justice to whoever merits it, to abide damages and claim of this nature, without prejudice to reporting what may be convenient in this particular."

The judge reported at once, stating that the complaint made against him by petitioner, "is more owing to his violence than to any justice on his side." The judge states that the dispute in question involved possession of a horse claimed by plaintiff and defendant; that the attendance of witnesses from a distance was necessary and caused delay. The judge also stated that he had notified the person who sold plaintiff the horse "that if his sale resulted to be bad, he would pay the damages and injury which that gentleman would suffer."

This suggests judicial procedure not known to the common law, but which is not without merit, having a tendency to prevent multiplicity of actions. The Prefect finds that petitioner had applied "through mere violence," and decides that he await the result of the affair referred to the judge.

An applicant for a grant of a mineral ledge states that he discovered a ledge which appeared to contain mineral, a piece of which ledge he presented to the Governor. He states: "I solicited some intelligent man in that line; but as I could not find any one, I have to seek one outside the department." Applicant asks that his petition be taken as denouncing the said ledge.

In May, 1841, Governor Arguello ordered Garrelata, a company commander, to obtain certain arms in the possession of another officer. In response he received the following from a subordinate officer of the company: "On making this mournful report to you I am filled with grief, and it is as follows: 'I beg to inform you that on the first of June at three in the afternoon Doña Juana Gastelum stabbed the commander of this company, Don A. Garrelata, and he died at 4 o'clock on the same day. I communicate it to you, first, in order that you commend him to God, and second, in order that in case that court has to communicate with this department, you address yourself to me, because the principal died, as I have said above.'"

In a divorce suit, a person speaking as attorney or friend of the

lady, uses this language: "See, whether in order to flatter a criminal, a mother of a family is to be ruined, having under her care a respectable number of children for whom she struggles and works, caring for them like young buds necessary to society."

A citizen, referring to certain conduct of a judge, says: "I cannot but be surprised at the extreme facility with which that judge attacks the inviolable rights due to all citizens." Could any language be more shocking to present-day susceptibilities?

Records of Departmental Assembly contain the following:

"Whereas, General Don Manuel Micheltorena pretends to ignore the authority of the Departmental Assembly, by this simple fact failing in the observance of the Laws which constitute the corporation in existence, since he refused to receive the Commission appointed to call on the said Chief in order to conciliate the way for an agreement and avoid the evils that are inherent to a civil war, in Session of this (date) ordered as follows: 1st, The authority exercised in this department by Mr. Micheltorena is ignored."

Even the enterprising American, Don Abel Stearns, who played an active part in Los Angeles a few years prior and subsequent to the conquest, could not obtain relief as expeditiously as he desired.

In October, 1839, he sued Don Vicente de la Ossa to recover a debt of "Three Hundred and Thirty-Nine Dollars, four reals and six grains," and requested that defendant be summoned.

Defendant appeared, admitted the genuineness of the instrument sued on, admitted the debt, "which sum it has not been possible for me to pay on account of the scarcity of coin to which I have been reduced"—one respect in which a similarity between old and new conditions appears. He also says he will pay within a fixed time, and pledges as security "my person, property I have or may acquire, and together with them I submit myself to the authority and jurisdiction of the Honorable Judges who may intervene in my cases in order that they compel me to its fulfillment as if it were a sentence in form passed by authority of a matter adjudged and without any resource, by peremptory means, or in the manner that may be deemed convenient."

Afterwards complainant appears to push his claim. The Justice of the Peace proposed the means of conciliation, which privilege complainant declined, "by reason of my documents being already prepared." Records show the following: "Submitted and accepted as may be according to right. Let Don Vicente de la Ossa be cited and given to understand that if within the third day he does not pay or compromise with his creditor, execution will be issued on the property sufficient to cover the amount of his indebtedness."

Defendant showed that his house was being advertised and sale

must be effected, for which reason he begged that a stay be granted. The Justice ordered complainant to appear, and he being asked if he agreed, execution was stayed. "Complainant being present was immediately notified; he said he hears it, and that he will wait at the most for two months, and with the stipulation that he be notified of the sale for the security of his pay."

The Second Justice proposed conciliation, which plaintiff refused because his document provided for an execution, and demanded change of venue to the court of the First Justice, which was granted.

Complainant shows that defendant's house cannot be sold until payment of a mortgage upon it, and protests against sale, unless plaintiff's claim is paid or secured before defendant's sale is closed. He then asks execution. March 16, Court of first instance orders Second Justice to enquire whether a deed to defendant's house was made in Second Justice's Court, and if so, defendant must be caused to appear and secure plaintiff's claim.

Second Justice reports, March 18, 1840, that when defendant and his proposed grantee appear in his court to execute or receive certificate of sale, he will order both to appear before the court of first instance, in order that defendant's vendee may suspend payment until proper settlement be made.

April 13, 1840, vendee notified court that certain cattle given for purchase of defendant's house are present, whereupon court orders that plaintiff's claim be paid.

Second Justice personally told defendant he must pay plaintiff, but defendant demanded that the cattle be delivered to him and that the cattle being in his possession, he would pay as best suited him.

Second Justice then ordered defendant to appear and deliver to plaintiff sufficient cattle to pay plaintiff's debt.

The record shows: "On this date, night having fallen, let it be proceeded to appoint persons to guard the cattle that Don Juan Callardo deliver to Vicente la Ossa (deft) in view that the said la Ossa did not want to take charge of it, saying he had to protest; and on the other hand Gallardo could not incur further expenses in the care of the cattle, for such reason it remaining in deposit with the proviso that the expenses run on the account of Don Vicente la Ossa by virtue of his demurring." (The word "demur" is evidently used in its original sense of "to delay.") April 14, 1840, defendant having refused to agree to the delivery of his cattle on account of awaiting the result of his petition, the decree upon which was received at an unreasonable hour, it is entered in the acts that by that reason this business remains suspended.

April 15, 1840, record shows that defendant having been summoned, the Second Justice proceeded with both parties to the place

where the cattle were, where defendant offered to give plaintiff all the horses, which plaintiff refused. The Justice ordered plaintiff to take certain horses. Neither party "remained satisfied," but the Justice ordered that the decision be carried out.

April 16, the Justice proceeded "to see" that defendant deliver a portion of the cattle to plaintiff, and the parties refusing to agree on the price, it was ordered that plaintiff receive the cattle at the tariff price.

On the same day, the Justice attended at a certain corral, waiting for defendant to deliver the cattle to plaintiff, and, parties not having agreed, ordered that a certain number of cows be delivered to plaintiff, which, with horses theretofore delivered, left a balance of \$12 still owing to plaintiff. Record shows that "plaintiff did not remain very well satisfied with the price of the animals, and he was told to receive them, and if he did not consider himself satisfied, he might make his claim as he saw fit, this proceeding being ended."

Plaintiff continued "not very well satisfied," and on April 21, filed his petition showing that the property delivered to him was not of the value claimed, and praying that such property be appraised, and that appraisers find the amount of damage caused to plaintiff by the difference in value "between this class of property and money or hides." Plaintiff prays the court to "take energetic measures" to cause defendant to pay, threatening an appeal, if his prayer be refused.

April 25th. Defendant was ordered to be cited to appear and answer whether he agrees, and the order was sent to his place of residence.

April 27th. Defendant not having appeared "up to date," a new order was made.

We have made several references to "courts of conciliation" and "conciliation cases." Such a case arose in 1840 in Los Angeles County.

The records show that a case involving disputed accounts was settled by arbitrating judges, the parties being Mr. Celis and Mr. Vignes.

After reciting the agreement to arbitrate, the record proceeds: "As to the personalities indulged in by Mr. Vignes against Mr. Celis, and by Mr. Celis against Mr. Vignes, they should give each other mutual satisfaction, giving to understand that they were not used with any animus or intention of injuring their honor, but only in the heat of passion in closing the contract for the boards. Both parties and the referees agreed to this, and they gave each other mutual satisfaction, remaining in the old harmony."

Report of referees contains the following: " . . . and seeing

that the matter was already degenerating into odious personalities unsuitable to their education, they agreed," etc.

A certain draft involved in the controversy was ordered paid in hides and tallow. The holder of the draft protested, saying that, while hides and tallow are current in this country "alternately" with coin, the draft was for goods "sold in a market where the current coin is not hides and tallow, but silver or gold."

In another case the record shows: "A feast day having intervened, these proceedings are suspended."

In the same case one party accounted for non-delivery of a document by stating that "although he came to deliver it yesterday, he found the court closed on account of too much rain."

In the same case, "Owing to serious engagements of the Court to-day," proceedings suspended. Again, "Today the Court being somewhat at leisure, this expediente will be received."

In another case of conciliation the parties agree to appoint arbitrating judges to decide the matter. Their agreement of arbitration contains the following: "And the belligerent parties impose upon themselves a fine of two hundred dollars which shall be paid by the one who protests or promotes another suit which may override the sentence which may be dictated by the arbitrating judges."

In their "final sentence" the arbitrators found a sum due from defendant to plaintiff and allowed interest at the rate of two and a half per cent per month.

One complainant alleging that a certain Judge had exceeded his jurisdiction, after quoting the law on the subject, says: "Since the prescriptions of said law do not admit interpretation it must be supposed that the Hon. Judge read it mechanically since he has wished to take to himself attributes of a higher authority. . . . We must therefore be convinced that the conciliating Judge has not acted in conformity with the laws in force, but that through ignorance or malice he has acted in the matter with too much partiality. . . . This proceeding, your excellency, does not only trample upon our social compact, but it also ridicules the Supreme Government and wounds persons and authorities that must be respected and conciliated by reason of the privileges to them imparted by law." This proceeding certainly displayed a varied activity.

Another case is referred to as illustrative of procedure.

Suit being filed the following order was made: "Don Ygnacio Palomares not being in this city an order was issued for him to appear."

"Don Ygnacio Palomares having appeared today let it be communicated to him for the term of nine days. Thus I, Manuel Dominguez, Judge of the First Instance, decreed and ordered with my assistant witnesses according to law."

Plea to Jurisdiction.

"On this date, and in view of the preceding act Don Ygnacio Palomares was notified and said that he hears it and neither receives it nor answers it, on account of this tribunal not being the one that has to decide it; this he answered and signed with me and my assistant witnesses according to right."

In another case defendant asks an extension of time on the ground that, "By being prevented from it by some sickness I have suffered and some domestic attentions of preference." Extension was granted, "notwithstanding that the petitioner has not proved being sick and having been seen at his work."

Actions were sometimes prosecuted or defended by attorneys-in-fact. One so representing another was required to file his power of attorney or warrant of authority.

March 5, 1844, Don Vicente de la Ossa sued Don Juan Moreno, alleging that complainant had rendered services as attorney-in-fact for defendant in regard to a certain matter of inheritance and in making collections. Defendant appeared by Don A. M. Somosa, whose name appears in the proceeding in place of defendant's name.

In his answer, or what corresponded to an answer, defendant demands a bill of particulars in these words: "And as up to today there has not been established in the department a tariff of charges for these affairs, and neither does the said de la Ossa (plaintiff) manifest what kind of affairs were these he managed, it becomes necessary that your Honor summon this gentleman to present the legalized account of the expenses he incurred in those and to what number amounted the collection he made."

In response plaintiff says: "I do not know how Mr. Somosa (defendant's agent) could have stated this want, when by the simple reading of my said application a true knowledge is had of the foundation of my demand."

Plaintiff further says: "The formation of which my opponent asks to be required of me, if perchance I must form any, it is not the proper time for it; when the way for proofs is opened, I will do it, if it is convenient to me."

Testimony was taken, time for proofs being extended from time to time, and arguments were made by the attorneys-in-fact for both parties.

In his argument—or brief—plaintiff uses this language: "Vicente de la Ossa, a resident of this city, before your Honor in the time more in conformity to right say that as I live absolutely satisfied that the worthies of our beloved country never will be capable of countenancing a pugnacious and malicious proceeding, and will that of reason, therefore I will not occupy myself in answering point by

point the writing of the attorney-in-fact for Don Juan Moreno, dated the 3rd instant, because I notice that in all his noise he has not any probability and it is only with sophistry and sagacious reflections that he thinks to mislead justice.

Referring to defendant's claim that he had received a cask of wine in part payment, plaintiff remarks: "He says I finished up one cask of wine which occupies eleven barrels, delivering to me gradually little by little. Oh what nonsense! . . . I cannot ask that the witness whom my opponent cites in his account be examined, because of not interpreting myself a fool. . . . oh what daring! oh what boldness! as if the authorities guided themselves by what we, the litigants, say and not by the justice called for by the case. . . . I finish by asking that you please consider the proofs presented by said attorney-in-fact of Moreno as extemporaneous and no value, as much for want of veracity as because of not being presented according to right."

Afterwards, it appears the parties were anxious to avoid a "contentious trial."

A contract in the nature of suretyship is stated as follows: "Los Angeles, May 14, 1846. On this date Don Leonardo Cota agreed that in case that Dementrio Villa fails in the payment of ten heifers within the space of five days counted from this date, the said Don Leonardo Cota will pay the ten heifers, and if not he will give twenty dollars in cash, which payment shall be made to Don Juan Ben, which was set down by agreement."

"On account of a fault committed toward the police Gregario was sentenced to 15 days of public work."

Contracts were evidenced by entries upon court records.

Verbal Transactions of Second Justice's Court show:

"For (being?) drunk and disorderly I sentenced peremptorily the Indian Mariano for 15 days to public works."

In regard to a horse trade the record of agreements shows: "Immediately Rios answered him (his opponent) that he was a bigger thief and that he would prove it and that he lied," etc.

A possible romance, not entirely lacking in suggestion of scandal, is shown by another record of the Second Justice: "Don Vicente Sanchez manifested that having ordered a pair of garters from Doña Dorotea Arce for the sum of fifty dollars, he received these garters and has given ten dollars on account; but the lady, after Sanchez had used them as his, and waited for her to deliver the balance, she changed and gave them to Don José Antonio Yorba, who claims them as his; and as it does not suit Sanchez's right to argue with Yorba, he wishes it to be entered and in order that he be not blamed as a swindler, as he undertook a trip to do to Santa Ana to argue with the lady and she hid herself away."

"Leave was given to José Avila to cure himself for 40 days, with the strong condition that he will not go to the grog-shops, nor go about on the streets loafing." An early instance of "probation."

More scandal. "Don Tomás Talamantes remained pledged as bondsman that within fifteen days Tomás Olivares will abandon without again setting foot in it the house and ranch of Tomás Antiveros." The surety also agrees that the young man shall pay one-half of his salary to his mother, and answers for his conduct, employment and good behavior.

The Justice recites that a certain Don "did not sign because he could not."

Paternal leniency appears in the sentence that "On this date Antonio Ma engaged to place 25 cart-loads of stone at the place where is to be built the City hall, for a fault which he committed; said cart-loads he will haul as soon as he gets through putting in a crop."

Prison guard given the right to prosecute an Indian, who by reason of the guard's neglect, had escaped from jail, it appearing that the guard was liable for certain fees, and also responsible for the Indian's punishment, in case the latter should not be retaken.

Before the Second Alternate Alcalde, "there appeared with their referees the Messrs. Don Guillermo Money and his wife Doña Isabel Rada against Don José Loreto Sepulveda suing him that by reason of the wife of the latter, Doña Sesaria Pantoja, having gone to the home of the plaintiff and insulted his said wife with blows and ('pulling of the horse' is the translation) for the reason that she said that Doña Isabel was with her husband Sepulveda; and that for such reason they had both been hurt in their marriage." Plaintiffs prayed that defendant's wife be punished. Defendant denied that he had told his wife that he had enjoyed the society of plaintiff's wife, and demanded proof. Plaintiff's wife replied that "she can justify the bad comportment and conduct of Doña Sesaria."

The Judge, seeing that the referees were unable to effect conciliation, wisely "kept out of it" and ordered that the parties proceed to suit.

An Irish gentleman appears on the records as Don José Simon O'Donoju.

A person "certified" that a party to a certain proceeding requested him to act as witness in regard to a certain transaction, but that he—person certifying—stated, "I could not serve him in that matter because I had not been present at any trade and that I did not wish to burden my conscience with calumnies of any kind."

In the same case subornation was attempted, one person testifying: "Then said J. offered me three bushels of wheat if I would give a deposition against said M. and on his making these propositions I would no longer listen to his conversation."

The record shows that a dispute over a parcel of land was settled by partition of the land in question.

Suit in equity.

Member of insolvent firm gives to his individual creditor a deed absolute in form, but intended as security. On going to settle and demand reconveyance, grantee claimed the property absolutely, and refused to reconvey. Grantor prays return of documents. Plaintiff prays that defendant be not permitted to refer to the bankruptcy, "because in the first place it does not concern him, and in the second it is well known that his spirit tends only to insult me, trying to blacken my honor and good conduct which he can never assail."

In response defendant says, *inter alia*, "That not having written a single word (in the present expediente) that might offend Mr. Petitioner, we are grateful for the healthy advice, and, as being grateful, correspond by telling him that he who has tow-tail should not go near the fire, because if he were told some day that he is bankrupt and kept money on hand, it will only be to repeat what this ill-advised creature has the effrontery to tell us, in outrage and contempt of the laws, and if the creditors and the Judge should call him to render accounts the only thing he could answer would be 'The fish die by the mouth.'"

Plaintiff replies: "Even if I wished to answer in the same manner in which the preceding coarse and disreputable writing is formed, my principles and good education do not allow it. . . . It seems, your Honor, that the addition to my first writing has been treated with the utmost contempt by the court under your charge, as proved by the effrontery with which the opposing party, absolutely deviating himself from the question, continues insulting me with nonsense and proverbs such as Sancho Panza would not be capable of spouting out when talking with Don Quixote; and lastly I repeat to you my prayer in this particular, making you responsible for the results that may ensue for not listening to me in justice, because my opponent does not respect our being before a tribunal which must be respected."

In directing the defendant to answer, the court says: "And the belligerent parties are cautioned to stop all personalities and insults, or the corresponding fine will be imposed."

Defendant, as indicated by his answer, evidently wishes to continue his recriminations.

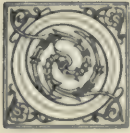
Plaintiff, responding to defendant's answer, speaking of his obligation and intention of preserving his name, says: "I find myself, therefore, under the obligation of destroying the slanderous insinuations of my opposing party." Plaintiff refers to the bankruptcy of his firm, saying he will not call the name of the one who caused his misfortunes, "because it would be useless," and because "my just resentment closes before the grave."

Plaintiff states to the court that what seemed just to him was to leave his interest in firm property to firm creditors, and his individual property to individual creditors. Arbitrating judges decided that upon payment of amount due defendant from plaintiff, defendant surrender all documents to plaintiff.

The parties complied with the decree, but defendant protested and asked that the expediente be delivered to him to be used in making an appeal "when there is some superior tribunal established in the country."

CHIPS FROM THE WORKSHOP OF HISTORY

By CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



OTHER pages Mr. Lummis has condensed the story of the Making of Los Angeles, reviewing with philosophic insight the varied factors, far separated from one another in space and time, which have blended for her structure, and the forces which have operated to compact widely incongruous elements into that marvelous entity we call Los Angeles. My task is less serious—the gathering and arrangement of certain fragments from the workshop of history, some of them taken because they are indices to the character of the builders of the elder day and the materials with which they worked, others for no better reason than that they appeal to my own fancy and may please another's. They have been picked up in various places—a few from the lips of persons yet living who took part in their making, others from sundry written records, but far the greater part from papers read before the Historical Society by J. M. Guinn, indefatigable delver into the archives, and from his *History of Los Angeles*. Without his patient work, this article would have been impossible, or would have taken entirely different shape.

To begin at the very beginning, the first men of Caucasian blood ever to set foot on the site of Los Angeles were those who made up the expedition which Governor Gaspar de Portolá led from San Diego to Monterey in 1769. August 1st of that year the expedition had camped near the present site of San Gabriel Mission to celebrate the jubilee of Our Lady of the Angels of Porciuncula. (It was to the convent of Porciuncula, in Italy, that St. Francis of Assisi retired in 1210 to work out the plans for the great religious order which bears his name.) Next day, says Father Crespi in his diary—this is the first of my pickings from Guinn—"We came to a rather wide cañada having a great many cottonwood and alder trees. Through it ran a beautiful river toward the north-northeast and curving around the point of a cliff it takes a direction to the south . . . We gave (it) the name of Porciuncula." An Indian village called Yang-na—a cluster of huts built from sticks and roofed and woven together with flag-stalks—occupied a tiny part of the city that was to be, and its dwellers greeted the first white men they had ever seen with full courtesy. Crespi says: "Immediately at our arrival about eight Indians came to visit us from a large *rancheria* situated pleasantly among the woods on the river's bank. The gentiles made us presents of trays heaped with pinales, chia and other herbs. The captain carried a string of shell beads and they

threw us three handfuls. Some of the old men smoked from well-made clay bowls, blowing three times smoke in our faces. We gave them some tobacco and a few beads and they retired well satisfied." On the plain beyond the river they found a vineyard of wild grapes and rose bushes in full bloom. Crespi notes: "This is the best locality we have yet seen for a mission, besides having all the resources required for a large town."

In 1777, having carefully examined the country from San Diego to San Francisco, Governor Felipe de Neve advised the establishment of two pueblos, one on the Rio de Guadalupe (San José stands there now) and one on the Rio de Porciuncula. The recommendation was carried out first in San José, owing to the proximity of the presidios of San Francisco and Monterey, and it was almost four



A FAMILY GROUP IN THE ELDER DAYS

years later (Sept. 4, 1781) when with mass and procession and waving banners and musket-fire the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles began to be. Of the eleven *pobladores* who had come from Mexico with their families, two were Spaniards, four Indians, two mulattos, one negro, and one mestizo (Guinn's list omits No. 4, Mesa by name, and I have not found his lineage elsewhere), no one of whom could read or write. They had presumably been tempted by the government's offer to grant to each head of a family settling in California a house-lot, a tract of land for cultivation, \$116.50 a year for the first two years and \$60 yearly for the next three; also "under condition of repayment. . . . two mares, two cows and one calf, two sheep and two goats, all breeding animals, and one yoke of oxen or steers, one plow-point, one hoe, one spade, one axe, one sickle, one wood-knife, one musket and one leather shield, two horses and one cargo mule. To the community

there shall likewise be given the males corresponding to the total number of cattle of different kind distributed among all the inhabitants, one forge and anvil, six crowbars, six iron spades or shovels, and the necessary tools for carpenter and cast work."

In 1790 a census showed 30 families (141 persons); 29 dwellings, a town hall, barrack, *cuartel*, and granaries, all surrounded by an adobe wall. In 1800 the population had increased to 315, and in 1810 to 415. Before 1820 the first man to whom English was a native tongue had reached Los Angeles—Joseph Chapman, from Massachusetts, a member of the crew of that Bouchard, who sailing under letters of marque, ravaged the coast of California in 1818.



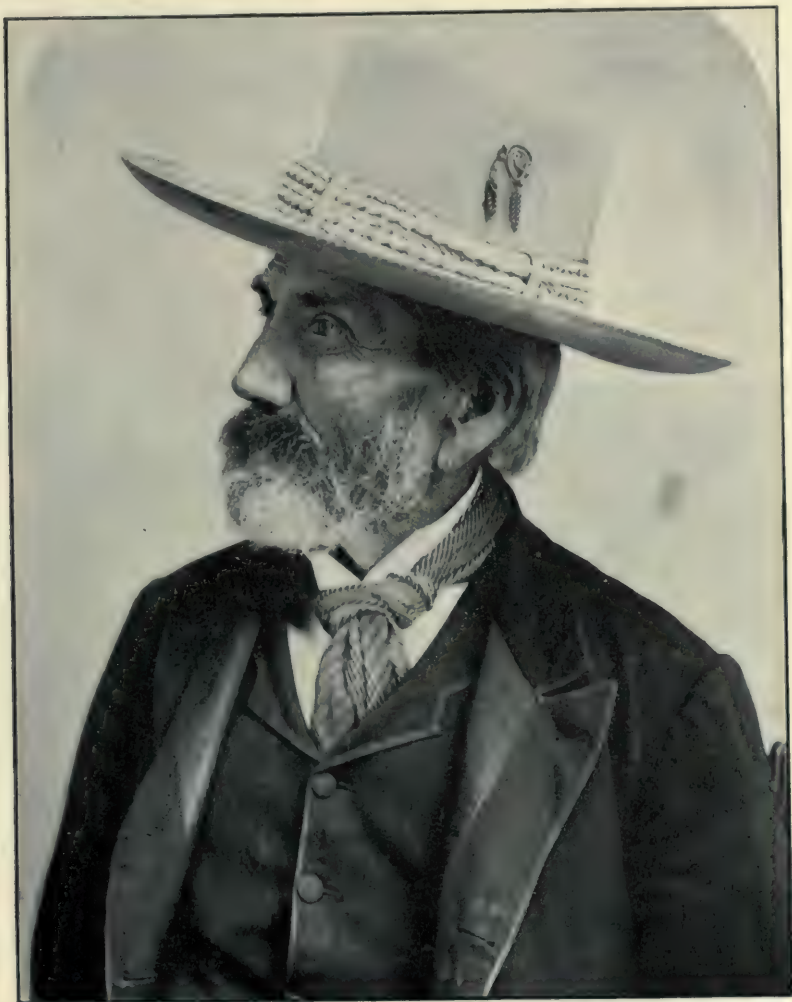
DON JOSÉ ANTONIO LUGO

From a painting in possession of Chamber of Commerce

Chapman was captured during the raid on Monterey, and brought to Los Angeles by Don Antonio Maria Lugo; he married Señorita Guadalupe Ortega, built the first mill in Southern California at San Gabriel, and lived for some thirty years as *José el Inglés*.

But one Yankee Jack-of-all-trades with a semi-piratical experience does not make an American invasion, and almost a score of years later the census list of 1836 contained the names of just twenty-eight adult males born in the United States and then resident in Los Angeles. With them were three who named England as the place of their nativity, three from France, two from Ireland, one from Germany and one from Norway. One of the Frenchmen was Louis

Vignes, who, according to J. Albert Wilson (in his "History of Los Angeles County") came here by way of the Sandwich Islands in 1831, with a stock of devotional ornaments and trinkets, which he sold at such good profits as to make him quite wealthy. With part of his profits he bought a vineyard east of Alameda street and in 1834 planted the first orange orchard in the city, using slips from the San Gabriel Mission. In 1851, offering his Aliso vineyard for sale, he advertised: "There are two orange gardens that yield from five thousand to six thousand oranges in the season. The vineyard, with forty thousand vines, thirty-two thousand now bearing, will yield one thousand barrels of wine per annum, the quality of which is well known to be superior." Of the twenty-eight Americans not one whose record would not be interesting, but here is space barely to name only a few. There was Jacob Leese, who was a merchant here from 1833, and in 1836 put up the first building at Yerba Buena, now better known as San Francisco; and John Temple, who with George Rice had opened in 1827 the first department store in this pueblo—they called it "general merchandise" then. The Temple Block, standing today, was built (or the larger part of it) by him in 1858. At one time he held a ten-year lease on the government mint in the City of Mexico, and refused a million-dollar offer for it. William Wolfskill, Kentuckian by birth, had been hunter and trapper for many a year before he came to Los Angeles in 1831. With him came (quoting now Col. J. J. Warner) "a number of New Mexicans, some of whom had taken *serapes* and *fresadas* (woolen blankets) with them for the purpose of trading them to the Indians in exchange for beaver skins. On their arrival in California they advantageously disposed of their blankets to the rancheros in exchange for mules. . . . The appearance of these mules in New Mexico, owing to their large size, compared with those at that time used in the Missouri and Santa Fé trade . . . caused quite a sensation in New Mexico, out of which sprung up a trade, carried on by means of caravans or pack animals . . . which flourished for some ten or twelve years. . . . They brought the woolen fabrics of New Mexico, and carried back mules; also silk and other Chinese goods." He planted the second orange orchard in Los Angeles, covering all the ground now bounded by San Pedro, Alameda, Third and Seventh streets. In the '50's for several years he averaged a net income of one hundred dollars from each of his trees, but in 1856 the "scale" made its appearance, and ruined crops were the rule for many a year. In 1862, according to Hittell, more than two-thirds of the 2500 orange trees in California were in Wolfskill's Los Angeles orchard. Don Juan (Jonathan Trumbull) Warner, from the Nutmeg State, reached here in December, 1831, and spent his first summer in hunt-



DON FRANCISCO GARCIA. 112 YEARS OLD

ing sea-otter along the coast. In 1840, while lecturing on California in the East, he made what was probably the first public suggestion of a transcontinental railroad. "Warner's Ranch," familiar in recent years as the seat of an "Indian question," became his property in 1843. For almost fifty years he played an important part in the life of Los Angeles, being at various times merchant, politician, newspaper-publisher, historian, and much beside.

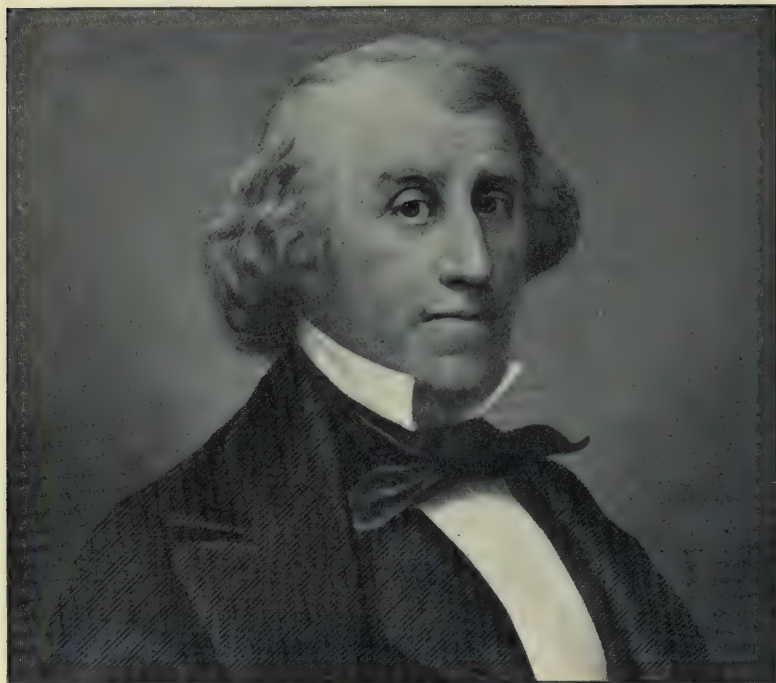
To Don Abel Stearns (the last of the twenty-eight whom I can name here) a separate paragraph is given. It would take a separate volume to consider his life with reasonable fullness—a volume which would have to touch upon pretty much all the history of Southern California, political, financial and social, from about 1830 for several decades. Coming to California in 1828, already a naturalized citizen

of Mexico, he soon commenced business in Los Angeles. Swiftly and surely he won for himself success of every kind, including the winning as his bride a lovely and aristocratic girl of Spanish descent, whose father was younger than himself. Moreover, he was counted so unbeautiful that his cattle-herders were wont to make merry over a little ditty of their own composition which has been roughly translated:

"Two little doves sang on a laurel,—

How lovely Doña Arcadia, how homely Don Abel."

Yet (or should it perhaps be therefore?) they lived happily together



DON ABEL STEARNS

for more than the span of a generation. Before 1840 he had built a home which, though of adobe and only one story high, was commonly known as *El Palacio de Don Abel*—and with good reason, as the dancing hall 100 feet long may indicate. Within the "palace," too, a princely hospitality was dispensed—indeed this might be said of almost every home in the California of that day, according to its means. It was Don Abel's gold that was the first from California to reach the Philadelphia mint—\$344.75 worth of it, sent around Cape Horn by sailing vessel, and deposited at the mint July 8, 1843. This was from the placers forty miles from Los Angeles, where gold was found more than seven years before Marshall's discovery in the

Sutter millrace set the world afire. (This first gold-find in California was made March 9, 1841, by Francisco Lopez, a herdsman for Don Antonio del Valle, in the San Francisco Cañon on del Valle's ranch, while digging for wild onions with his sheath-knife during a noonday rest. Many hundred thousand dollars were taken from these placers.) Only one more note concerning Don Abel is possible here, and that touches one of the least significant facts in his record. In 1858, according to the assessment roll, his wealth was more than twice as great as that of any other man in the county.

This is a good place to speak of an early attempt to represent Los Angeles pictorially, of which a reproduction from photograph is



"EL PALACIO DE DON ABEL" IN 1857
From an old print

used as frontispiece herewith. The photograph bears the legend "Los Angeles in 1840," but that is somebody's guess and is out of the way by more than ten years, as will be made evident in a moment. The little building on the hill in the lower right-hand corner of the engraving is the old *cuartél*, the jail of the Mexican days. This was later bought by Hon. B. S. Eaton and improved for a residence, and there was born Fred Eaton, who was to become Mayor of Los Angeles and to be the first dreamer of a great dream that we are now rapidly seeing realized—the bringing of the Owens River into Los Angeles. Just above and to the left of the *cuartél* is what stands for Don Abel's palace, and just back of that is the shingle-roofed

house which Mrs. S. C. Foy pointed out to me the other day (in the picture, of course—the actual house disappeared long ago) as the one in which she first lived in Los Angeles, in 1852. She was Lucinda Macy then, daughter of Dr. Obed Macy, and had just begun to go to private school. On one side of the Macys, John G. Downey, afterward Governor of California, lived and kept a drug store; on the other was being printed the first newspaper in Los Angeles, the *Star*. Now just the fact of this house appearing in the picture fixes its date as later than 1850—for the house was not built until 1851. It came from Boston by sailing vessel around Cape Horn, having been made complete there and only needing to be put together here. From San Pedro to Los Angeles it was hauled by oxen on just such a *carreta* as is shown in another illustration on these pages. In the same way, too, about this time came houses of corrugated iron.

A bit about how Dr. Macy came here fits in very well just at this point, and may be recommended to those later comers who have found a four-day trip across the continent in a Pullman car somewhat tedious. With his wife and eight children, he started from Indiana with an ox team in April, 1850, being joined at the Missouri river by a married daughter (seven of the nine children, by the way, are still alive, one of them dying from cholera during the trip.) At Salt Lake City they remained two months, a grandchild being added to the family the while. Leaving there in October, they pushed forward as rapidly as possible, supplies dwindling and cattle getting gaunter and feebler as the days stretched out. The last four hundred miles they made on foot, mother and children as well as the father. At the foot of Caion Pass, they had come to the last handful of meal, when another of the little train who had found a few beans at the bottom of his sack shared with them. The beans were just cooked when the kettle was by some mishap overturned and the breakfast spilled into the ashes. The mother, who up to that time had remained cheerful under every discouragement, was not proof against this, and sighed: "Well, it does seem as if the Lord didn't intend to stand by us," while the hungry children scraped up the beans out of the ashes and ate them. Coming across Cajon Pass they had only mustard greens to eat. On Christmas Day, they stood where they could look down on the valleys of Southern California, green after the early winter rains, and the children of that day, themselves grandparents now, still remember how Father turned to catch Mother in his arms, saying, "Lucinda, this is Paradise!" A practical taste of paradise the children soon had, for at the Prudhomme ranch they were given a quarter of beef (the first fresh meat since leaving Salt Lake), air-dried grapes, popcorn, and other comestibles sufficiently appetizing. Dr. Macy's first business venture was to raise

a crop of onions at El Monte, which he took by sailing vessel to San Francisco. During the voyage the onions turned soft on the outside, but, finding that they were firm inside, Dr. Macy hired men to peel off the outer layers, and sold what remained at a profit of some thousands of dollars. In telling me some memories of these early days not long ago, Mrs. Foy mentioned that she learned her A B C's from the Bible on the way to California. She did not mention that at the first public school examination ever held in Los Angeles in June, 1856, "among the young ladies conspicuous for general proficiency," according to the newspaper report, was Lucinda Macy.



THE OLD CITY HALL

This was built for a market in 1858. The second story was divided into two parts, one occupied by court-rooms, the other as a theatre. The builders' trustful confidence in the weather induced them to omit chimneys, but as the cut shows it was found necessary to put stove-pipes through the windows.

Speaking of schools, the first in Los Angeles (I am picking from Guinn again now) was opened in 1817 by Maximo Piña, an invalid soldier, at a salary of \$140 a year. He taught for two years—then no more school until 1827. In that year Luciano Valdez opened a school for which, on September 29th, the Alcalde paid, as appears upon the city archives, \$12 for a bench and table purchased at San Gabriel—and likely enough made by the aforementioned Chapman of piratical inclinations. In 1834-5 two successive schoolmasters quit because the *Ayuntamiento* (of which more hereafter) refused

to increase their stipend from \$15 to \$20 per month. An account of the expenditures made for the public school from February to December, 1834, shows: Primers \$1, blackboard \$2, earthen jar for water \$2.50, ink \$1, string for ruling blackboard 50 cents, ink well 37 cents, total \$7.37. February 2, 1844, Don Guadalupe Medina, preceptor of the "Lancastorian School of Los Angeles," rendered an inventory of books and furniture, from which it appears that the public school equipment at that date, 103 children being under instruction, consisted of 36 spelling books, 11 second readers, 14 catechisms by Father Ripaldi, 1 table without cover, 1 writing desk, 1 blackboard, 6 benches. The first schoolhouse built by the city was put up in 1854 on the corner of Spring and Second, now occupied by the Bryson Block, was of brick, two stories high, and cost about \$6000. In 1870 this schoolhouse was still considered too far away from the business center to hold a teachers' institute in.

The *Ayuntamiento* was mentioned a few lines back. This was the governing body of the city and of all the territory from San Juan Capistrano to San Fernando. It was composed of two Alcaldes, six Regidores, a Secretary and a Syndico. The Alcalde combined the functions of Mayor, President of the Council and Judge. The Syndico acted as City Attorney, Tax and License Collector, and Treasurer, receiving a commission on his collections. The members of the Ayuntamiento served without pay, but were fined \$3 for absence from any meeting without good excuse. They were required to appear at the meetings "attired in black apparel, so as to add solemnity to the meetings." In taking office, the new member was required to "kneel before a crucifix placed on a table or dais, with his right hand on the Holy Bible; all the members of the Ayuntamiento shall rise and remain standing with bowed heads while the Secretary reads from the oath prescribed by law; and on the member saying, 'I swear to do * * *,' the President will answer: 'If thou so doest, God will reward thee; if thou doest not, may He call thee to account.'" On critical occasions all the citizens were summoned to the meeting of the Ayuntamiento by beating the long roll on the drum, anyone not heeding the summons being liable to a fine of \$3. The question at issue was then settled, after discussion, by a majority vote of all present. It appears that the Referendum is not so new in Los Angeles, after all.

Here are certain ordinances, taken from Guinn:

"A license of \$2 shall be paid for all dances, except marriage dances, for which permission shall be obtained from the Alcalde."

"Every individual giving a dance at his house or at any other house without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$5 for the first offense, and for the second and third punished according to law."

"All individuals serenading promiscuously around the streets of the city at night without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$1.50 for the first offense, \$3 for the second offense, and for the third punished according to law."

"Every person not having any apparent occupation in this city or its jurisdiction is hereby ordered to look for work within three days, counting from the day this ordinance is published. If not complied with he will be fined \$2 for the first offense, \$4 for the second offense, and will be given compulsory work for the third."

January 17, 1837, the following was passed unanimously: "The Roman Catholic apostolic religion shall prevail throughout this juris-



TWO IMPORTANT BLOCKS IN 1880

With a little eye-strain, one may find the City Council Chambers, with the Chief of Police in adjoining quarters

diction; and any person publicly professing another religion shall be prosecuted." But there is no record of any prosecution under that law.

In 1844, smallpox being epidemic and there being no physicians in the town, the Ayuntamiento issued a proclamation with a list of hygienic rules which were read by a guard at each house. Some of the rules were "to refrain from eating peppers and spices that stimulate;" "to wash all salted meats before using;" "to refrain from eating unripe fruit;" "all residents in good health to bathe and cleanse themselves once in eight days;" "all travelers on inland roads to halt at the distance of four leagues from the town and

remain in quarantine three days, during which time they shall wash their clothes."

In 1827 the total disbursements of the city amounted to \$478.25. In August, 1835, there were six bar-rooms, eleven stores and one billiard-room. The license for maintaining a bar-room was 50 cents a month, and for a store or billiard-room \$1 monthly.

In 1847, when the city passed into American control, the following property, besides a number of documents, was scheduled as belonging to the Ayuntamiento: One white wooden table, two benches of same material, two bottles of ink, two inkstands and a ruler, an old box with papers, two pairs of andirons in the jail, two pairs of handcuffs with key, collections of papers of police, and other loose papers relating to pending business.

Before the Gringo came, the city officials seem to have discharged their duties faithfully and honorably. This has not always been true since. To mention only two cases, in 1870 the Mayor and members of the Council were arrested for unlawfully issuing city scrip, but were discharged. February 1, 1879, the Express reports the following resolutions adopted at a largely attended mass-meeting:

"Whereas, We, the people of Los Angeles, having been long suffering and patient, have seen our hard-earned money paid as taxes to irresponsible city officials, to be by them squandered and lost;

"Whereas, Up to the present time, civil law has been insufficient to give us protection from genteel thieves and plunderers; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the citizens of Los Angeles, spare no means or expense to thoroughly investigate the financial affairs of Los Angeles, including moneys collected as taxes or in any way belonging to the city of Los Angeles, as well as the various public contracts, and disposal of city lands and property; and that we solemnly pledge ourselves that all parties found guilty of public robbery, plunder, defaulting, or public swindling, or cheating Los Angeles out of her real wealth, shall be punished: first, by civil law, if possible; but in the event of the failure of civil proceedings, then we shall stand pledged as men and citizens to use that higher law of self-protection, and bring all such public plunderers to speedy and condign punishment."

The threat of the concluding phrase was by no means an idle one. There were doubtless many there who had taken part in the early days in the work of the vigilantes. The word at once brings San Francisco to mind, but the fact is that "in the first 25 years of American rule in Los Angeles 35 men were executed by vigilance committees; during the same period only eight were hanged by

vigilantes in San Francisco." (Guinn.) And assuredly there was need of stern action for self-protection, since the town was one of the "toughest" in the country during the '50's. In 1854 there was said to have been an average of one violent death for every day in the year. As for gambling, it was a recognized vocation. A lady still living here well remembers peeping in at the windows of the public room in the leading hotel where gambling went on in the '50's day and night, and tells of a certain Captain, a great gamester, who lived with his wife at the hotel. It was always easy to tell whether the Captain was winning or losing, by noticing whether his wife was singing cheerfully or going around in glum



LOS ANGELES JUST AFTER THE "BOOM" OF THE '80's

The Bradbury and Stimson blocks had just been built, and were the most imposing business structures in the city

silence. One day when the Captain's wife had been singing with particular jubilation, the little girl was invited into the room to "help make the bed." The lifting of the mattress disclosed to the child's astonished eyes a space about three feet square completely covered with \$50-"slugs," as the great octagonal pieces coined in San Francisco were called. Nor did public gambling cease with the '50's. Here is a bit from the *News* of February 13, 1872:

"Sonora is inhabited chiefly by the lowest classes of our native Californian population. Main street, the principal avenue passing through it, is lined on each side by brothels, gambling dens, and miserable billiard and drinking hells. The game Keno seems to be the most popular. At a small table facing the open door-way,

a few vigorous shakes of the cylinder are given, and the game commences. A girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age utters an exclamation in Spanish, and after comparing the dice with her card is pronounced the winner of the pot. Indian women congregate in front of the saloon where they have obtained the liquor that has intoxicated them, with disheveled hair, foaming mouths, disordered and dilapidated garments, they present a disgusting sight, while their discordant voices, joining in some Indian song, grate harshly upon the ear. In front of a row of crumbling adobes are a number of game-cocks, picketed at a regular distance apart. Perchance a hand-to-hand fight with knives will close the day's orgies. In striking contrast with these scenes of debauchery and degradation is that of a couple of Sisters of Charity, proceeding from one house of poverty to another on their blessed mission of mercy."

One more word as to the early methods of dealing with crime



SPRING ST. ENTRANCE OF THE OLD "ROUND HOUSE"

This was a popular pleasure resort in the '80's

will be enough for these pages. September 29, 1849, Stephen C. Foster, in acknowledging his appointment by the military Governor of California as Prefect of the District of Los Angeles, wrote:

"I beg leave to state that this district is particularly exposed to the depredations of Indian horse-thieves and other evil disposed persons, and at present the inhabitants are badly armed and powder cannot be obtained at any price. Under these circumstances I would respectfully request that you place at my disposal for the defense of the lives and property of the citizens of said district, subject to such conditions as you may deem proper, the following arms and ammunition, viz.: One hundred flint-lock muskets with corresponding accoutrements; ten thousand flint-lock ball and buckshot cartridges; five hundred musket flints."

For its first 54 years Los Angeles was not a city, but a pueblo. May 23, 1835, the decree was signed in the City of Mexico which declared that "the town of Los Angeles, Upper California, is erected to a city, and shall be for the future the capital of that country." And capital Los Angeles remained until the American occupancy.

Its boundaries had already been designated as "two leagues to each wind from the centre of the Plaza"—enclosing a little matter of a hundred square miles. The city endeavored to establish its claim to this entire territory before the U. S. Land Commission, which commenced its sessions in 1851, but in 1856 the commission conceded the claim as to about 28 square miles, rejecting it as to the rest. The first official survey and plot of the city was made by Lieutenant Ord in 1849. Of this, Guinn says:

"Ord probably made an accurate survey, but many of the blocks are now irregular; some contain an excess and others are short, and some of the streets have drifted away from their original locations. This is in part due to the easy-going methods of those early days. The Ayuntamiento was to have placed permanent monuments to mark the corners of the blocks, but neglected to do so. The corner stakes were convenient for picketing mustangs and were rapidly



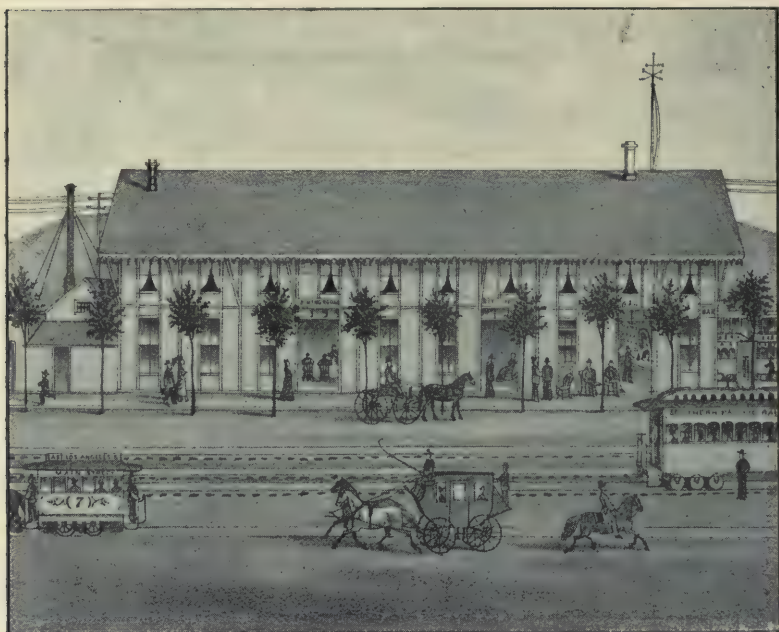
MAIN STREET ENTRANCE OF "THE ROUND HOUSE"

disappearing. The Council, a year or so after the survey was made, gave Juan Temple a contract to place stone monuments to mark the corners. He hired a gang of Mexicans to do the work. If they found a corner stake, they placed a monument; if not, some one of the gang paced off the length of the block and set the corner stone. The excess in some blocks and the shortage in others might be accounted for if we could find out whether it was a long-legged or a short-legged *paisano* that did the stepping. The price of Ord survey lots (120x165) on Spring street in the fall of '49 and spring of '50 ranged from \$25 to \$50 each.

"The names of the streets on Ord's plan are given in both Spanish and English; beginning with Main they are as follows: Calle Principal—Main street; Calle Primavera—Spring street, named for the season spring; Calle Fortin—Fort street; Calle Loma—Hill street; Calle Accytuna—Olive street; Calle de La Caridad—The Street of Charity (now Grand avenue); Calle de Las Esperanzas—The Street of Hopes; Calle de Las Flores—The Street of Flowers;

Calle de Los Chapules—The Street of Grasshoppers (now Pearl street). North of the Plaza church the north and south streets were the Calle de Eternidad—Eternity street, so named because it had neither beginning nor end, or, rather, each end terminated in the hills. Calle del Toro—Bull street, significant of the national pastime of Spain and Mexico—the bull fight. Calle de Las Avispas—Hornet street; an exceedingly lively street at times when the hornets had business engagements with the *paisanos*. Calle de Las Adobes—Adobe street, well named. The east and west streets were Calle Corta—Short street; Calle Alta—High street; Calle de Las Virgines—Street of Virgins; Calle del Colegio—College street, the only street that retains its primitive name.

"The Calle de Las Chapules was for many years the extreme



WHERE R. R. PASSENGERS LANDED IN 1880

western street of the city. The name originated thus: On certain years, mostly during the dry or drouth years, myriads of grasshoppers hatched on the low grassy plains of the Ballona and Cienegas. When they had devoured all vegetation where they originated, they took flight, and, flying with the wind, moved in great clouds towards the east—like the locusts of Egypt, devouring everything in their course. When the destroying hosts reached Calle de Las Chapules, the *vinatero* knew his grape crop for that season was doomed. The voracious hopper would not leave a green leaf on his vines, and the vineyardist considered himself fortunate if the destroying host did not devour the bark as well as the leaves. Calle Primavera—Spring street, sixty or seventy years ago (this was written in 1895) was known as the Calle de La Caridad—the Street of Charity. The aristocratic part of the city in those days was in the neighborhood of the Plaza and on Upper Main street. Spring

street being well out in the suburbs, its inhabitants were mostly peons and Mexicans of the poorer class, who were dependent largely upon the charity of their wealthier neighbors. There is a tradition, which I have not been able to verify by written record, that back about the beginning of the century, Spring street was known as *Calle Cuidado*—Lookout, or Beware street, so called because of the numerous washes and gulches cutting across it from the low foothills."

Not even a stage-coach ran into Los Angeles until 1851, in which year Gregory's Great Atlantic and Pacific Express brought in Eastern mails in one month and nineteen days. Before that time passengers arriving at San Pedro by sailing vessel came the rest of the way on horseback, unless, as sometimes happened, the half-broken



RESIDENCE OF H. T. HAZARD, 123 SPRING ST., IN '80
From a contemporary print

bronco and his unaccustomed rider parted company en route. But regular postal service had been established long before. "At the beginning of Washington's administration, in 1789, the longest continuous mail route in the United States was from Falmouth, in Maine, to Savannah, Georgia, a distance of about 1000 miles. This was not a through service, but was made up of a number of short lines or carries. At the same time, across the continent on the Pacific coast, the soldier mail-carriers of the Spanish king, starting from San Francisco on the first day of each month, rode over a continuous route of 1500 miles to Loreto, in Lower California, collecting, as they went southward, from each mission, presidio and pueblo its little budget of mail, and returning, brought to the colonists of Alta California their mail from Mexico, making in all a round trip of 3000 miles." (Guinn.) In 1849-50 the nearest ap-

proach to a postoffice in Los Angeles was a tub standing on the end of a store-counter, into which the letters were dumped, and from which those expecting mail helped themselves. In 1858 the Butterfield stage route was established, running a semi-weekly stage from San Francisco to St. Louis and Memphis, via Los Angeles, Yuma and Tucson, and El Paso, first in 24 days, then in 21. For this mail service the U. S. Government paid a subsidy of \$600,000 a year, while in 1859 the postal receipts over the route were only \$27,000.

When stages were first put on between San Pedro and Los Angeles, the fare was \$10. On the steamer line established between San Pedro and San Francisco, in the early '50's, cabin-passage cost \$55, the trip taking four days, and the bill-of-fare consisting of hard bread, salt beef, potatoes, and coffee without milk or sugar.

January 8, 1858, one finds this newspaper record: "A drove of fourteen camels, under the management of Lieutenant Beale, arrived in Los Angeles. They were on their way from Fort Tejon to the Colorado River and the Mormon country, and each animal was packed with 1000 pounds of provisions and military stores. With this load they made from thirty to forty miles per day, finding their own subsistence in even the most barren country, and going without water from six to ten days at a time." (A full account of this novel experiment in freighting appeared in OUT WEST for April, 1907.)

The first railroad to run into Los Angeles was one connecting this city with San Pedro. To the construction of this the county subscribed \$150,000, and the city \$75,000. The last rail was laid October 26, 1869, and 1500 people enjoyed a free round trip on that day. November 5, 1872, the city and county voted to turn over to the Southern Pacific all their stock in the San Pedro & Los Angeles Railroad (\$225,000 worth), together with \$377,000 in 20-year 7 per cent. bonds, and sixty acres for depot grounds, as a subsidy. September 6, 1876, the last spike was driven in the line connecting Los Angeles with San Francisco, and a great banquet and ball celebrated the event. The Santa Fé was completed in May, 1887, without subsidy or concession. Its original connection with San Diego, via the Temecula Cañon, was washed out in the flood year of 1889, and the present line to San Diego was built in 1891.

The early water system of Los Angeles consisted of neither more nor less than the irrigating ditches—*zanjas*—plus Indians who brought water in buckets to customers. A little later water-barrels were rolled through the streets, and in the early '50's water-carts came into use. In 1857 a brick reservoir in the center of the Plaza, supplied by pumps operated by a wheel in the *zanja*, became the water-distributing center for the little community. Twice between 1860 and 1870 floods in the river swept away the dam, and the city was left without a water supply. Los Angeles was not lighted by gas until 1867, though oysters and ice had made their appearance ten years earlier.

The first hive of bees is said to have been brought to Los Angeles September 4, 1864, having been purchased in San Francisco for \$150. Two swarms from this hive sold the next April for \$100 each, as they were clustered on the bush without hiving—apparently a bee in the

hand not being counted worth two in the bush. Honey sold in that year for \$1.50 per pound. September 21, 1854, butter was quoted at \$1 per pound, and eggs at 75 cents per dozen.

"The purchases made by the *rancheros* in those days are the subject of many regretful recollections by old merchants. Thus John O. Wheeler, Esq., started a store (general merchandise) in 1850, on the very ground where his office now is"—this is Taylor, writing in 1880—"and he says his business averaged from \$5000 to \$6000 per day. Thus Mr. John Jones, another prominent merchant in the years succeeding 1832, frequently cleared (says his widow) \$60,000 per annum over and above all expenses—from the local and Mormon trade. The usual order for goods of a California gentleman was *his sword*; this was much more frequently sent than his signature,



ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE IN 1879

and was quite as well known. Nearly all goods were purchased in unbroken packages, and prices were never asked."

In spite of the large business done, Los Angeles remained without a bank until 1868. The result was (quoting now ex-Gov. J. G. Downey) that "every merchant who had a safe was a repository of money belonging to friends. During the three years of active business of my own, 1851, 1852 and 1853, I used to have in my safe \$200,000; each depositor putting in his sack or bag of buckskin, filled with gold-dust or \$50 octagonal slugs, tying with a string, and taking no receipt, and when he wanted money he called for his bag, took out what he wanted and put it back again." In February, 1868, the first banking-firm was established by Governor Downey, with J. A. Hayward, of San Francisco, as partner. In September, 1868, I. W. Hellman entered the banking business, the firm being Temple, Hellman & Co. After sundry changes, the Farmers' and Merchants'

Bank of Los Angeles opened its doors April 10, 1871, Downey being president, and Hellman cashier.

In 1880, these were the hotels in Los Angeles, according to a publication of that year: The St. Charles, formerly the Bella Union; the Cosmopolitan, formerly the Lafayette; the United States; the Pico House; the White House; the Grand Central, and the Pacific. It would be interesting to know how large a percentage of present Angeleños could even point out where these hotels once stood.

Another interesting note from 1880 is that in that year stock in the Forest Grove Association was selling "at almost 50% above par." This was a company which had "conceived the idea" of growing eucalyptus on a large scale, and in 1875 set out 100,000 trees. I have been unable to discover what became of the Association eventually, but some of the trees are there yet.



THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN L. A.

The pioneer club of Los Angeles, which was also the first body to establish anything in the nature of a public reading-room, or library, was the *Amigos del Pais*, a social organization including in its membership both natives and new-comers. To this, in 1844, the Ayuntamiento granted a lot free of taxes, and an adobe building was erected, with a dancing-hall, reading-room and card-tables. After a few years the society languished, and the building was disposed of by lottery. The Los Angeles Public Library Association was organized in 1859, and opened a reading-room in a block on Los Angeles street, owned by Don Abel Stearns. Henry Mellus gave his private library, and others assisted by loans and donations, arrangements also being made for the regular receipt of newspapers from all over the country by the Overland Mail, established the year before. This, too, soon fell by the wayside, and not till January, 1873, was the

Library which still persists (through good and evil report) opened. In 1880, the year when Miss Mary Foy (daughter of that Lucinda Macy, whose name was mentioned in 1856 for "general proficiency") became Librarian, the Library had 2100 volumes and a membership of about 150. When she left it, four years later, the *monthly* loans of books exceeded the total number of volumes on the shelves.

All of us know of the Texas Rangers, but who remembers that there was once the Los Angeles Rangers, organized from among the best citizens to assist the officers of the law? This had its birth in June, 1853, when Joaquin Murietta was raiding Southern California, and performed much good service during the four years of



"BILLY" MORROW TODAY

In 1887 he got up the "Presbyterian Ball" to raise funds for the first Protestant Church Building in Los Angeles

its existence. And who remembers now the French Zouaves? or the Guardia Zaragiza? or the Washington Guards? or the Los Angeles Phialetics, which had no less a man than Stephen M. White for president during its short existence? or the Irish Literary and Social Club, which "took a very important part in assisting in the release of the Fenian prisoners from Perth, Western Australia, in 1875?" or the Harmony Club, "probably the wealthiest social club in Southern California—the monthly dues being as high as \$20?" This last, by the way, was doomed to extinction from the start; for, composed of unmarried men, one of its by-laws provided that upon the marriage of any member the club should dissolve. It endured for five years.

The steps of many a turbulent wanderer have led him at last to

the bosom of the church, and I may well end this random gathering of historical chips with a few of ecclesiastical coloring. For almost seventy years after the founding of Los Angeles no formal religious service save the Roman Catholic was held in Los Angeles. The first Protestant service was held in June, 1850, in an adobe residence on the site of the present Bullard block, and was presided over by Rev. J. W. Brier, a Methodist clergyman who had been a member of the famous "Jayhawker" party, which in the preceding winter had struggled through from Salt Lake City by way of Death Valley at awful cost of suffering. Mr. Brier had come into Los Angeles in February, 1850, afoot, with his wife and children riding on an ox. In 1853, when Rev. Adam Bland was sent here by the California Methodist Conference, his church membership was just two—himself and another. Mrs. Bland established a school for girls, and the records show that on June 11, 1853, the Council allowed her \$33.33⅓ for teaching ten poor girls. Little Lucinda Macy, whose name has appeared before in this chat, was one of her scholars, though not one of the ten for whose education the Council appropriated so generously.

The first Jewish service was held in 1854. In 1862 the Congregation B'nai B'rith was organized by Rabbi A. W. Edelman, who continued in the pastorate until 1886. In 1853 the first Baptist service was held; in 1854, the first Presbyterian service, in a little carpenter shop on Main street; and in 1857, the first Episcopal service, the President of Princeton College preaching the sermon. No other denomination established itself here for some years.

The first Protestant church-building to be erected in Los Angeles was that occupied for many years by the Episcopalians as Saint Athanasius Church. It stood on the corner of Temple and New High streets, and the illustration on a page just preceding is from a photograph taken after it had been bought by the county in 1883. In connection with its building there is a quaint little tale which, so far as I know, has not before appeared in print.

On May 4, 1859, at the call of Rev. Wm. E. Boardman, a Presbyterian minister recently arrived, a meeting was held to organize the "First Protestant Society," its declared purpose being "to secure for ourselves and others in the city the privilege of divine worship according to the Protestant Order." Among the signers of the constitution was "Billy" (Wm. S.) Morrow. It was decided to raise money to put up a church building, and a committee was appointed to solicit funds. Billy Morrow would not serve on this committee. "Fine I would have looked soliciting money to build a church with," he said long after, in telling about it. "But I knew one way I could help out. So I put on my boiled shirt and black coat and silk hat (since it was a religious matter) and went out to sell tickets at ten dollars apiece for a ball for the benefit of the church." And so what still lingers in the memory of some of the elders as the "Presbyterian Ball" was held, and the proceeds helped to build the church which later became St. Athanasius. A likeness of Billy Morrow as he looks today faces that of the church long passed away, and the twinkle in his eye seems to indicate that under suitable provocation he might even now, fifty years later, get up another Presbyterian Ball.

⁶
MAKERS OF LOS ANGELES

Edited by Charles Amadon Moody

To the making of Los Angeles have gone the best that thousands and tens of thousands had to give—the best of their heart and brain and downright sturdy grip with circumstance, the best of their love and loyalty and faith—the uttermost of strenuous endeavor to justify that faith in fullest measure. Some of her builders were born here, some came carelessly with the eager step of youth, some with the deliberate choice of ripened experience; but to all her true sons and daughters, whether by nativity or by adoption, Los Angeles has given royally, and has received from them right royally in return.

From the great multitude of those who have so served and so loved Los Angeles but a few score are set apart by name in these pages, and they not because they loved more profoundly or served more faithfully than many another. But in a very positive sense the curt life-records which follow are typical of the living forces which yesterday were making the Los Angeles of today, and today are building the city of tomorrow.

Eulogy has formed no part of the plan of these brief sketches, which are intended only to spread baldly upon the records certain facts which belong there, concerning a few of the people who have earned a place upon them. Space limits have forbidden anything like detail, and in many a case a genuine chapter of history has been barely hinted at in a sentence.

Only a few of the sketches are of my own writing, but all were prepared in this office and have passed under my careful inspection. I have come into personal touch in some degree with almost every one named, knowing most of them well and some intimately. Whatever errors may have been made in telling of their services are, I believe, errors of understatement rather than of exaggeration. And whatever word may seem to be one of special appreciation, or to represent an attempt at judgment of values, is a word for which I gladly assume individual responsibility.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

ALEXANDER, GEORGE, Mayor of Los Angeles, was born in Scotland, September 21, 1839, his father being William Alexander, and his mother Mary Cleland. In 1850 the family emigrated to America, coming first to Chicago, where they lived for five years. In 1856 they moved to Iowa, where Mr. Alexander's father bought Government land at \$1.25 an acre and undertook the development of a frontier farm.

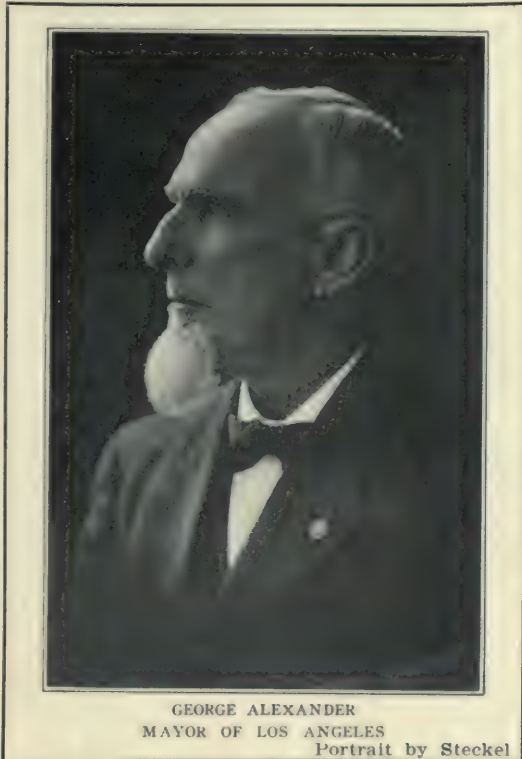
Mr. Alexander began earning his living in Chicago at the age of twelve as a newsboy, and has continued actively at work, practically without intermission, to this day. He remained on the farm with his father until about the date of his marriage, in April, 1862, to Annie Yeiser, who is still his wife. They have had three children, of whom two survive—Lydia E. and Frank A.

Four months after his marriage Mr. Alexander entered the Union army and served until the end of the war. He was in the Vicksburg campaign under General Grant, and with General Banks in the Red River campaign. His regiment was then transferred to the East, and he served under Sheridan through the Shenandoah Valley. He was at Cedar Creek, and was a witness of Sheridan's historic ride from Winchester. At the end of the war he was obliged to begin life afresh, taking a position in a grain warehouse at Belle Plain, Iowa, at \$40 per month. He remained with the same concern for five years, at the end of which time he was getting \$100 a month, and then started to buy and ship grain on his own account. In 1874 he removed to Toledo, Iowa, following the same line of business, and a year later took up a similar enterprise at Dysart, Iowa. In 1886 he first came with his wife to California on a visit, and promptly decided that California was the place in which he would spend the rest of his life. At that time he had four grain ware-

houses, covering the territory around some 80 miles of railroad in Iowa. He sold these out and moved to Los Angeles with his family in 1887, soon establishing a feed mill, which he conducted for a couple of years. In 1890 he took a position as Inspector in the City Street Department under E. H. Hutchinson, being steadily promoted until at the expiration of his service he was Chief Deputy. In 1895 he entered the Recorder's Office under E. C.

Hodgman, taking a minor clerkship, and here again rising to the position of Chief Deputy. In 1899 he returned to the Street Department under John H. Drain, and remained there until he was elected Supervisor, taking that office January 1, 1901.

As Supervisor he served for eight years, and, as is well known to all citizens of Los Angeles, he has been uniformly an active force in behalf of the interests of the whole people, and against any proposition that was even tainted with a suspicion of graft or improper concession to private interests. His first big fight was in 1902, when a majority of



the Board let a contract on the County Hospital, which seemed to Mr. Alexander and one of his associates, O. H. Longdon, improper. The matter was taken to the courts and an injunction was finally obtained setting aside the contract. His latest important battle in behalf of the people is still fresh in the minds of the public. It was over the sale of \$3,500,000 of "good roads" bonds by private contract, with no opportunity offered for public bids. In this contest, too, Mr. Alexander was finally successful, through the awakening of a powerful public sentiment in behalf of his position. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Alexander is held in Los Angeles, as well as the largest opportunity for public service, is his election to the office of Mayor under the recall proceedings instituted by the Municipal League against the previous Mayor. At this writing he has just taken office, but has already held his position long enough to confirm the belief that he will serve the public with a single eye to the real interests of the public.



FRED L. ALLES

Portrait by Tresslar

ALLES, FRED LIND, President of the Alles Printing Company, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., August 2, 1851, his father being Henry a'Lois, his mother Mary Elizabeth Kauffman. He married Mary Elizabeth Allen at Steeleville, Ill., December 4, 1873, and they have had three children—Allen Camp (deceased), Clara Lavinia, and Lind Chesley.

Mr. Alles attended public schools until 1861, then entering newspaper work. In 1862 he spent some time with the United States army as camp boy, and thereafter occupied himself on various Pittsburg papers until 1870, when he became editorial writer on the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of Chicago. Between '72 and '84 he was editor of various Illinois papers, and 1880-84 Sec. of the Ill. Press Assn. Coming to California in 1883, he became Prest. of the San Antonio Water Company at Ontario, Cal., and from 1884-87 was editor and proprietor of the "Rural Californian" in Los Angeles. In 1889 he was managing editor of the Riverside "Daily Press;" 1888-98 he was Sec. of the L. A. Printing Company; 1896-7 he was an editorial writer on the "Herald," and 1887-89 business manager of the "Express." In 1902 he established the Alles Printing Company, of which he is still President.

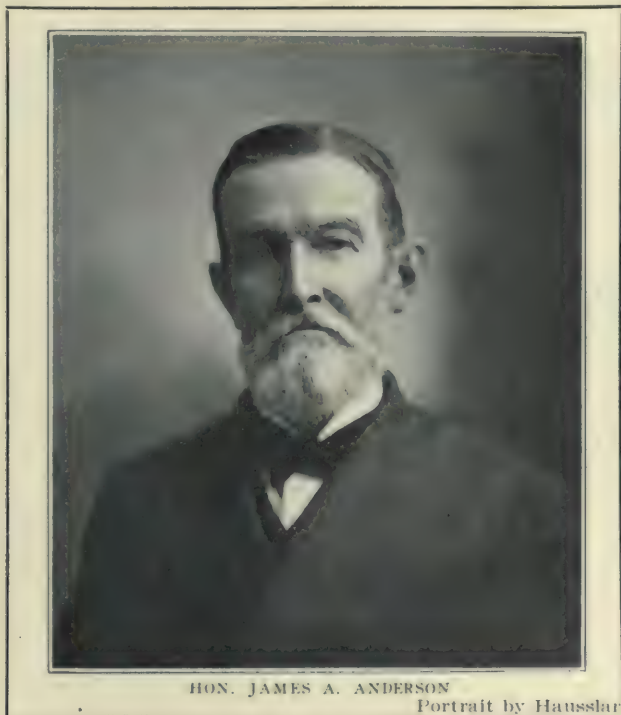
From the time when he came to Los An-

geles, twenty-five years ago, Mr. Alles has been one of the most active in movements for public benefit, taking always a working oar. In 1885 he was Sec. of the L. A. Board of Trade Com. on Immigration; in 1886 Secretary of the So. Cal. Immigration Soc., and Commissioner of Immigration; in 1893 Sec. of the International Irrigation Congress held in Los Angeles, and Sec. of the Nat. Ex. Com. of the same body 1893-95, and again in 1905. He was Sec. of the Nat. Irr. Congress at Denver in 1894, at Albuquerque in 1895, and at Colo. Springs in 1905. With C. D. Willard and others in 1895 he organized the League for Better City Government, and was its Sec. in 1895-96, taking a most vigorous part in its campaign at the municipal elections. In 1895, with C. D. Willard, he organized the Sunset Club and has been its Sec. to date. He was a Director of the L. A. Chamber of Commerce in 1897, and has been director and Sec. of the Mechanics' Institute (trustees of Chamber of Commerce building) since 1903. In 1906 he was a member of the Ex. Com. of the Non-Partisan City Party. Perhaps no man in the city has given for so long a time so much of his time and energy to unpaid work in the city's behalf.

In addition to the organizations named, Mr. Alles is a member of the Jonathan Club, the Elks, various Masonic bodies (Past Master of a Blue Lodge), Municipal League, and other bodies.

ANDERSON, JAMES ARCHIBALD (deceased), Attorney-at-Law, was born at Warrenton, North Carolina, July 11, 1826. His father was Daniel Anderson, of Petersburg, Virginia, and his mother Elizabeth Gloster. He was married three times; first, to Louisa C. Trent, and after her death to Maria F.

in practicing his profession until his death. During his practice here he was associated with W. H. Fitzgerald, afterwards Supreme Judge of the State, also with his son, J. A. Anderson, and later with his other two sons, William H. and C. V. Anderson, of this city. He had been warden of Christ Church (Epi-



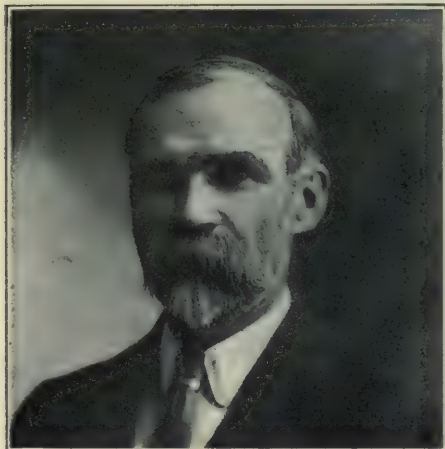
Anderson, some time after whose death he married Bettie Dangerfield, who survives him, as do six children.

Judge Anderson was educated at Jubilee College, Illinois, after which he took up the study of law with his uncle, Chief Justice Walker Anderson, of Florida. He began the practice of his profession in 1849 at La Grange, Tennessee, but shortly afterward moved to that more important center, Memphis, where he practiced until 1861. When in that year the Civil War broke out, he entered the Confederate service, as a private, but was soon promoted to the rank of Captain, as which he served with Company "K," Seventh Tennessee Cavalry Volunteers, until the surrender in 1865. He then resumed his profession, remaining in Memphis until 1880, serving one term as Circuit Judge. In 1881 he moved to Tucson, Arizona, and in 1885 from there to Los Angeles, where he was actively engaged

copal) of this city for many years before his death.

Judge Anderson was one of the most uniformly respected and beloved men of his day. The remarkable effect of his striking personality is illustrated in the fact that today one will hear men who never even saw him, speak of him in the highest terms, having been impressed to that degree by the earnest expressions, of regard and admiration, of others who knew him. All those who had that pleasure, recognized his strict integrity of character, nobility of nature, and lovable and generous disposition. The esteem in which he was held by the members of the legal profession was set forth at the time of his death in one of the most sincere and beautiful sets of resolutions of respect and sorrow ever passed by the Bar Association. Judge Anderson was one of the foremost attorneys of the State at the time of his death, March 12, 1902.

ALBRIGHT, HARRISON, Architect, was born in Shoemakertown (now Ogontz), Pa., May 17, 1866. His father was Joseph Albright, and his mother Louise Adele Jeannot. On Oct. 23, 1890, he married Susie J. Bemus at Ripley Crossing, N. Y. There are three children—Anna Louise, Catharine M., and Harrison Bemus.



HARRISON ALBRIGHT
Portrait by Marceau

He was educated in the public schools, and in Pierce College of Business and Spring Garden Inst., Philadelphia, winning several prizes for drawing at the latter. April 28, 1886, he opened offices there, and for five years did much residential and public work. Removing in 1891 to Charlestown, W. Va., he was architect for the following public buildings: Capitol Annex; Dormitory and Library Annexes to Marshall College, and four buildings, W. Va. Asylum, Huntington; Miners' Hospital, Fairmont; Shepherd College, State Normal School; Prep. Branch W. Va. University, Keyser. The last five years of his practice at Charlestown was limited to fireproof hotels, including "The Washington," Portsmouth, O.; "The Richmond," Richmond, Va.; "The Waldo," Clarksburg, W. Va., and "The West Baden (Ind.) Springs Hotel," the atrium of which is covered by the largest dome in the world.

March 28, 1905, Mr. Albright opened offices in Los Angeles. He has designed and superintended the construction of the Laughlin Annex, L. A.; U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego; and for J. D. Spreckels the Union Bldg. and his residence at Coronado, as well as the Public Library given by him. He has also done much work for the Santa Fé. He is now engaged over the erection of the Consolidated Realty Bldg., L. A., the Timken Bldg., San Diego, and the Security Bldg., Phoenix.

He is a member of So. Cal. Chapter, American Institute of Architects, Jonathan Club, and L. A. Athletic Club.

AUSTIN, JOHN CORNEBY WILSON, Architect, was born at Bodicote, near Banbury, Oxfordshire, England, February 13, 1870. His father was Richard Wilson Austin, and his mother Jane Elizabeth Austin. He has been twice married, his first wife being Louisa Elizabeth Bell (deceased). In September, 1902, he married Hilda Violet Mytton, at Los Angeles. He has four children—Dorothy, Marjorie, Ada and William.

Mr. Austin received his education at private schools in London, Leamington, and at Ramsgate, England.

He came to California in 1892 from Philadelphia, Pa., and located in Los Angeles in 1894. Since coming he has done much of the important work of this section. The names of some of the principal buildings of which he has been the architect follow: Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara; Leighton, Alvarado and Fremont Hotels, Los Angeles; Wright & Callender Building; First M. E. Church, Los Angeles, and First M. E. Church, Pasadena; California Hospital, Angeles Hospital, Southern California College of Medicine, College of Physicians and Surgeons, University of Southern California, Harvard Military Academy, and the Madam Ida Hancock residence.

He is an associate member of the American Institute of Architects and a member of the



JOHN C. AUSTIN
Portrait by Burn

Los Angeles Chapter. He is a member of the Jonathan Club and of the Chamber of Commerce, and is Vice-President of the Los Angeles Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is a Thirty-second Degree Mason and a member of Mystic Shrine, Al Malaikah Temple.

DE BAKER, DOÑA ARCADIA, was born in San Diego during the '20's. Her father was Don Juan Lorenzo Bruno Bandini, her mother Doña Dolores Estudillo. She married Don Abel Stearns at San Gabriel Mission when she was about sixteen, and some time

tion and Commercial Company and Inspector of Customs for California. He was made administrator of San Gabriel Mission in 1838, the same year receiving the grant of Jurupa Rancho, covering the present site of Riverside. Don Juan was an active supporter of the

American forces in the days of Stockton and Fremont. The first American flag in California was made by his second wife, Doña Refugio, she using strips from the clothing of her daughters. In 1847 he was a member of the Legislative Council, and the next year Alcalde of San Diego. He was fluent of speech and pen, efficient and honest in his many public offices, beloved by countless friends, both native and foreign, and left many valuable historical documents.

Don Abel Stearns was born in Salem, Mass., in 1799, but had become a naturalized citizen of Mexico before coming to California. In the early '30's he had already taken a prominent place in the life of the pueblo of Los Angeles, and his rapidly increasing wealth, the building of his "*palacio*," and his marriage to the young and beautiful daughter of so important a family as the Bandinis did not certainly tend to lessen his significance. On another page a little more may be found concern-

ing Don Abel. But nothing for which space could be found here would give more than a suggestion of the relative importance of the part which Don Abel and his beautiful wife played in this community through many a long year. Coming long before the American occupancy, he quickly won the confidence of all classes of those who were here then, and retained it to the end of his life.

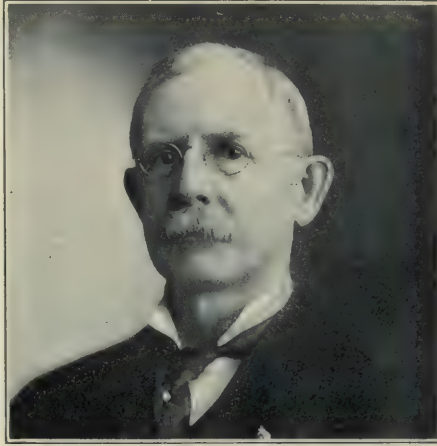
It looms large on the imagination, if one stops to think about it, this romance of the young girl of proud lineage, giving her hand and heart to a man of alien race, older than her father and his close friend, loyal mistress of his home for well beyond a quarter of a century, her beauty, wealth and position combining to make her social queen—and then to survive him by forty years, administering his broad acres. Few persons yet alive so fully typify the blending of forces which wrought the city out of the pueblo as does Doña Arcadia.



DOÑA ARCADIA DE BAKER

after his death in 1871 she married Col. R. S. Baker.

The founder of the Bandini family in America was Don José, who was born in the province of Andalusia, Spain; entered the navy at an early age; was lieutenant in command of the ship *Nymphia* at the battle of Trafalgar; became captain and acting commander (with title of *Almirante*) of the Spanish squadron in South American waters; visited California twice in his flagship *La Reina*, and finally settled in San Diego in 1822 with his youngest son, Don Juan Bandini, he being then about of age. Don Juan soon commenced to take an active part in public affairs, being a member of the Territorial Assembly in 1827; a Commissioner of Revenue at San Diego during succeeding years; a leader in the insurrection of 1831 which drove Gov. Victoria out of the country; a member of Congress in the City of México in 1833, returning as Vice-President of the Hjar and Padres Coloniza-



H. A. BARCLAY
Portrait by Marceau

BARCLAY, HENRY AUGUSTUS, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Punxsutawney, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, January 17, 1849. His father was David Barclay, and his mother Sarah Cooper Gaskill. He married Lily Adele Ward (deceased), July, 1882, at Los Angeles. There were two children: Ward (died 1885), and Wallace Ward.

Mr. Barclay studied under private tutors until 1856; 1856-57, Moravian School at Lititz, Pa.; 1858-60, public schools and private academy, Brookville, Pa.; 1860-62, private schools, Kittanning, Pa.; 1863-64, Dayton Academy, Armstrong County, Pa.; 1864-67, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.; 1869-71, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. He studied law in his father's office, Kittanning, Pa., and was admitted to the Bar in April, 1871.

During 1871-72 Mr. Barclay practiced law in Armstrong and Clarion Counties, Pa., and in the latter year removed to Pittsburg, and entered into partnership with his father, under the firm name of David Barclay & Son. In 1874 he came to Los Angeles to reside, and has practiced law here since that time. In 1876 he formed a partnership with Robert N. C. Wilson, and in 1886 the firm took in Charles R. Redick, who later withdrew to become a Santa Fé Railway attorney. In July, 1887, Judge R. B. Carpenter became a partner, under the firm name of Barclay, Wilson & Carpenter. In 1892 Judge Carpenter was elected to the State Senate, and was also appointed attorney for the Pacific Coast for the Western Union

Telegraph Company, and withdrew from the law-firm to locate in San Francisco. From that time Mr. Barclay practiced alone until 1896, when a partnership was formed with Edgar W. Camp, which continued until 1899. Thereafter he practiced alone until 1902, when Judge Gilbert D. Munson joined him, and as Munson & Barclay the firm has continued to date. Mr. Barclay was one of the organizers and did the legal work of the Southern California National Bank (now Merchants' National Bank), and for some years was its attorney and one of the directors. Mr. Barclay put in two years' work in behalf of securing the San Gabriel and San Bernardino Forest Reservations, to conserve the waters and forests of this section.

From 1879 to 1884 he was Vice and Acting Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee of Los Angeles, and from 1884 to 1888 was Chairman.

He is a member of the Los Angeles Bar Association and the American Bar Association, and has been a member of the old Union League and Republican League since their organization. He is also a member of the Los Angeles Pioneers, Celtic Club, Cornell Club, City Club, Los Angeles Country Club, and Masonic Orders, including the Lodge of Perfection, Chapter of Rose Croix, Council of Kadosh, and Los Angeles Consistory No. 3, and Al Malaikah Temple Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine; Fraternal Brotherhood, and Pennsylvania State Society.

BARTLETT, DANA WEBSTER, was born in Bangor, Maine, October 27, 1860, named for his father, his mother being Mary Crosby. He married Mattie McCullough in New Mexico, September 12, 1887. They have five daughters—Margaret, Eloise, Lucille, Esther, and Beulah.

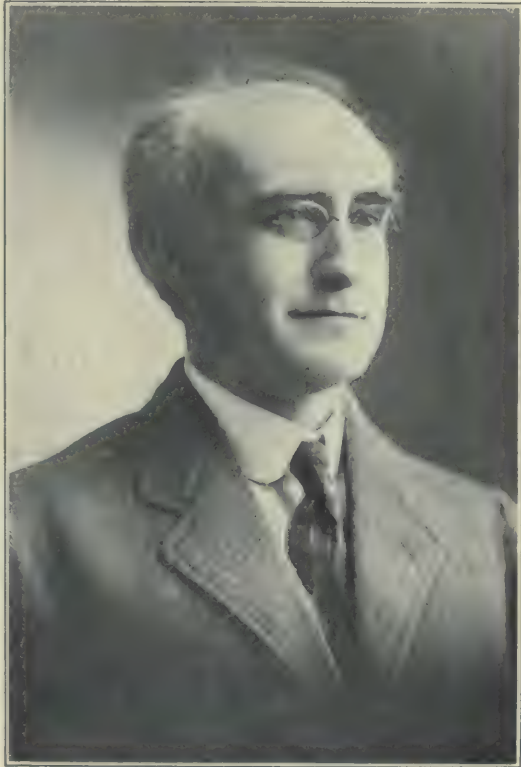
He graduated in 1882 from Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa, then starting the Park Academy at Park City, Utah, of which he was the principal until 1884. He attended the Yale Theological Seminary at New Haven, Connecticut, 1884-86, and in 1887 graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary, taking charge soon after of the Union Church in the tenement district of St. Louis, where he remained till 1892. In that year he took charge of Phillips Church in Salt Lake City, remaining there until his removal to Los Angeles in 1896. Here he at once took up the work of the Bethlehem Institutional Church, which has developed into the Bethlehem Institute. Into this, as practically every citizen of Los Angeles knows, Mr. Bartlett has poured his life unstintedly. His purposes are manifold, but may be roughly grouped as follows: To assist the unfortunate and help the "down and out" to another chance; to reclaim as many as possible from among the human drift and wreckage to normal activity; to drain the slums and to prevent their establishment; and above all, to keep both young and old from being forced into the "submerged tenth."

Believing that the only finally effective way of assisting any part of humanity is to become sharer in its life and environment, he has made his home since coming to Los Angeles in what is as near "the slums" as has yet developed here, raising his family in that neighborhood, but keeping all the time a clean and true home-centre, always open to those among whom and for whom he has been working.

From small beginnings the Bethlehem Institute has grown until it covers six city lots, maintaining a dispensary, bath-house for both men and women, a shoemaker shop, a free employment bureau, a Coffee Club, reading-room, library and social hall, Boys' Athletic Club, and so on. It maintains night schools for Mexicans, Russians, Japanese, Greeks, and other foreigners here. It holds annually an Institute

of Social Study for college students and others that are interested. In a word, it is a true social, educational and sanitary centre. An average of seventy men board in the Institute regularly.

It is now planning to establish a farm, on which men from the "submerged tenth" may work out their own salvation. A part of it



DANA W. BARTLETT

Portrait by Marceau

will be used as a rest-farm, where worn-out nerves may recover themselves. Mr. Bartlett also plans to conduct a Summer School of Psycho-Therapeutics on the farm.

In 1906 Mr. Bartlett was persuaded to accept the Non-Partisan nomination for the City Council from his ward—that being the one most completely controlled by a "political boss." He was defeated at the polls, but was during that campaign frequently referred to by public speakers as "the most useful citizen in Los Angeles."

At this writing he has just been appointed a member of the Housing Commission of Los Angeles, and will be able to do much to prevent the establishment of a slum district.

He has published "The Better City," and is now writing "Our Government in Social Service."

BARTON, HERBERT PARKS, Physician and Surgeon, President and General Manager of the Clara Barton Hospital, was born at Worcester, Mass., December 25, 1866. His father was Samuel R. Barton, and his mother Amelia L. Parks. Miss Clara Barton of Red Cross distinction is the aunt of Dr. Barton's father. On October 18, 1890, Dr. Barton mar-

ried Frances Johnstone Vasseur at Brooklyn, New York. There is one child, Chandler Parks.

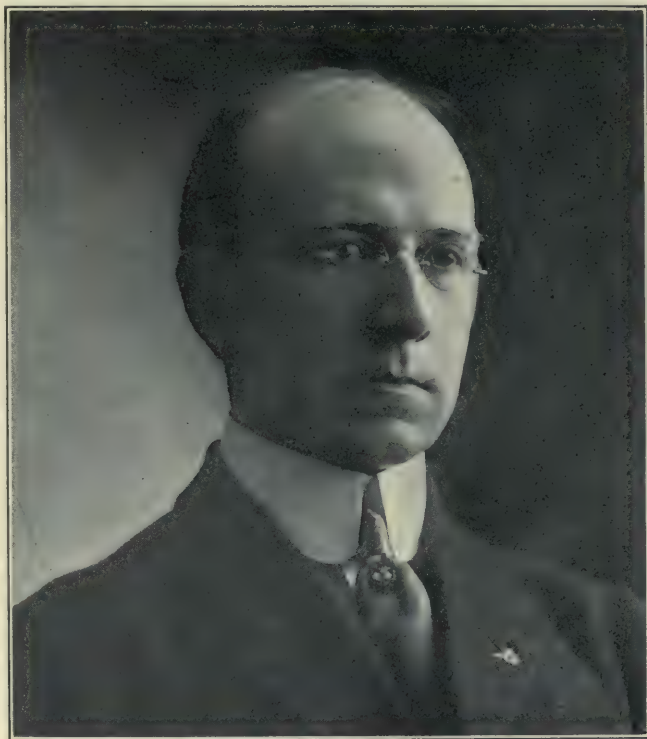
1892 he practiced medicine and did post-graduate work in operative surgery in the New York Polyclinic and the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, New York, serving on the Board of Health of that city during that period. He then went to Denver, Colo., where he practiced his profession for nearly a year, returning to Worcester, Mass., where he practiced for the next

four years. In 1897 he came to California and located in Ontario, where he remained for two and a half years. During his stay there he served as Trustee on the Library Board, and was instrumental in organizing the Board of Health of that city. He then decided to come to Los Angeles, where he had already made numerous connections. Since coming to this city, Dr. Barton has confined his work almost entirely to surgery and the management of the Clara Barton Hospital, which he founded August 22, 1904, becoming its President and principal stockholder. Under his management this hospital has taken a foremost place

among the institutions of the city of that character.

His professional societies are: The Los Angeles County Medical Society, California State Medical Society, Los Angeles Academy of Medicine, and the American Medical Association.

Of fraternal orders and clubs Dr. Barton is a member of the following: Pentalpha Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 202, Los Angeles; Los Angeles Consistory, A. & A., Scottish Rite Mason, Thirty-second degree; Al Malaikah Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, B. P. O. E.; Jonathan Club, Los Angeles Country Club. He is eligible to the Sons of the American Revolution on his father's side, but has never joined.



DR. H. P. BARTON

Portrait by Marceau

BENTON, ARTHUR BURNETT, Architect, was born at Peoria, Illinois, April 17, 1858. He is the son of Ira Eddy Benton and Caroline Augustat Chandler, being a lineal descendant of Andrew Benton, one of the original "proprietors" of Milford, Connecticut, who came to America from Essex, England, between 1630 and 1635, and Hannah, daughter of George Stocking, of Hartford. Also a lineal descendant of William and Annis Chandler, who came from England and settled in Roxford, Mass., in 1637.

Mr. Benton received his early education in the Peoria public schools and was graduated from the High School in 1877. From 1879 to 1887 he engaged in farming in Morris County, Kansas, at the same time pursuing various studies, especially English literature and architecture. He married, May 17, 1883, in Morris County, Harriet P. Schilling (Von Constat). They have one daughter, Edith May Benton.

In 1887-89 he was a student at the Topeka, Kans., School of Art and Design, and a draughtsman in the Architect's Department of the Chief Engineer's office of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway. In 1889-91 he occupied a responsible position in the Chief Engineer's office of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha, Neb.

In March, 1891, Mr. Benton came with his family to California, and in July of the same year became a resident of Los Angeles, where he soon entered the practice of architecture. He is a charter member and the first Secretary of the Architects' Association of Los Angeles; also a charter member of the Engineers and Architects Association of Southern California, and has been Secretary and consulting architect for the Landmarks Club from the time of its organization.

Among the noteworthy buildings designed by Mr. Benton may be mentioned the Young Men's Christian Association Building on South Hope street, the Young Women's Christian Association Building on Hill street, the Woman's Club House at Tenth and Figueroa, the Harvard School, enlargement of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Chapel and Crematory buildings at Rosedale, Evergreen and Inglewood Cemeteries; Episcopal Churches at Hollywood, Montecito, Duarte, Oxnard, Hueneme and Alamos; Congregational Church, Highland; Unity Church, Redlands; Christian Science

Church and Young Men's Christian Association, Riverside; Women's Club Houses at Redlands, Monrovia, Covina and Long Beach; the Santa Barbara Country Club House at Montecito, the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, the Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel; also a great number of residences and other buildings throughout Southern California.

Of learned and technical societies he is a director of the Southern California Chapter, American Institute of Architects; associate member of the American Institute of Archi-



A. B. BENTON

Portrait by Marceau

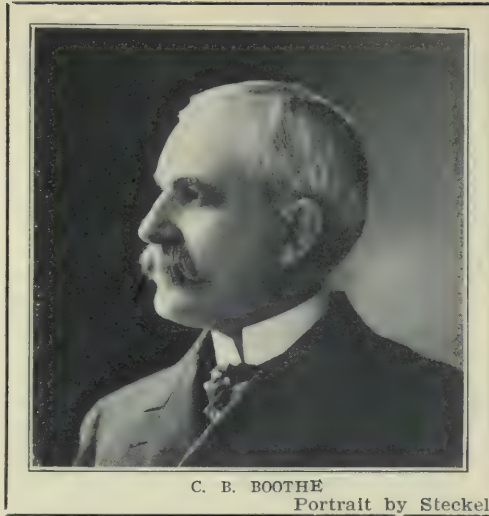
itects; member of the Southern California Academy of Sciences, Engineers and Architects Association of Southern California, and the Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America.

He is Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of California; member of the California Society Sons of the Revolution; Secretary of the Landmarks Club, and member of the Jonathan Club, the Union League Club (both of Los Angeles), the University Club of Redlands, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Church (Episcopal).

BOOTHE, CHAS.

BEACH, was born in Stratford, Conn., July 3, 1851, his father being Stephen Sterling Boothe, his mother Harriette Beach. He comes from old Colonial stock, among his ancestors being the first Colonial Governor of Connecticut, and Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration of Independence. He married Florence Youmans at Winona, Minn., August 18, 1877. They have had eight children: Helen de Forest (deceased), Stephen Sterling, Earle Youmans, Sarah Wheeler, Isaac Jay, Robert Beach (deceased), Laurence Warrington, and Harriette Beach.

Mr. Boothe prepared for Yale at Stratford Academy, but an accident affecting his eyesight prevented him from entering college. By way of compensation for this deprivation, he read law and medicine and studied civil engineering in his youth, and has continued to this time courses of reading on scientific and economic lines. He engaged in banking in Connecticut and New York, from 1866 to 1874, then spending six months in California. Returning to Connecticut, he was occupied in mercantile and manufacturing lines from 1875 to 1886, then removing to Minnesota, where he was manufacturer until 1892. In 1891, following a severe attack of illness, he came to California. In 1894, having recovered his health, he opened the pioneer machinery and electrical store in Los Angeles. During the following years he developed and introduced into Southern California the process of pumping wells, both oil and water, by the use of compressed air, since that time widely used. From this business he retired in 1901, and, though giving some attention to business affairs, he has put something like half a million dollars into building in Los Angeles since then, and has devoted himself mainly to the work of the National Irrigation Association, previously having been President of the National Irrigation Congress at Phoenix in 1896, and at Lincoln, Neb., in 1897. These Congresses have been held annually since 1892, but the practical, continuous and efficient work of the National Irrigation Association dates from the meeting called at the Chamber of Commerce in Los



C. B. BOOTHE

Portrait by Steckel

Angeles in the spring of 1901, at which 250 of the leading men of the city were enrolled as members. Since that time Mr. Boothe has been Chairman of the Executive Council, Chairman of the Board of Directors, and is now President, and, with Mr. Maxwell, he has been the foremost proponent. He has never drawn salary, nor otherwise profited financially from this or any other of his activities

in the public behalf.

During the years great efforts were being made to attract public attention to Los Angeles, Mr. Boothe devoted much time and energy in service on finance and other committees in the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations. He was Burgess and City Treasurer of Birmingham, Conn., as a young man, and is now member of the Board of Trustees of South Pasadena.

Throughout his life Mr. Boothe has done his best to assist every movement for the betterment of conditions for those who toil, and to give opportunity to those who seek for better things. He has been President of the California Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis since its organization, and is a Director in the corresponding National Association. He is a member, in addition to the organizations named, of the American Forestry Association, the American Homecroft Association, the Rural Settlements Association, Sempervirens Club, the Sequoia League, the Landmarks Club, the National Geographical Society, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Connecticut Society of Southern California, the City Club of Los Angeles, the California Club, and the San Gabriel Country Club. He is a Fellow of the Southern California Academy of Sciences. He is a Mason and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

Of his writings, the most important is, "Builders of an Empire, or The Responsibility of the Great West to the Nation." This was a paper delivered before the Trans-Mississippi Congress, at St. Louis, and was the forerunner of the national movement for the conservation of national resources. For the last ten years he has contributed freely to magazines and newspapers on Forestry, Irrigation and other subjects connected with the development of the West.

He is President of the Fellows Direct Power Transmission Co.



HARRINGTON BROWN

Portrait by Marceau

BROWN, HARRINGTON, President of the Southern Refining Co., was born at Washington, D. C., January 1, 1856. His father was William Van Horn Brown, and his mother Adelaide J. Harrington. On November 13, 1882, he married Minnie Toland Glassell at Los Angeles. They have had five children, as follows: Adelaide Jay, Lucie Toland, Eleanor Glassell (deceased), Harrington, Jr., and Andrew Glassell.

Mr. Brown's preliminary education was acquired at the Preparatory School of Columbian (now George Washington) University, then located on Meridian Hill, District of Columbia, and also at Emerson's Institute, Washington, D. C. He graduated from Princeton University in 1876 with the degree of A. B., and in 1878 he graduated in law from the George Washington University with degree B. L.

Mr. Brown came to Los Angeles from Washington, July 7, 1878, and has been active in business ever since. He has built up two successful and prosperous oil refineries which

have added considerably to the manufacturing and commercial side of Los Angeles. He has turned much barren land into productive ranches by planting vineyards and orange groves, but, as he expresses it, in that particular, he feels he is "only entitled to the credit of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." However, it is that class of work, more than any other one thing, that has made Los Angeles the city she is today. There is one thing that Mr. Brown refers to with pride as his "principal and most enduring work." It began over twenty years ago, when he set out the pepper trees that line the avenues of what was known as West Park tract, and which today in their majestic beauty are a monument which could not but gratify the pride of the most vain.

Mr. Brown is a member of the University Club, of the Los Angeles Country Club, of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, of the Municipal League, of the City Club, and of the Princeton Alumni Association, of which last he is at the present time President.

BROWNING, CHARLES CLIFTON, Physician, was born at Denver, Hancock County, Illinois, May 25, 1861. His father was Enoch Clifton Browning, and his mother Sophia Louisa Pennock. His father, who was born in Illinois in 1836, was the first Secretary to the State Home Missionary Board of Missouri of the Christian Church, also first Secretary to the State Home Missionary Board of Arkansas; his life has been devoted to missionary work and church pastorates.

On August 26, 1885, Dr. Browning married Helen E. Tillaugh at Denver, Illinois. They have one child, Helen Gilberta, born September 13, 1894.

Following his earlier studies, Dr. Browning (1878-79) took the necessary preparatory course to entering Shelbina College, which he attended 1879-80. He then attended the Christian University, 1880-1881; Missouri State University 1881-83, where he received the degree of M. D. He attended the Medical Department of the University of New York City during 1888-89.

After receiving his degree in 1883, Dr. Browning served internships in the Dispensary at Columbia, Mo., then began the practice of medicine at Denver and Adrian, Hancock County, Ill., where he was located from 1883 to 1888. The years 1888, 1889, 1890 and early part of 1891 he spent in New York. During the year 1888 he served an internship in the New York House of Relief, and in December, 1888, became a member of the staff of the New York City Asylum for Insane (Blackwell's Island).

Dr. Browning came to California in 1891, locating at San Jacinto, where he practiced 1891-1893. He then went to Highland, California, and practiced there 1893-1905. On March 1, 1905, he became Medical Director of the Pottenger Sanatorium for Diseases of

the Lungs and Throat, at Monrovia, California. When the Pottenger Sanatorium Company was incorporated he was one of the incorporators and was made Vice-President, which position he still retains.

Dr. Browning is a member of the American Medical Association; California State Medical Society; Southern California Medical Society;

Los Angeles County Medical Society; Los Angeles Academy of Medicine; Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society; National Association for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; International Congress on Tuberculosis; California Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; Los Angeles County Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; American Hospital Association and American Sanatorium Association. He is Second Vice-President of the State Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and is ex-President of both the Redlands Medical Society and the San Bernardino County



DR. C. C. BROWNING

Portrait by Marceau

Medical Society. He is a member of the National Child Labor Society; American Health League of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health; Archæological Institute of America; American Academy of Social and Political Science; National Geographical Society; American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Of civic organizations he is a member of the Los Angeles City Club, Municipal Waterways Association, and President of the Board of Health, Monrovia, California. He was one of the organizers and is ex-President of the Highland (California) Library Club.

Of social and fraternal organizations Dr. Browning is a member of the (Los Angeles) University Club; Masonic orders, including Knights Templars and Mystic Shrine, and Past Patron Order Eastern Star, and was a charter member of Redlands Lodge of Elks.

BULLA, ROBERT NELSON, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Richmond, Wayne County, Ohio, September 8, 1850, being the son of Hiram Bulla and Elizabeth Staley. Mr. Bulla was born on what was known as the Bulla Farm, an estate purchased by his grandfather, Thomas Bulla, who went there from North Carolina and settled in 1806. The Bulla family had originally settled in Pennsylvania, Mr. Bulla's great-grandfather, William Bulla, removing to North Carolina. Mr. Bulla married Evangeline Sutton (deceased March 12, 1903), August 4, 1890, at Los Angeles. There are two children: Vivian Olive and Loris Evangeline.

Until Mr. Bulla was eighteen years of age his education was gotten in the district schools of the township in which he was born. In 1869 he entered the National University, Lebanon, Ohio, where the regular courses were taught and where he received the degrees, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, graduating in 1874. After graduating he taught school for one year, and in 1874 he took up the study of law at Cincinnati, and was admitted to practice in Ohio in 1876. He started his practice first in Cincinnati, remaining there for three years, when he removed to New York, where for two years he continued his profession. In 1883 he decided to go west. On leaving New York his destination was San Francisco by way of Los Angeles, but when he reached this city, December 24, 1883, he became so impressed with the climatic conditions and business possibilities of the town that he decided to stay and has resided here ever since. About 1884 he became associated with the law firm of John D. Bicknell and Stephen M. White, attending to the probate business of the firm. In 1887 he formed a law partnership with Percy M. Wilson, which continued for eleven years, when it was dissolved owing to press of other business interests which required all of his time.

In 1893 and again in 1895 he was elected to the California Assembly and was appointed Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the latter term.

In 1897 he was nominated by acclamation and was elected to the State Senate by an immense majority. During his term in the Senate he was for two years a member of the committee to report on the Torrens Land Transfer System of Australia, and is the author of the Torrens Land Act of California, and for two years he served as a member of the Commission for the Revision of the Codes. Senator Bulla is the father of the Delinquent Tax Law,

which he introduced, and succeeded in securing its passage. This act provides that when real property is sold for non-payment of taxes, the State shall become the purchaser, permitting redemption at actual cost, with reasonable penalties.

The last few years of his law practice brought him in close touch with leading mining and oil interests, which opened the way to many opportunities for investment in those fields. He organized the Central Oil Company of Los Angeles, of which he is Attorney and Secretary. This company bought out, among other interests, the original Central Oil Company, which was a big owner in the Whittier field.

Senator Bulla has practically retired from



HON. ROBT. N. BULLA

Portrait by Marceau

the general practice of law and also from politics, devoting most of his time to his own business interests.

His principal business connections in Southern California are: Director, Central National Bank, and also of the Park Bank, of Los Angeles; Director, Secretary and Attorney, Central Oil Company of Los Angeles, holding the same offices with the East Whittier Oil Company; Director, Southern California Loan Association, also of Inglewood Park Cemetery Association.

He is a member of the following: California Club, University Club, Sunset Club, Union League Club of Los Angeles (President and Director); Union League Club of San Francisco, San Gabriel Valley and Los Angeles Country Clubs, and the Gamut Club.

BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES, Minister, Lecturer and Writer, was born at Greensboro, Greene County, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844. He is the son of Frederic Edwin Burdette and Sophia Eberhardt Jones. Dr. Burdette was twice married, the first time on March 4, 1870, at Peoria, Illinois, to Caroline Spaulding Garrett (deceased). As a result of this marriage there is one son, Robert Jones. His second

engagements, including such historical ones as the sieges of Vicksburg and Mobile, and the Red River expedition. From July, 1863, to the close of term of service he was Orderly at headquarters of the First Division, 16th Army Corps.

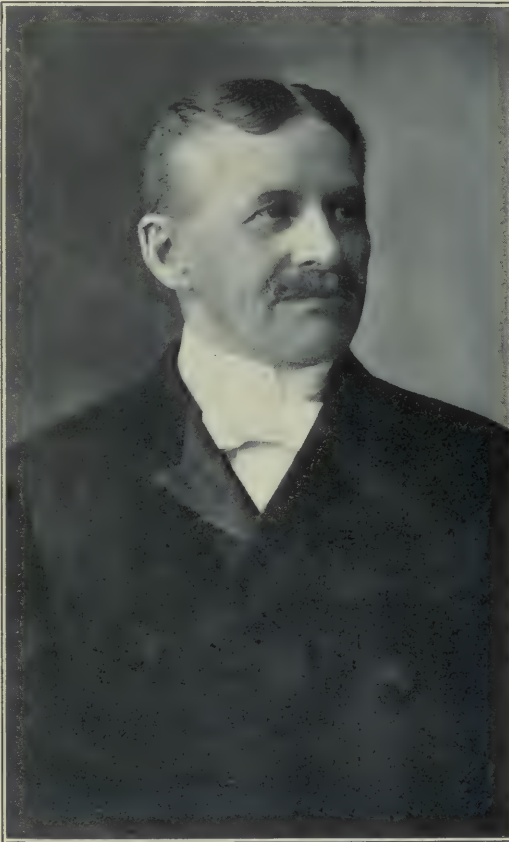
In 1865, on coming home from the army, he entered the postal service in the Peoria Post-office, as clerk and extra man in the railway postal service. In 1869 he went to New York to study art, and there began writing sketches for the newspapers.

In 1870 he returned to Peoria, where he was engaged as reporter on the Peoria "Transcript," a morning paper. By this time his reputation as a humorous writer was well established. In 1872 he established the Peoria "Evening Review." In 1874 Dr. Burdette removed to Burlington, Iowa, where he became associate, and afterward managing, editor of the "Hawkeye." It was on this paper that he became so famous as a humorous writer. In December, 1876, he went upon the lecture platform as a humorous lecturer, a work which he continued for thirty years, with uninterrupted success, his engagements taking him over the United States, Canada, and England. In 1881 he was engaged on the editorial staff of the Brooklyn "Eagle," removing to Philadelphia in 1882, where he made his home, though continuing his work on the Brooklyn "Eagle" until some time in 1884. It was while residing in Philadelphia (Bryn Mawr), May 24, 1884, that his wife (Caroline Spaulding Garrett) died, having been affectionately known to all her acquaintances as "Her Little Serene Highness." Her death came

after ten years' painful illness and helplessness. In 1886 Dr. Burdette went on the editorial staff of the Philadelphia "Press," where he remained until 1889.

Dr. Burdette was licensed to preach by the Bryn Mawr, Pa., Baptist Church, of which he is still pastor.

On March 22, 1899, he removed to Pasadena, California, and became acting pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, serving a little longer than a year. It may be noted here that while he was acting pastor of a Presbyterian church, he never changed his denominational views or membership, which



REV. ROBT. J. BURDETTE

Portrait by Marceau

marriage was to Mrs. Clara Bradley Baker, March 25, 1899, at Pasadena, California.

Dr. Burdette was educated in the public schools of Peoria, Illinois, graduating from the High School of that city in 1861. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Kalamazoo College, Michigan, in 1905.

In July, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company "C," 47th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for service during the Civil War. During his service he participated in twenty-two

always have been Baptist. After coming to Southern California he became one of the staff contributors to the Los Angeles "Times," acting in that capacity for about two years. In July, 1903, on the organization of the Temple Baptist Church of this city, he became its pastor and was then ordained to the ministry.

The wonderful activity of Dr. Burdette is readily understood when one realizes that in addition to his regular church charge he still lectures on the Lyceum circuits; makes addresses and speeches; writes books; contributes to newspapers and magazines; visits his sick and poor (the great good both he and Mrs. Burdette do in this line cannot be overestimated); goes much into social life, and, as he refers to it himself, "works occasionally," but the fact is, he is a hard, constant and efficient worker in lines that do the greatest good. He takes a lively and active interest in politics, participating in all local campaigns, taking an especial interest in municipal politics. He has been a life-long Republican.

In connection with Dr. Burdette's religious work too much cannot be said in praise of Mrs. Burdette's co-operation. Her constant and untiring efforts in the work of the Temple Baptist Church have been a strong factor in making that church the wonderful success that it is, and to her initiative and untiring persistence is due the erection of the great Auditorium, now the home of the Church. Mrs. Burdette dreamed the dream of a magnificent building which should give ample and beautiful space for all the varied activities of a live modern church; which should, besides, offer proper accommodation for great conventions and public meetings; which should further provide facilities for grand opera and the best of musical and theatrical entertainment; and which should finally have office space for business and professional men. Then she set out to make her dream come true—and did it. The story is told—or part of it—in a little book lately published by the Clara Vista Press, Pasadena, "The Rainbow and the Pot of Gold."

Dr. Burdette on one occasion resided fourteen months abroad, traveling through Palestine and up the Nile. He has made two other trips to Europe.

In the business world he has some interests, perhaps chief among which is the Burlington Publishing Company, Burlington, Iowa, of which he is President.

Some of the principal books which he has written are: "The Sons of Asaph," "The Life of William Penn," "Smiles Yoked with Sighs," "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," "Modern Temple and Templars," and "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache."

He is a member of the American Social Science Association; Archaeological Institute of America, Southwest Society; Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of clubs he is a member of the University Club, Union League Club, Twilight Club (Pasadena), Chicago Press Club (Chicago), and of the Greek letter fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi.

During 1902-1908 he served as City Commissioner of Pasadena, California.

CHURCH, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Physician, was born at Fairfield, Texas, August 26, 1858. He is of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was Benjamin F. Church, and his mother M. E. Sweatman. He married Mabel Stuart, September, 1894, at Lynchburg, Virginia. There is one child, Esther.

Dr. Church was first educated in the common schools, but later-attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Maryland, graduating in 1888 with the degree of M. D. He took postgraduate courses as follows: Baltimore, 1895; New York, 1904; and Berlin, 1906.

In 1887 he was house surgeon of the Maternité Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. From 1891 to 1895, inclusive, he was First Assistant Superintendent at the North Texas Hospital for the Insane, at Terrell, Texas. He served as President of the County Medical Societies at Austin and Terrell, Texas. In 1903 he was



DR. B. F. CHURCH

Portrait by Marceau

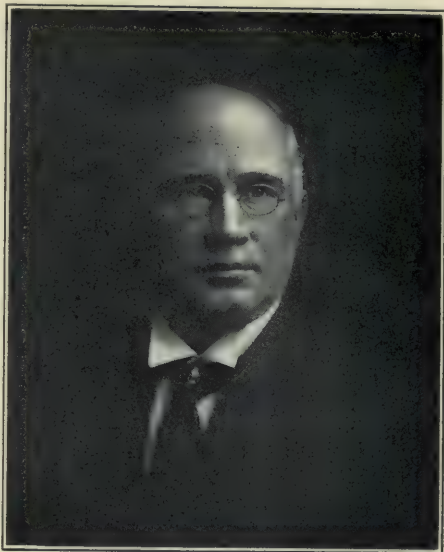
President of the Academy of Medicine, Los Angeles, and is a former Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Los Angeles, and former Secretary of the Barlow Medical Library, Los Angeles. He is a trustee, and occupies the chair of Ophthalmology, of the Los Angeles Post-Graduate Medical School.

Dr. Church is a member of the Los Angeles County Medical Society, the California State Medical Society, the American Medical Association, and the Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society.

He has written various valuable papers on medical topics, especially on subjects pertaining to the eye and ear.

He is a member of the Los Angeles University Club.

He came to Los Angeles from Dallas, Texas, in 1898.



DR. FRANK D. BULLARD
Portrait by Steckel



DR. ROSE T. BULLARD
Portrait by Steckel

BULLARD, FRANK DEARBORN and ROSE TALBOTT, Physicians and Surgeons, were married May 3, 1888, at Los Angeles, California. They have one daughter, Helen.

BULLARD, FRANK DEARBORN, was born at Lincoln, Penobscot County, Maine, December 27, 1860. His father is Dr. William Bradford Bullard (a descendant of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts), and his mother, Lydia Elizabeth Dearborn, for the last twenty-three years residents of Los Angeles.

In 1881 Dr. Bullard graduated from Colby (Me.) College, receiving the degree of A. B. (A. M., 1884), and the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

In 1881-83 he taught Latin, Greek and mathematics, and in 1884 was principal of Brownsville (Me.) High School. In 1885 he became Principal of Schools, Azusa, Cal. In 1888 he graduated from the Medical Department U. S. C. (now affiliated with the University of California), in which later he was for six years Professor of Chemistry, and has been since 1903 Instructor in Ophthalmology. In 1888-89 he took special courses at Göttingen and Vienna.

For ten years he was editor of the "Southern California Practitioner," his wife being assistant editor during the same period, and besides many professional articles has published "The Apistophilon," a philosophical poem, and "Cupid's Chalice."

For the past fifteen years he has made a specialty of administering anæsthetics, and for the past six years has specialized on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

He is a member of the following organizations: Los Angeles County Medical Association (ex-President); Southern California Med-

ical Society (ex-Secretary and ex-President); California Medical Society, Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society, American Medical Association, American Academy of Medicine, Los Angeles Eye and Ear Society.

He is a member of the University Club (ex-Secretary, two years, and ex-President, two years), a Mason, and Fellow and Director, S. C. Academy of Sciences.

BULLARD, ROSE TALBOTT, was born at Birmingham, Iowa, April 16, 1864. Her father was Joseph Talbott, M. D. (deceased), and her mother Mary Miller, now living in Los Angeles.

Dr. Bullard attended the common schools and Academy of Birmingham, and Northwestern University, receiving the degree of M. D. in 1886. During 1888-89 she took special courses at Göttingen and Vienna, and in several subsequent years has taken special courses at the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons and at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1907 she became Instructor in Gynecology in the Medical Department U. S. C., and still holds that position. She is examiner for the Penn Mutual and the National Life Insurance Companies.

Dr. Bullard has given special attention to gynecology and surgery, and her fellow practitioners concede her a place in the front rank. She took an active part in the organization of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, was its Secretary for five years, and President during 1903. She is also member of the Southern California Medical Association, California State Medical Association, American Medical Association, Friday Morning Club, and is on the Board of Managers Young Women's Christian Association.

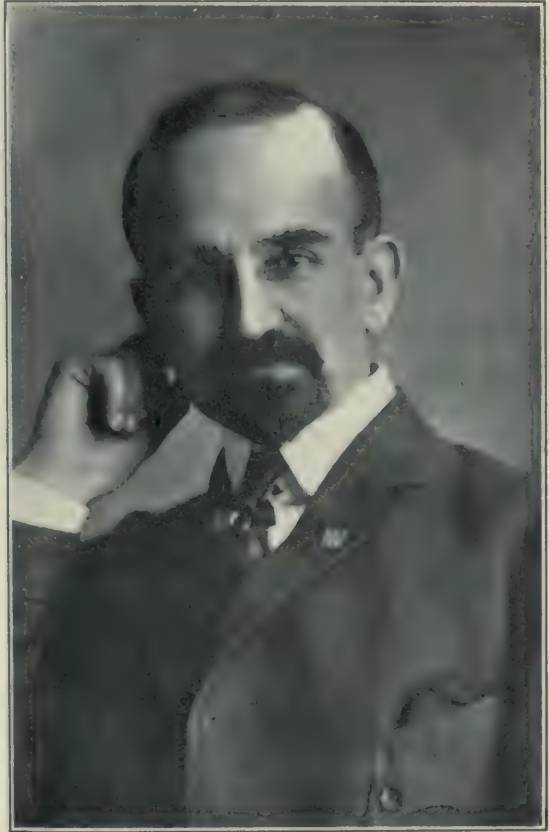
She has written numerous articles on gynecology and surgery.

CHILDRESS, ASA DABNER, Mining Operator, was born in Wayne County, Tennessee, November 2, 1859. His father was William Townsend Childress, and his mother Rhoda Catherine Thompson. The Childress family of Tennessee, the Jones and Carothers families of Virginia, and the Childress, Thompson, Townsend, Peebley and Howells families of the Carolinas are all branches from the same family stock. On December 20, 1883, at Cleburne, Texas, Mr. Childress married Mary Mildred Stone, only daughter of Hon. D. C. Stone, Mayor of Galveston, Texas, and first President of the Cotton Exchange of that city. Their children are: Ione, Mary Yarborough, Katherine, Hazel Stuart, and DeWitt Stone.

Mr. Childress received his education in private schools at Sulphur Springs, Texas, and the High School courses under Morgan H. Looney, one of the famous educators of the South in his day. He later graduated from Johnson's Commercial College in St. Louis in 1877.

In 1877 he commenced his business career in the banking house of B. M. Childress & Bros., at Terrell, Texas, and following that was made cashier of the Childress & Harris Bank, successors of B. M. Childress & Bros., where he remained until 1885, when he removed to Los Angeles. Here he engaged in banking until 1893. He at once took an active interest in the city, and has the distinction of being one of the charter members of both the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and of the California Club. He assisted in organizing the Los Angeles Clearing House, and became a member of the Executive Committee and, later, Manager of that important institution. He suggested the organization of the California Bankers' Association, and was made chairman of the Executive Council in the organization, serving as a member of the Executive Council from 1891-1893. After the panic of 1893 he returned to Texas and became Manager of Brenham Furniture Company, manufacturers and jobbers, until 1901, when he removed to Beaumont just after the great oil discovery of that town, and be-

came Secretary and Manager of the Beaumont Oil Exchange and Board of Trade. Later he was made cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of Beaumont. In 1903 he was called to Brownsville, Texas, to organize and manage the Brownsville Land and Town Company, of



A. D. CHILDRESS

Portrait by Marceau

which he was made Vice-President and Manager, and in which B. F. Yoakum, Col. Sam Fordyce and other prominent St. Louis financiers were interested. There he remained till 1905, when the development of some mining interests made it necessary for him to return to Los Angeles and permanently engage in mining.

Mr. Childress is Secretary and Manager of the Yosemite Park Mines Syndicate, and Secretary and Fiscal Agent of the Sonora Consolidated Mines Company. The latter company is a two-million-dollar corporation owning sixteen gold, silver, copper and mercury mines in Mexico, and is composed of capitalists and financiers of Mexico—men largely interested in governmental affairs and the Bank of Sonora.

CASS, ALONZO BEECHER, President of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, was born at Albion, New York, July 4, 1856. His father was P. C. Cass, and his mother Amanday M. Herrick. On June 23, 1885, he married Emma F. Tufts (deceased) at Muskege, Indian Territory. There are eight children—Frank, Philip, Louis, Donald, Quincy, Harold, Flora Emily and Alonzo B., Jr.

Mr. Cass attended the public schools of



A. B. CASS

Portrait by Steckel

Springfield and Pierce City, Mo., and completed his education at Phipps' Academy, Albion, New York, in 1872.

In 1879-1880 Mr. Cass went into the general merchandise business at Ashgrove, Mo., as Green & Cass, but in the latter year sold out to go into the trading business in the Indian Territory, which he continued with great success until 1888, when he came to Los Angeles and entered the hardware business, the firm eventually becoming the Cass-Smurr-Damerel Company.

In 1898, when the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company was formed, Mr. Cass became the first subscriber for the stock of the company, and was elected its first Vice-President. In 1906 he was elected to the office of President, and has held that office to date. Mr. Cass is also a director in the Central National Bank and the Central Trust Company, both of Los Angeles, and the Empire Construction Company of San Francisco.

He is a member of the California, Jonathan, Sunset and Union League Clubs. He is an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and is serving as the First Vice-President of that organization. He is Past President of both the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the Municipal League. He is a Mason, Knight Templar, and Past Potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, Ancient Arabian Order Nobles Mystic Shrine.

COFFEY, TITIAN JAMES, Physician, was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 6, 1874. He is the son of Henry T. Coffey and Frances J. Baldwin. He married Eva Elizabeth Keating at Los Angeles, March 30, 1909.

Dr. Coffey attended Shattuck School, Faribault, Minnesota, 1891-1892, and Peoria High School, Peoria, Illinois, 1894, then entered the medical department of the Northwestern University at Chicago, attending there 1894-1897. From Chicago he came to Los Angeles in 1897 and entered the medical department of the University of Southern California, which he attended 1897 and 1898, graduating June 2 of the latter year with the degree M. D. The terms of 1898 and 1899 he spent at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, graduating June 15, 1899, with the degree M. D.

In July, 1899, he opened his offices in this city, where he has been in practice since.

Dr. Coffey has taken an active interest in the public welfare, and has done a great deal of good work by assisting to improve conditions in lines in which he has been most interested. He has been a most active chairman of the Los Angeles Housing Commission since its creation, February 20, 1906. He is Director, California Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and member, Board of Directors, Juvenile Improvement Association.



DR. T. J. COFFEY

Portrait by Steckel

He is also a member of the following: Am. Med. Assn., Cal. State Med. Soc., Med. Soc. of So. Cal., L. A. County Med. Soc., L. A. Clinical and Pathological Soc., and L. A. Academy of Sciences. He is instructor of Clinical Obstetrics, Med. Dept., University of So. Cal.

He is a member of the University Club, City Club, Chamber of Commerce, and Municipal League.

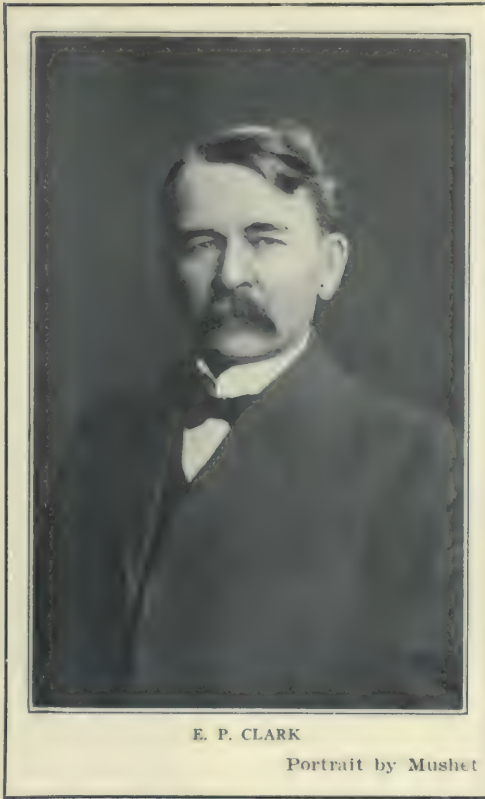
CLARK, ELI P., President, Los Angeles Pacific Company, was born near Iowa City, Iowa. His father was a native of Waterbury, Connecticut, and his mother was born in the Adirondacks, New York State.

When Mr. Clark was eight years old his parents moved to Grinnell, Iowa, where he attended the public schools, and later entered the Iowa College, located in that town.

At eighteen he taught his first school, meeting with marked success. In 1867 the family moved to Southwestern Missouri, where he worked with his father in the summer and taught school during the winter. In 1875 he crossed the plains, and after a three months' journey, by way of old Santa Fé and Fort Wingate, arrived at Prescott, Arizona. There he first met General M. H. Sherman, for many years Superintendent of Schools in Arizona, and there also he met General Sherman's sister (Lucy H.), whom he afterwards married. They have three daughters—Lucy Mason, Mary Sherman, and Katherine Tritle Clark—and one son, Eugene Payson.

Mr. Clark engaged in various mercantile enterprises, also served one year as Postmaster of Prescott. In 1878 he formed a partnership with A. D. Adams, as Clark & Adams, for the manufacture of lumber, operating three mills. In 1877 he was made Territorial Auditor, serving four terms—in all ten years. It was during these years that he formed the close friendship of General Frémont, Governor of Arizona.

In Arizona Mr. Clark became actively interested in railroad developments, and was particularly instrumental in securing the passage of a bill in the Legislature in 1885 granting a subsidy of \$4,000 per mile for a railroad to be built from Prescott to connect with the Atlantic & Pacific Railway at Seligman. He helped to organize the original company and



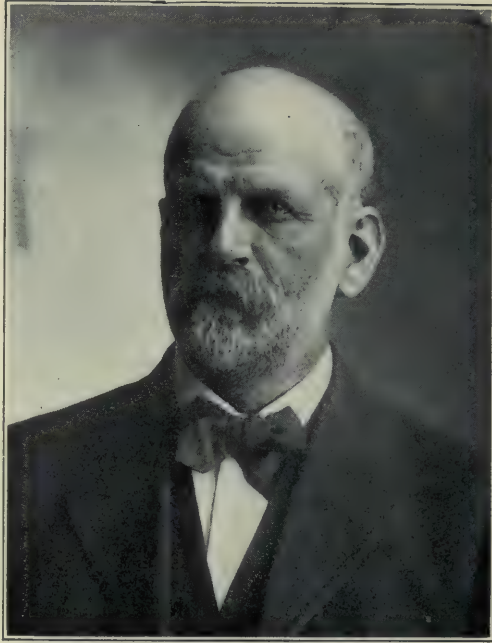
was elected Treasurer and Secretary. The Company was turned over to Thomas S. Bullock under contract to construct and operate. Within the following year the Prescott & Arizona Central Railroad commenced operation, and did a thriving business for ten years, when it was replaced by the present Santa Fé, Prescott & Phoenix Railroad.

In January, 1891, at the urgent request of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Clark came to Los Angeles, where he was made Vice-President and Manager of the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railway Company, now the Los Angeles Railway. Following the

consolidation of all the local lines, in 1894 he acquired the local lines in Pasadena, and then constructed the Pasadena & Los Angeles Electric Railway, as an inter-urban line—the beginning of the present magnificent Pacific Electric Railway system. In 1896 the old steam road running between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, through the Colegrove and Hollywood country, was rebuilt and put in operation. The opening of the line marked the beginning of the present Los Angeles Pacific Company lines, of which Mr. Clark has been the President ever since, and was the active manager until the fall of 1905. This property has been his special care, and it is due to the work and industry of General Sherman and Mr. Clark that it has become one of the county's finest railroads. To this excellent work is due the building up of the wonderful foothill country between Los Angeles and the sea. To Mr. Clark is also due credit for the first steps toward the proposed subway out of the city; the surveys and acquiring of rights of way were begun in 1904.

Other than railroad interests have occupied Mr. Clark's attention. He is engaged in the oil business, in which General Sherman and he have very large holdings. He has large interests in beach properties.

Mr. Clark is broad-minded and public-spirited. His desire to aid in worthy work for the welfare of church or city is evidenced by many substantial gifts.



EDWARD S. COBB

Portrait by Marceau

COBB, EDWARD SIGOURNEY, Designing and Consulting Engineer, was born at Nashville, Tenn., May 21, 1858. His father was Jonathan Cobb, of Dedham, Mass., who was in Placer County, California, from 1849 to 1856; his mother was Martha Sigourney Wales. He is directly descended from Jonathan Holmes Cobb and Samuel Wales, both closely identified with the history of Massachusetts.

Mr. Cobb graduated from the High School at Dedham, Mass., then entered the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass., from which he graduated in 1879 with the degree Bachelor of Science.

Such work as Mr. Cobb had undertaken prior to his entering college had been confined to the trades of pattern-making and boat-building. After the date of his graduation he was assistant to the Superintendent of Motive Power of a railroad, and did draughting in a machine tool works. In 1880 he opened an office in Boston, where he designed machinery for the manufacture of boots and shoes, paper bags and newspaper folding, also designing several manufacturing plants and steam-power plants, and devoted useful time in tests and investigations. In 1882 he was appointed Professor of Practical Mechanics and Machine Design, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Indiana, with full charge of mechanical engineering instruction. This professorship he held until 1888, when he went to Dallas, Texas, and made a specialty of mechanical and hydraulic engineering, designing and installing municipal pumping plants, cotton ginning and compress-

ing plants, factory buildings and steam-power plants. He was also an expert in court cases for the District and U. S. Circuit Courts. In 1892 he went from Dallas to Erie, Penn., where he made special designs and tests for a steam engine manufacturing firm, remaining there for about one year. In 1894 he was mechanical and hydraulic engineer for the Risdon Iron Works of San Francisco. He remained in that city until 1900, designing water-power and steam-power plants, air compression and mining machinery, and doing expert measurement work of water and other power plants. In 1896 the firm of Cobb & Hesselmeier, mechanical and hydraulic engineers, was formed in San Francisco. This firm did much expert work for many of the most important constructions in their line installed in this State during the period from 1894 to 1901. Their work covered the entire field in their line—water power, steam power, designing of special structures and machinery, and making investigations and reports on kindred subjects. In 1901 Mr. Cobb located in Los Angeles and engaged in heavy construction work on power-houses, shops, railway depots and pumping plants, also doing much important consulting work in engineering matters.

Mr. Cobb was formerly a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and is a member of the Engineers and Architects Association, Los Angeles, and of the American Society for Testing Materials, Washington, D. C.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club and of the Masonic orders.

COOK, JAMES FRANKLYN, Dentist, was born at Warwick, Massachusetts, on November 2, 1868. His father was George E. Cook, and his mother Martha Moody.

Dr. Cook received his early education at the Waterbury High School, Waterbury, Connecticut, and later the Mount Herman School, Mount Herman, Massachusetts. From this



DR. J. F. COOK

Portrait by Marceau

institution he attended Harvard Dental School, and finally finished his education by graduating from the University of Michigan, Dental Department, 1891.

Dr. Cook started the practice of his profession in Toledo, Ohio, in 1891, and remained there a period of nine years. In November, 1900, he came to California and took up his permanent home in Los Angeles, where he has resided ever since, and taken a very active part in Dental Society work.

He is a member of the Ohio State Dental Association, one of the largest organizations of its kind in the United States, and was Secretary and Treasurer of the Toledo Dental Society from 1894 to 1898; was President, Los Angeles County Dental Society, 1904-05; was President, Southern California Dental Association, 1908, and Chairman of the Committee for Prosecuting the Illegal Practitioners of Dentistry, and a member of the Legislative Committee; member, California State Dental Society.

He is a member of the California Club, Los Angeles Athletic Club, University of Michigan Alumni, and the Order of Elks.

DOCKWEILER, ISIDORE BERNARD, was born in Los Angeles, December 28, 1867. His father, Henry Dockweiler, was a Bavarian, and his mother, Margaratha Sugg, was an Alsatian. On June 30, 1890, he married Gertrude Reeve, daughter of Mr. B. J. Reeve, the architect, and ten children have blessed their union.

Mr. Dockweiler was educated at Saint Vincent's College, Los Angeles, from which he received a commercial diploma in 1883, and degrees of A. B. 1887, A. M. 1889, and the honorary degree of LL. M. in 1905.

From 1883 to 1885 he was employed as a bookkeeper, and during 1887-1888 at surveying.

He studied law at Los Angeles, Cal., with the firm of Anderson, Fitzgerald & Anderson. He was admitted to the Bar of California October 14, 1889, and later to the Bar of the Federal Courts in California.

Mr. Dockweiler has been a director of the Los Angeles Public Library since 1897, with the exception of the term of 1899-1901, and is President of the Board, his present term ending in 1911. He has been a trustee of Saint Vincent's College since October 1, 1890, and of the State Normal School at San Diego since December, 1898. In 1902 he was candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of California on the Democratic ticket. He was delegate to the Demo-



IS. DORE B. DOCKWEILER

Portrait by Steckel

cratic National Convention at Denver, 1908, and California's member of Platform Committee thereof.

He is a member of the California Club, New-man Club, Chamber of Commerce, Native Sons of Golden West, Knights of Columbus, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Royal Arcanum and Young Men's Institute.



CHAS. CASSAT DAVIS

Portrait by Marceau

DAVIS, CHARLES CASSAT, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, October 5, 1851. He was the son of Timothy J. Davis and Caroline Mary Cassat, his mother being descended from the Guizot family of France, Guizot having been Anglicized to Cassat. The family were Huguenots, driven to Holland, thence to America.

Mr. Davis acquired his early education in the public schools of Cincinnati, Ohio, and later went to the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he graduated in 1873 with the degree A. B., the same university conferring the degree M. A. in 1876. After his graduation from the Ohio Wesleyan University he attended the Law School at Cincinnati, Ohio, and afterward that of Columbia College, New York, from which he graduated in 1875, receiving the degree LL. B.

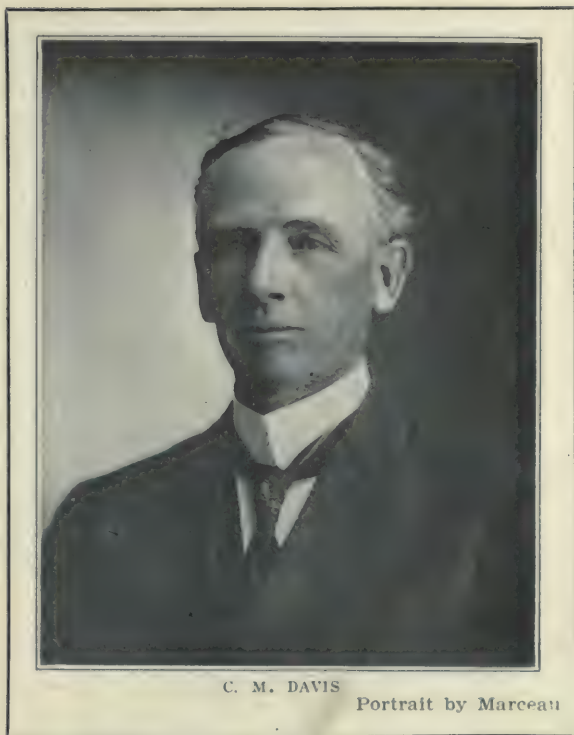
After leaving Columbia Law School he began the practice of law in Cincinnati, where he continued until 1885. During his residence in Ohio he was an active member, director and attorney of one of the largest organizations

of its kind in the world, the Ohio State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was a member of the Ohio Legislature, 1880-1881.

In the fall of 1885 he removed to Los Angeles, and has practiced law here since that year.

He was elected to the Los Angeles Board of Education, serving 1897-98, and was re-elected for the period 1899-1900. It was during this time that the notorious Webb ring was broken up, driving two members into exile, from which they never returned. The breaking up of this gang placed Mr. Davis in the presidency of the Board, which he held for three years. During this time far-reaching reforms were instituted, and the schools brought up to the standard of similar Eastern institutions. In 1904 he was again elected to the Board of Education, this time on the non-partisan ticket, but resigned after one year's service.

He is a member of the University Club, the Jonathan Club, Sunset Club, and Municipal League.



C. M. DAVIS

Portrait by Marceau

DAVIS, CYRUS MILLARD, Investments, was born in Amboy, Ill., October 22, 1850, his father being Josiah Milton Davis (who came to California in 1852, remaining four years), his mother Clara Frisbee. Her father was Sylvester Frisbee, who had come to Illinois in 1832, had run a temperance tavern on a stage-route in those days of free drinking, and had used it, besides, as a station on the "underground railroad" which helped so many slaves to freedom. Mr. Davis married Maria Bigelow in 1876 at Chicago, and to them were born four children, Warren A. (deceased), Clara Gertrude (wife of American Consul Arnold at Amoy, China), Josiah M., and Mary A. She died in 1898, and subsequently Mr. Davis married Nellie E. A. Traphagen (now deceased), they having one daughter, Nellie M.

Mr. Davis was educated in the grammar schools in Amboy, and worked on a farm till he was seventeen, supporting his mother and sister, his father having died when he was eleven years old. He next spent three years at the carpenter's trade, and two more as steam-fitter, then entering the wholesale paper house of J. W. Butler Paper Company, Chicago, in 1876. With them he remained until 1893, being Secretary and Manager during the last eight years. Removing to Los Angeles on account of the failing health of wife

and son, he became in 1894 President of the Kingsley, Barnes & Neuner Company, later purchasing the interests of other stockholders until he became practically sole owner. In January, 1902, having absorbed the Land of Sunshine Publishing Company and the C. M. Davis Engraving Company, the corporation became the Out West Company, Mr. Davis remaining President until 1906, when, being at that time again practically sole owner, he sold out, and the name was soon changed to the Neuner Company. Throughout Mr. Davis's connection with this corporation and from the first number of the magazine, it printed the "Land of Sunshine," its name being changed to Out West in 1902. Without Mr. Davis's personal interest and financial support, the continuance of the magazine would have been at times impossible, so far as it was then possible to see.

About 1901 Mr. Davis assumed for David C. Cook of Chicago the management of his Piru ranch of 14,000 acres in Ventura and Los Angeles counties, 2,000 acres being in bearing fruit trees. This he retained, in connection with his other business, until he sold the entire property for the owner to a Los Angeles syndicate.

For many years Mr. Davis was earnest in the work of the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants and Manufacturers Association, and other organizations for municipal welfare, and still retains his activity in many of them. He is a member of the California Club and Union League.

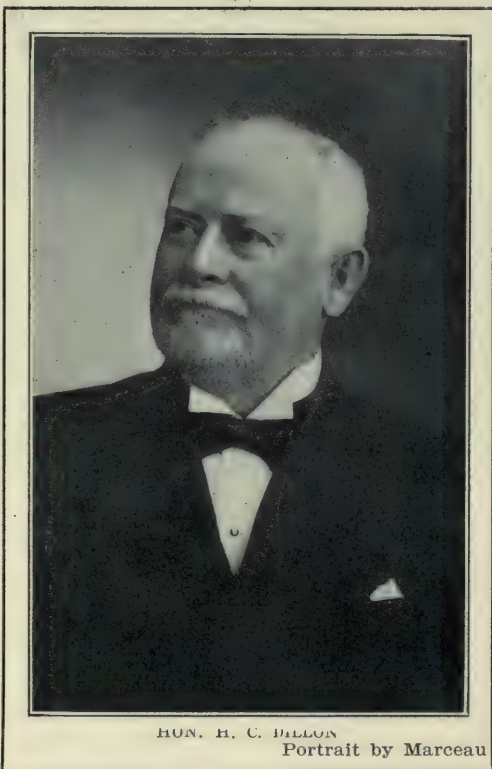
DILLON, HENRY CLAY, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, was born at Lancaster, Grant County, Wisconsin, November 6, 1846. His father, Patrick Finucane Dillon, born in Ireland, and a notable scholar, became an Argonaut in 1851, and died here in 1878. His mother, born in North Carolina, of Welsh parents, was Cynthia Charles. Her parents afterwards removed to Illinois, and for many years her father was Probate Judge at Galena, Ill.

On June 20, 1876, at Denver, Colorado, Mr. Dillon married Florence Hood, a daughter of one of the editors of the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican" during the Civil War. Her mother was one of the first graduates of Mt. Holyoke College. There are six children: Florence Ada, who as "Adele Dilli" has won distinction in opera; Fannie Charles, whose reputation as a composer and pianist is well established; Anna Hood, secretary and bookkeeper of the H. C. Dillon Co., the family corporation; Josephine, a graduate of Stanford University, who has chosen the stage for her career; James de Koven, a lawyer, and Viva, an artist.

Mr. Dillon got his early education in the public schools and Academy of Lancaster, and in a Chicago business college. At the age of fourteen ex-Governor George W. Ryland gave him a start in mercantile life in Lancaster, where for some years he was a successful salesman, bookkeeper and bank cashier. He then entered Racine College, where he won the Wisconsin Gold Medal for scholarship in 1870, and graduated as "Head of the College" in 1872. In 1874 he was admitted to the Wisconsin Bar, and later, in the course of his practice, to the Supreme Courts of Colorado, Nevada, California, and to the United States District, Circuit and Supreme Courts.

For fifteen years he practiced his profession in Denver. He was Judge Advocate of the Patriarchs Militant, Colorado (I. O. O. F.),

for eight years. He was at one time Master in Chancery, and Examiner of the United States Courts at Leadville, Colorado. He was an officer in the Pitkin Cavalry (C. N. G.), and was under fire during the Leadville riots of 1879-80. While residing in Colorado he took an active part in the building of the "South Park" Railroad to Leadville, the Denver & New Orleans, and the Denver, Western & Pacific.



HON. H. C. DILLON

Portrait by Marceau

In 1888 ill health caused him to remove to California, where he soon resumed his practice of the law in Los Angeles, and has followed it ever since.

He was District Attorney of Los Angeles County, 1893-95, making an excellent record. It was during his administration and upon his insistence that the Board of Supervisors adopted the present system of bookkeeping. Before that there was no system and the Auditor kept no books. He has resided much of his time on his fruit farm, "Colorado Orchards," near Long Beach, having also a city home. Outside of his profession, mining and fruit-raising have

been his chief occupations. He has done much substantial work in helping to make Los Angeles a mining center, notably the professional and financial aid which he gave in building the Nevada Southern Railway, now a part of the Santa Fé system. As Chairman of the Law Committee of the first Consolidation Commission, he helped to lay the foundation for the future City and County of Los Angeles. He is a member of the Police Commission of Los Angeles, and President of the Juvenile Court Association, and of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (Cathedral Conference).

Mr. Dillon has done much miscellaneous literary work, being a clever writer of short stories, a well-known law writer, and lecturer on Common-Law Pleading and Equity Jurisprudence in the University of Southern California.

In politics he is a Democrat, in religion a Roman Catholic.

DUQUE, TOMÁS LORENZO, Stockman and Capitalist, was born in the Province of Havana, Republic of Cuba, September 5, 1853. His father was Francisco Duque y Díaz, and his mother Isabel Amaro y Arencibia. He married Eleuteria Galdós y Belzaguy, September 30, 1886, at Matanzas, Cuba. There are nine children, as follows: Tomás Domingo, Evangeline Eleuteria, Gabriel Carlos, Ernest Eloy, Helena Asuncion, Adelaida Carlota, Lorenzo Luis, Victor Edwin, and Henry Alexander.

Mr. Duque attended the public schools of Cuba up to the age of nine, when he became a student at the College of Monserrate, Havana, where he remained until twelve years of age, when he came to the United States and finished his education at the Friends' Central School of Philadelphia, 1865-1869.

In September, 1869, he joined the Cuban expedition of General Goicouria on the steamer "Lillian" as a private, but the party failed to land on Cuban soil, the vessel having been captured at Nurse Key, one of the Bahamas, by the British man-of-war "Lapwing," and dismantled and sold at auction at Nassau, New Providence Island.

In the year 1871, after having spent two or three months with his brothers on the island of Jamaica, West Indies, he went to the Isthmus of Panama and clerked for the Panama Railroad in various capacities until the year 1878, when he was appointed purser of the Pacific Mail steamers plying between Panama and San Francisco, which position he resigned in the year 1884. In 1885 he returned to Havana, Cuba, where he married in 1886, and remained until 1888 looking after some property interests he had there at that time. He then decided to come to California to make his permanent home, arriving in Los Angeles on April 25, 1888. Since that year he has been a resident of this city.

In the year 1891 Mr. Duque was elected a Director of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and served on that Board for a number of

years. In the same year he also became a Director of the Security Savings Bank of Los Angeles, and was on that Board for a number of years, and served as President of that institution in 1893, the year of the great panic. He was also President from 1895 to 1905 of the old Main Street Savings Bank, which in 1905 merged with the Security Savings Bank.



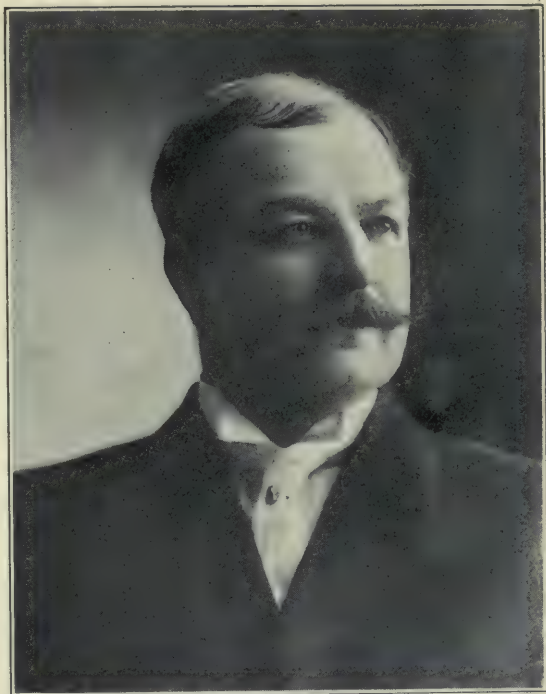
T. L. DUQUE

Portrait by Steckel

He is Consul of the Republics of Ecuador, Honduras and Cuba, having represented these countries for a number of years past. He is the Dean of the Consular Corps of Los Angeles.

Mr. Duque is President and Manager of the San Felipe Land & Water Company, and a Director of the Southern Trust and Savings Bank of San Diego, California, where his landed interests are very large.

Mr. Duque has been a member of the California Club and of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce since 1889. He is also a life member of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce.



J. C. DRAKE

Portrait by Marceau

DRAKE, JAMES CALHOUN, Banker, was born at Cincinnati, Washington County, Arkansas, July 26, 1858. His father was Wesley Drake, and his mother Martha Kellum. He married Fanny Wilcox at San Francisco, April 26, 1893. They have two children, Daphne and James Wilcox.

After receiving a common school education, Mr. Drake received the appointment from the Fourth Congressional District, State of Arkansas, to the United States Naval Academy. He graduated from that institution in 1880 and was assigned to duty for two years on the flagship "Trenton" on the European squadron cruising in the Mediterranean Sea, thence to the training ship "Portsmouth" on the North Atlantic station. From the "Portsmouth" he was assigned to the "Yantic," cruising in the West Indies and to the Central and South American coasts. After this, Mr. Drake served three years in the United States Coast Geodetic Survey, being in command of the survey-vessels engaged in hydrographic surveying on the coasts of North Carolina and Georgia. He received the thanks of the Legislature of the State of Georgia for the scientific survey and investigations pertaining to the delineations of the oyster beds in those waters.

In 1890 Mr. Drake was transferred to duty on the U. S. S. "Albatross," making a cruise around the world covering a period of three years, most of the time being spent in Asiatic waters. At the completion of this cruise, in 1893, he was appointed Inspector of Ordnance in San Francisco, fitting out the ordnance and torpedo equipments on the U. S. S. "Olympia" and the battleship "Oregon."

In 1895, by reason of the slow promotion, he voluntarily resigned from naval service and took up civil life in Los Angeles. Here he first became identified with the Los Angeles City Water Works, and served as one of the commissioners, for the first term, upon the acquisition of the water works by the City of Los Angeles.

Mr. Drake has been a Director of the First National Bank for the past twelve years, and upon the incorporation of the Los Angeles Trust Company, in 1903, he was elected its President, which has been his active office ever since. He is also a Director of the Edison Electric Company and the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

He is a member of the California Club and the Los Angeles Country Club.

Mr. Drake came to California first in 1893 from Washington, D. C.

EARL, EDWIN TOBIAS, Publisher "Los Angeles Express," was born on a fruit ranch near Red Bluff, California, May 30, 1858, his father being Josiah Earl, his mother Adelia Chaffee. He married Emily Jarvis in Los Angeles, April 30, 1902. They have four children—Jarvis, Edwin, Emily and Chaffee.

After receiving a High School education he engaged in the fruit-shipping business in 1876. At that time the freight on a car of green fruit from California to Chicago was \$900, and about \$1200 to New York. The only cars available were ordinary ventilated box cars, and of these, unsuitable as they were, there was not a sufficient supply. Mr. Earl experimented with refrigerator cars, and satisfied himself that they were the only suitable ones for shipping fruit. In 1890 he invented a combination ventilator refrigerator car, and, the railroad refusing to build such cars, he went into the business of building and operating them, organizing the Continental Fruit Express and investing \$2,000,000 in cars. The operation of cars proved more profitable than the shipping of fruit. There were many infringements of Mr. Earl's patents, which were finally sustained in the United States courts after long litigation. It is the simple truth to say that these cars revolutionized the fruit-shipping industry, and have been the most essential factor in building it up to its present enormous proportions. In 1901 Mr. Earl sold out all his fruit-shipping and car-line interests and others connected therewith to Armour & Company of Chicago, retiring from that line of work with several million dollars. Soon afterward he bought the "Los Angeles Express," which for some years had been barely existing. Under his management the "Express" soon became a vital force in the community, and is today among the most potent factors for civic righteousness. Incidentally, it should be added, it is prospering financially. Independent in poli-

tics, it has persistently and vigorously fought "the machine." It has been the most powerful single factor in suppressing race-track gambling. Its aid was all-important in securing the modification of the city charter of Los Angeles, establishing the direct primary, and the election of councilmen-at-large. In October, 1908, it severely criticised the Mayor

and Police Department of Los Angeles, for the protection of vice, and in consequence of its criticisms Mr. Earl and the "Express" were sued by the Mayor and some of his associates for \$650,000 damages. The defendants in this suit have always been ready and eager for trial, the plaintiffs always seeking postponement, and the net result to this date has been the recall election, a new Mayor, a new Police Department, and the substantial justification of the charges made by the "Express."

Mr. Earl came to Los Angeles in 1885, and since then has been a heavy investor

in real estate, and has erected several important business blocks. He is President of the Earl Orchard Company and of the Main Street Company, the latter company having recently completed the erection of the Central Building. He is a director in many other corporations.

He has been keenly interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a liberal contributor to that worthy organization.

He is a Mason, and a member of the California Club, Jonathan Club, City Club and Bolsa Chica Gun Club.

Mr. Earl is a typical representative of that growing class of Americans who, acquiring wealth early, thereafter devote their chief energies to the service of the larger public interests.



E. T. EARL

Portrait by Marceau

EASTON, EDWARD EUGENE, Engineer, President Engineers' Exploration Co., Ltd., was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, January 5, 1878. His father is John Ammen Easton, Ph. D., and his mother Laura Browden. He is related to Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N. On April 23, 1906, he married Elise Holliday at



E. E. EASTON

Portrait by Marceau

Berkeley, California. They have two daughters, Nancy and Jean Elise.

After passing through a public and High School course in Ohio, Mr. Easton spent three years abroad in study.

During 1897-98 he did newspaper work at Kansas City, Mo., being certified as a War Correspondent to Cuba. At the end of the war he was appointed Private Secretary in the Interior Department at Washington, resigning in 1899 to undertake exploration work in South Africa. At the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war he again became a war correspondent. In 1902 he again took up exploration work for mineral deposits in East Africa, north of Zambesi River. In 1903 he had charge of an expedition for a French and Dutch syndicate to report on mineral conditions of the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, and in 1904 explored the Northern Sahara Desert region along the Atlas Mountains. In 1905 he did exploration work in Spanish Honduras, since which time he has confined his work to the Western United States and Old Mexico.

Mr. Easton wrote "Inside the Boer Lines" (Harper's, 1901), and "Battle of Pepworth Hill" (Harper's, 1901), and has done considerable other work for publications.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club and of the Chamber of Mines.

He established his permanent residence here November 21, 1906.

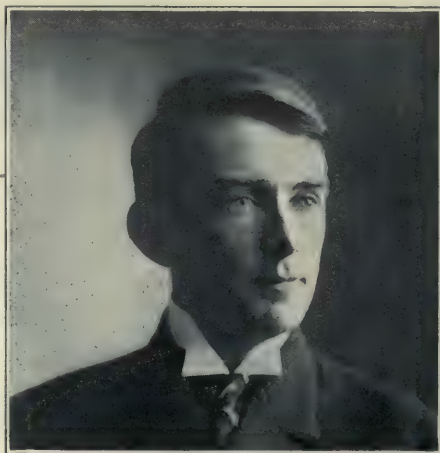
EDGERTON, EDWARD OVIATT, Attorney, was born in Yreka, California, January 8, 1876, his father being Calvin Edgerton, his mother Emma Oviatt. His father had been in California since 1852, coming here with his uncle, Henry Edgerton, an orator of note.

He was educated in the public schools and University of California, coming to Los Angeles in 1888. He was admitted to the Bar in 1898, and has practiced his profession since that time.

At the time of the breaking out of the Spanish war Mr. Edgerton enlisted in the National Guards of California, hoping to see service in battle, but was disappointed. At the time of the San Francisco disaster Mr. Edgerton was particularly effective in connection with the relief-work undertaken by the Native Sons of the Golden West.

As one of the five commissioners appointed by the Native Sons of the Golden West to consider the cases of Ruef, Schmitz, Gallagher and other San Francisco accused "boodlers," he was instrumental in purging that body by the expulsion of these men in 1907. Senator Caminetti was Chairman of that Committee, and Mr. Edgerton, Secretary. He was also one of the founders of the "Grizzly Bear" magazine.

As one of the committee of five on filling



E. O. EDGERTON

Portrait by Marceau

vacancies in the Democratic city ticket in 1906, he was able to be of much service to the cause of genuine non-partisanship.

During the recent recall election he was Secretary of the Municipal League Committee in charge of the campaign.

Mr. Edgerton has just (April, 1909) been selected as Secretary of the Municipal League. He is also a charter member of the City Club, and belongs to the Masonic fraternity.

ELDER, CHARLES ABBOTT, President, Los Angeles Investment Company, was born at Kimmundy, Illinois, May 9, 1864. His father was Dr. A. C. Elder, and his mother Lavison Wood Fancher. He is a direct descendant of Alling Ball, grandfather of George Washington. Five of his ancestors were soldiers of Revolutionary distinction.

Mr. Elder graduated from the Topeka, Kansas, High School in 1882. In 1890 he entered the University of Illinois, where he remained four years. In 1895 he went to France, where he took up special studies at the University of Paris during that year. These dates may appear to conflict with the record of his business career which follows, but the conflict is only apparent. The explanation is that after establishing himself in business he decided that he wanted a university training, and obtained it, retaining at the same time his business connections.

His first employment was with the Elder Syndicate at Topeka, Kansas, a concern organized by his father, containing some of the ideas which the son later developed and expanded. He went to work for this syndicate in 1873 at \$1.50 per week. In 1883 he became General Manager, holding that position until 1895. Upon his return from Paris he came to Los Angeles and established a branch of the Elder Syndicate, at the same time organizing, with two associates, the Pacific Investment Company. The joint capital of the three was just \$25 in cash, but to this was added some credit and an unlimited supply of confidence. A little later the Elder Syndicate and the Pacific Investment Company were merged as the Los Angeles Investment and Trust Company, which later yet became the Los Angeles Investment Company, under which title it now operates. In 1905 Mr. Elder organized the Elder Building Material Company, an affiliated corporation, and in 1906 the Globe

Savings Bank, with a paid-in capital of \$200,000. Of these three organizations he is President, and to them he has devoted all his business energies.

Small as were its beginnings—the first house built by Mr. Elder and his associates in Los Angeles cost only \$90, and even so severely strained their resources—the company which he organized has played no small part in the recent making of Los Angeles. At first able to

build only one house at a time, it later began to buy tracts and improve them as a whole. The 1500 residences already built mean that an aggregate of almost one square mile has been transformed from unoccupied land to home places. The little company of three people of fourteen years ago has become the largest co-operative building company in the world, with 2300 stockholders (300 of whom are its own employees), a paid-in capital of more than \$1,250,000 and an equal amount of undivided profits. In certain features it is unique, and people have come from all parts of the world to



CHAS. A. ELDER
Portrait by Marceau

study it—Mr. Elder having the names of more than a thousand such investigators.

A striking evidence of the way in which the growth of Los Angeles continues apparently unaffected by "bad times" is that this co-operative building company built and sold more houses during 1908 and made a larger gross profit than in any previous year, while its percentage of dividend earned was larger than in any other year but one.

While residing in Kansas Mr. Elder was a member of the Kansas National Guard, and after locating in Los Angeles he became a non-commissioned officer of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard of California.

He is a member of the University Club, Gamut Club, City Club, Southern California Academy of Science, Municipal League, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and the Municipal Waterways Commission.

He is the publisher of "Home Builders," a publication devoted to the interests of his organizations.



DR. H. BERT ELLIS

Portrait by Marceau

ELLIS, H. BERT, Physician (Oculist, Aurist, Laryngologist and Rhinologist), was born at Lincoln Center, Maine, May 17, 1863. His father was James Henry Ellis, and his mother Annie M. Bullard. He is directly descended, on his mother's side, from Governor Bradford, the second Governor of Massachusetts, and on his father's side from Thomas Davis, Lord Mayor of London (1677). He married Florence E. Chandler on May 27, 1907, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Ellis attended the public schools of Fredericton, New Brunswick, till 1876, when he went to the Collegiate School (Fredericton), which he attended until 1880. The term of 1880-81 was spent at the University of New Brunswick. In the fall of 1881 he entered Acadia College, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, from which he graduated in 1884 with the degree of A. B. In July, 1884, after his graduation, he came to Los Angeles and entered the College of Medicine of the University of Southern California, from which he graduated in 1888 with the degree of M. D. He immediately went abroad and took a postgraduate course at the University of Göttingen throughout the remainder of 1888, and at the University of Wien in 1889, after which he returned to Los

Angeles and commenced practice. Since 1893 he has devoted himself exclusively to the treatment of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

Dr. Ellis takes an active interest in civic matters, particularly in educational affairs, and during 1903-04 he served as President of the Los Angeles Board of Education.

He is a director of the California Hospital and also of the Sun Drug Co., and a director and Secretary of Peairs Pharmacy Co., and is President of the Middlemarch Copper Co. He is a member and ex-President of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, Southern California Medical Society, California State Medical Society, Los Angeles Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Society; President, Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society; member of the American Medical Association, American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society, and the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-laryngology, and American Academy of Medicine.

He is a member of the California, Jonathan, University and Union League Clubs of Los Angeles, and is a Mason and an Elk; also a member of the Los Angeles Country Club, Gamut Club, Sunset Club, and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.



GRENVILLE C. EMERY
Portrait by Marceau

EMERY, GRENVILLE C., Head Master and owner of Harvard Military School, which he conducts, was born at Ripley, Maine, July 19, 1843. His father was John G. Emery, and his mother Mary Stanley Jones. He was married to Ella Rhoda Pike at Livermore Falls, Maine, January 27, 1871. They have had six children—Ellen R., Mary R., Bertrand G., Laura J., Ella Pike and Grenville P.

Mr. Emery first attended the public schools of Maine, then entered Corinna Union Academy, Maine, 1858-61; Maine State Seminary, 1861-64; Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, 1864-68; Göttingen, Germany, 1882-83. He received the degree A. B., Bates College, 1868, and A. M. 1869, and Litt. D. 1904.

Mr. Emery's career as an educator began in 1868 in the Maine public schools after he graduated from Bates College. He was instructor in the Maine State Seminary at Lewiston 1868 and 1869, and principal of the High School and Superintendent of Schools of Auburn, Maine, 1870-71. He then went to Michigan as principal of the High School at Grand Rapids, where he was located through the term of 1871-72. From 1872 to 1881 he was sub-

master of Lawrence Grammar School, Boston, Mass., after which he went to Germany, where he took up special studies at the University of Göttingen (1881-1882). On his return from Germany he became master in the Boston Latin School, where he remained throughout 1882-1897. He came to Los Angeles from Boston in June of 1897, and during that year and 1899 was principal of the Los Angeles Military Academy.

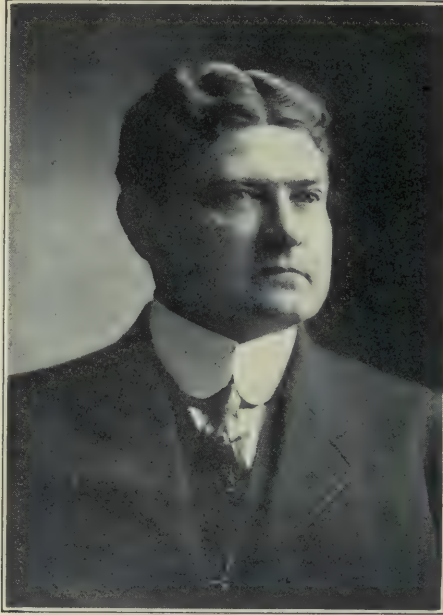
In 1900 he founded and became Head Master of Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, and as such he has continued, building up that institution to one of the highest grade, with a national reputation as a ranking educational institution. This school, which Mr. Emery has conducted so successfully, has been a very important factor in promoting Los Angeles as an educational center.

Mr. Emery is the author of a number of important works on algebra, which are in use in many of the best high and secondary schools of the country. Some of them follow: "Academic Algebra" (Bradbury and Emery), 1890; "Academic Algebra" (Teachers' Edition), 1890; "Algebra for Beginners" (Bradbury and Emery), 1894; "Key to Algebra for Beginners," 1896.

FINKLE, FREDERICK CECIL, Consulting Engineer, was born at Viroqua, Wisconsin, May 3, 1865. His father was Thurston Finkle, and his mother Sophia Amelia Michelet, who was the great-grand-niece of M. Jules Michelet, the French historian. At San Francisco, September 8, 1901, he married Priscilla Ann Jones. Of this union there is one son, Frederick Cecil. By a former marriage there are two sons, Roy Bennett and William Thurston.

Mr. Finkle attended the public and High School at Viroqua, Wisconsin, graduating in 1882. He then took a special course in civil engineering at the University of Wisconsin until 1887.

In January, 1887, he came to California, and here became the Chief Engineer of the North Riverside Land and Water Company, Jurupa Land and Water Company, and the Vivienda Water Company, for their plants in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, which he completed at a cost of \$600,000. During 1889-1893 he was Chief Engineer for the City of San Bernardino, and built the domestic water system of that city. At the same time he was Chief Engineer for the State of California for the water and sewer systems at Highland Asylum. In 1893 he became Chief Engineer for the East Riverside Irrigation District, now the Riverside-Highland Water Company. Also, from 1893 to 1897, he had charge of the work for the Grapeland Irrigation District, the San Bernardino Gas and Electric Company, and other important undertakings. From 1897 to 1906 he was Chief Engineer of the Redlands Electric Light and Power Company and the Edison Electric Company, which absorbed the former and similar interests in Southern California, taking charge of the construction engineering work of the new Company. Since 1906 he has devoted himself to consulting work on hydro-electric, irrigation and municipal engineering, being also regularly retained as consulting engineer of The



FREDERICK C. FINKLE
Portrait by Marceau

Edison Electric Company; the Arrowhead Reservoir and Power Company of San Bernardino; the Central Colorado Power Company of Denver; the Mt. Hood Railway and Power Company of Portland, Oregon, and others of less magnitude.

For the Edison Electric Co. he designed and constructed six hydraulic power plants with an aggregate capacity of 50,000 electrical horse-power representing an investment of nearly \$10,000,000.

Some of the plants have notable engineering features, such as the one on Mill Creek, known as "Mill Creek

No. 3 Plant," which delivers the water to the water-wheels under a pressure of 860 pounds to the square inch from an elevation nearly 2,000 feet above the power-house. The plant on Kern River is the largest impulse water-wheel plant in the United States, and is capable of generating 40,000 horse-power.

The dam of the Arrowhead Reservoir and Power Company, on which Mr. Finkle is now retained as consulting engineer, has at present (April, 1909) reached a height of 140 feet above the surface. Its full height when completed (about January 1, 1910) will be 200 feet. It will be the highest earthen dam in the world.

Mr. Finkle has frequently been called upon as an expert in hydraulic engineering and geology in the trial of cases in the courts of different States in this country. His opinions have been obtained in this way, where irrigation, hydraulic power or domestic water-works involving millions of dollars in value have been in litigation. The demand for his services as an expert on such matters has not been confined to California, but has included most of the other Western States. He is the author of many valuable articles on engineering subjects, which have appeared in the "Engineering News," "Engineering Record" and "Engineering Magazine."

Of professional associations he is a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Irrigation Engineers, and of the Engineers and Architects Association of Southern California.

He is a member of the California Club, Los Angeles; Bohemian Club, San Francisco; Denver Club, Denver; and the Bakersfield Club.



GEN. CHARLES FORMAN

Portrait by Marceau

FORMAN, CHARLES, President of the Kern River Company, and Secretary of the Pacific Light and Power Company, was born near Owego, Tioga County, New York, January 14, 1835. His father was Sands Forman, and his mother Mary Mathews. He married Mary Agnes Gray in 1862 at Los Angeles. There are two children, Eloise and Charles, Jr.

After receiving his education, first in the common schools, and later at Owego Academy, he shortly removed to California, arriving in San Francisco in 1853. From there he proceeded to Sacramento, where his uncle, Col. Ferris Forman, was Postmaster. He was given employment in the postoffice as cashier. At the end of the Postmaster's term in 1857, he went overland with a small party to Washington in order to adjust and settle the Postmaster's accounts with the Postoffice Department.

After visiting relatives in New York, he returned to Sacramento and served two years as Deputy Secretary of State, and then went to Virginia City, Nevada, where he engaged in mining, becoming connected with the Eclipse Mill & Mining Company, and other similar undertakings in and around Virginia City and Gold Hill. This was during the

bonanza days. While there he was made Major-General of the Nevada Volunteers under Governor John H. Kinkead.

As early as 1865 General Forman made investments in the pueblo of Los Angeles, and in 1882 he moved his headquarters to this city, and five years later made it his permanent residence. At that time he became interested in the City and Central Railway Company, of which he became Vice-President and General Manager. This company afterwards became the Los Angeles Cable Railway Company. In 1890 he disposed of his railroad interests and turned his attention to the development of water and electric power. In 1902 the Kern River Company began its construction work, and General Forman has been made the company's President. It is one of eight affiliated companies, the Pacific Light and Power Company, of which General Forman is Secretary, being the parent company.

His early confidence in Los Angeles is fully demonstrated in his real estate holdings, the investments in many of which he made years ago. He is a typical representative of the best of that flood which poured into California in the 'Fifties, and then spread over the entire Far West. Quiet and unassuming, he holds the confidence of his fellow citizens in a rare degree.

He was a charter member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and served two years as the President of that body.

He is a member of the Engineers and Architects Association and of the Jonathan Club.

FRANK, HERMAN WASHINGTON, President, Harris & Frank, Inc., was born at Portland, Ore., July 4, 1860. He is the son of Abraham and Matilda Frank, his father being one of the pioneers of Oregon. On November 14, 1888, at Los Angeles, Mr. Frank married Sadie Harris, a native of Los Angeles and the daughter of Leopold Harris. They have two sons—Alvin H. and Lawrence P.

Mr. Frank obtained his early education in the public schools of Oregon, later graduating from Whiteman Seminary (now Whiteman College) at Walla Walla, Washington. After graduation he became clerk in a general store at Weston, Ore. He soon attracted the favorable notice of one of San Francisco's large wholesale houses, where he went in 1876, first as office-man, later becoming traveling salesman. While visiting Los Angeles, Mr. Frank recognized the great possibilities of the city, and in 1887 located here. In 1888 he became a partner in L. Harris & Co., now Harris & Frank. The house is one of the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast and a credit to Los Angeles.

Since coming to Los Angeles, Mr. Frank has been active in many movements toward prosperity or the betterment of general conditions. His work in the educational and charitable departments of the city has been of the most substantial character. He has been a member of the Board of Education for the past four years, and chairman of the Finance Committee of that body, devoting much time to that public service. He has been a director of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association for a number of years, and during 1896-98 served as its President. In that office he accomplished much for the general benefit of the business interests and the city at large. He was one of the first to advocate street-sweeping by hand, and the removal of a special license on merchants.

He is now, and has been for ten years, President of the Associated Charities, for which he conducted in Los Angeles (for the first time on the Pacific Coast) "Tag Day," by which about \$10,000 was raised in one day without anyone feeling a financial strain.

An occasion which illustrates the practical character of Mr. Frank's efforts for the welfare of the city and on behalf of the deserving

needy, occurred in 1898 during the period when great armies of unemployed men were in desperate need of relief in almost every city of the Union. Los Angeles had her own share, and many others drifted here who lacked the money to buy bread. Men of means in the city were at their wits' end in trying to formulate systematic plans for providing for these men, when Mr. Frank and Judge Charles Silent came forward with a practical plan which they put through, in connection with the Merchants & Manufacturers Association. They raised by subscription \$26,000, which was distributed among the



H. W. FRANK

Portrait by Steckel

needy by having them apply for tickets entitling the holder to a day's work at \$1.00 per day. The name and record of each man and his family needs and conditions were kept, so that all could be given work in proportion to their needs. As monuments to this work, the beautiful roads of Elysian Park and its magnificent entrance, Fremont Gate, stand today.

Mr. Frank stands for clean politics and upright business methods. In the last fifteen years perhaps no business man has given more of his time to advancing the best interests of Los Angeles.

He is a director of the National Bank of California, President of Harris & Frank, Inc., Secretary of the L. Harris Realty Company, and director and Secretary of the Riverside Vineyard Company, the latter company owning and cultivating 1800 acres of vineyards in Los Angeles County. He is a ready speaker, and can at all times make his influence felt in any work in which he takes an interest.

FRIES, AMOS ALFRED, Captain, Corps of Engineers U. S. Army, was born at Debello, Vernon County, Wisconsin, March 17, 1873. His father was Christian M. Fries, and his mother Mary Ellen Shreve. He married Elizabeth Christine Wait, August 16, 1899, at Medford, Oregon. They have one child, Elizabeth Christine.

Captain Fries's early education was attained in the country and Mound City schools, Holt County, Missouri, from 1880 to 1888. In 1888 he attended the Reno, Nevada, High School for three months, and 1888 to 1891 the public school, Central Point, Oregon. In 1891 he entered the High School of Medford, Oregon, graduating in 1893. He entered the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., June 15, 1894, graduating April 26, 1898. He then took a postgraduate course in civil engineering, electricity and practical astronomy, from October, 1899, to March, 1901, receiving a certificate of efficiency in those subjects.

After finishing his military education, Captain Fries was assigned as 2nd Lieutenant to Corps of Engineers, and served at Willet's Point, N. Y., during the Spanish war until November, 1898, testing torpedo material, etc. From November, 1898, to October, 1899, Assistant on River and Harbor Improvements, Portland, Oregon; October, 1899, until June, 1901, U. S. Engineers' School. He was then ordered to the Philippine Islands, where he served from July, 1901, to July, 1903, principally on engineering work, but taking part in the campaign against hostile Moros in September, 1902, and receiving an Army Service medal for duty in the Philippines during the Philippine war. From October, 1903, to December, 1905, he was Assistant on River and Harbor Improvement work at Portland, Oregon. In February, 1906, he was assigned under orders from the War Department to take charge of all River and Harbor Improvement work in California south of San Francisco, including the Colorado River.

The most important part of this work has been the completion of the Deep-Water Harbor at San Pedro, and to this Captain Fries has brought not only trained engineering skill (to be looked for as a matter of course), but a vivid perception of the larger meaning of the Harbor, not only to Los Angeles, but to the commerce of the world, and a determination to do his utmost to secure its fullest advantages to the general public. To this end he has devoted himself unsparingly, working with voice and pen, in public speeches and private conferences, in official reports and magazine and newspaper articles (among others in *OUR WEST* for October, 1907), for the Free Harbor, for the organic union of Los Angeles with her

seaport, and against every attempt at private or corporate monopoly of the harbor.

Captain Fries is a member of the following associations and clubs: Permanent International Association of Navigation Congresses, National Geographic Society, Engineers and



CAPT. A. A. FRIES
Portrait by Mojonier

Architects Association of Southern California (President since June, 1908), Association of Graduates-U. S. Military Academy, Order of Moro Campaigns, Philippine Islands; City Club and Country Club, Los Angeles. He is honorary member, South Coast Yacht Club, and a life member and on Executive Committee, Municipal Waterways Association.

FARISH, OSCAR EUGENE, Real Estate Agent, was born near Pittsboro, Chatham County, North Carolina, July 20, 1868. He is the son of John W. Farish and Mary Ann Harris. He married Alice Aspinall Grindrod, December 4, 1895, at Pasadena, California. They have two children—Muriel Estelle and Gwendolen.



O. E. FARISH

Portrait by Marceau

Mr. Farish got his education in the public schools of Arkansas.

In 1886 he went into the employ of the Southern Express Company at Little Rock, Arkansas, and remained in the employ of that company in various positions in Memphis, Knoxville and Bristol, Tenn.; Lynchburg, Roanoke and Norfolk, Va.; and Ocala, Fla., for about nine years. In June, 1895, he came to Los Angeles from Ocala, and went into the wholesale paper house of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, where he remained about one year. From the paper business he went with the Los Angeles Electric Co., but resigned in about two years to go into the oil business. Personal interests made it necessary to devote much time to real estate, the business of which he entered in an active way in 1901.

Mr. Farish is President of the Los Angeles Realty Board, First Vice-President of the California State Realty Federation, and a member of the L. A. Chamber of Commerce, the Municipal League, the Municipal Waterways Association, and the California Club. He is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, a member of Interdomain Lodge Knights of Pythias, and of the Independent Order of Foresters.

He is an active member of the Democratic party and Municipal League, and in 1903 he was elected to the City Council from the Third Ward, serving 1903-1904.

FOLLANSBEE, ELIZABETH ANN, Physician and Surgeon, was born December 9, 1839, at Pittston, Maine. She is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Alonzo Follansbee and Nancy Sherman Mackintosh, her mother being of the Roger Sherman and Col. Mackintosh families, of Colonial and Revolutionary fame.

Dr. Follansbee attended Clarke Institute, Brooklyn, L. I., then went to France, where she studied under Madame Leniewiez-Dupont. Returning in 1857, she resumed her studies in the East until 1871, when she came to California and taught at Miss McDonald's school at Napa. In 1875 she entered the Medical Department of the University of California in the first class to which women were admitted. From there she went to the University of Michigan, and later entered the New England Hospital for Women and Children at Boston. After completing special courses at Boston she entered the Woman's Medical College of Penn., graduating in 1877. Returning to San Francisco she organized, with Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, the hospital of that city now known as the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, of which she was resident physician. Owing to ill health in February, 1882, she came to Los Angeles, being the first woman physician recognized by the medical profession here.

She has limited her practice to women and children, and is held in the highest esteem, both socially and professionally.



DR. ELIZABETH A. FOLLANSBEE

Portrait by Mushet

She is a member of the Am. Med. Assoc., Cal. State Med. Society, Southern Cal. Med. Society, L. A. County Med. Assoc., and Alpha Epsilon Iota Fraternity.

She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames of Conn. in Cal. and of the Friday Morning Club.

GATES, LEE CHANNING, Lawyer, was born on a farm in Preble County, Ohio, April 4, 1856, his father being Laborious A. Gates, his mother Maria Brumbaugh. He married Bessie B. Caldwell at Richmond, Ind., April 14, 1883. They have two daughters, Hazel K. and Juna F.

Until he was nineteen years old, Mr. Gates lived and worked on a farm, attending school in winter. In 1875 he commenced to teach school and continued this for four years, meantime beginning to read law. In 1879 he entered a law-office in Dayton, Ohio, and was admitted to the Bar May 5, 1881, after an examination by the Supreme Court of Ohio.

Among the first cases to occupy him was the recovery for his father of a sum representing practically the entire surplus of his life's work. In 1874 his father had sold his farm and its belongings, taking in payment notes given by one Weaver to one Bates in purchase of certain patent rights. When the notes fell due, Weaver refused to pay, and suit was commenced in 1876 and carried through successive courts, remaining unsettled while Lee grew from boy on the farm to lawyer admitted to practice. He then took up the case, fought it for two years more, winding up in the U. S. Circuit Court, and in 1883 collected the entire amount and paid it to his father, having incidentally driven Weaver into bankruptcy.

He practiced his profession in Ohio for four years, overworking to such an extent that in 1885 his health became seriously impaired. He decided to give up his profession, never intending to return to it, and with his wife and infant daughter moved to Butler County, Kansas, where he set himself to establish a stock-ranch and farm on the unbroken sod of the prairie. For four years he was rancher and stock-breeder, doing most of the work (including the building of a house and barn) with his own hands. In 1889, his health being re-established, he again entered law-practice in Eldorado, Kan. In 1892 he came to Los Angeles to become attorney for the Los Angeles Abstract Company, and when that, in 1894, was merged with the Abstract and Title Insurance Co., becoming the Title Insurance and Trust Co., he was appointed Chief Counsel, and still holds that position. Its heavy and steadily increasing responsibilities Mr. Gates has met to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. He is also director in the American National Bank, the Rice Rancho Oil Co., and the Ojai Oil Co.

A ready and effective public speaker, and interested in a wide range of subjects, Mr. Gates has taken active part in most of the movements of larger public interest since coming to Los Angeles. He has been a life-long Republi-

can, and his voice has been heard in every campaign for more than twenty years. He has never held a salaried public office, though serving for a time on the Los Angeles Police Commission, and never but once "ran" for office. In 1906, at the urgent solicitation of the Non-Partisan Committee of One Hundred, backed by strong pressure from many other citizens, he reluctantly accepted the Non-Partisan nomination for Mayor. The causes which led to his defeat by a narrow margin in the four-cornered fight of that year need not be named here, but friends and enemies agreed as to the brilliancy of his campaign—and agree, too, that no Recall would have been necessary had he been elected.

In 1908 he took vigorous part in the organi-



LEE C. GATES

Portrait by Marceau

zation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, and its subsequent struggle to wrest the political control of the State from "machine" hands. This effort seemed to fail, yet it resulted in giving the State the best Legislature which it has had for many years.

Mr. Gates is a charter member of the City Club, and was its first President, 1906-7. He is also member of the Union League (director, 1909), Sunset, University (director, 1908-9), and Jonathan Clubs. He is President of the California Land-Title Association, now serving his second term; member of Executive Committee of American Association of Title Men, before whose annual meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, last year he was one of the principal speakers, taking for a subject, "The Los Angeles Way."

GARLAND, WILLIAM MAY, Realty Dealer, was born at Westport, Me., March 31, 1866, his father being Jonathan May Garland, his mother Rebecca Heal Jewett. He married Blanche Hinman, October 12, 1898, at Dunkirk, N. Y., and they have two sons, William Marshall and John Jewett.

Mr. Garland's early education was in the public schools and the Waterville (Me.) High School. Soon after leaving school he went to Boston and entered the employment of a

end of 1893, when he resigned to take up the realty business. Since that date he has been among the most active and most rationally sanguine of Los Angeles' real estate men. He has handled some important residence tracts, the first being the Wilshire Boulevard tract, which he put on the market about 1896. At that time that whole section was unimproved and somewhat remote. Today it is covered by some of the finest residences in the city, which, indeed, extend for miles beyond. Mr.

Garland's closer interest, however, has been given to business property, and he has been especially successful in keeping just in advance of the trend of business improvement. For example, he had great confidence in the future of Main street between Fourth and Tenth long before the Pacific Electric building had been planned, and early determined that Seventh street running east and west would eventually mark the center of the retail business district of Los Angeles, and placed many important frontages with his clients.

Mr. Garland was one of the organizers of the Los Angeles Realty Board, and is now its Vice-President. He was one of the incorporators and a Director of the City Gas Company, which lately undertook to introduce competition into that field, and is a Director of the First National Bank and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company. His civic record includes two years on the Los Angeles Board of Library Directors, and two years on the Board of Education. He is a devoted Republican, and one of

the things in which he takes particular pride is that he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia in 1900, which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt, and the member for California of the Notification Committee, which went to Canton, Ohio, to give Mr. McKinley formal word of his selection. He is now Lt.-Col. and A. D. C. on the staff of Governor Gillett. He is a member of the Los Angeles, Pasadena and Annandale Country Clubs, and of the Los Angeles Athletic, Jonathan and California Clubs, having been President of the last named during 1908.



WM. MAY GARLAND

Portrait by Marceau

wholesale and retail crockery house. The next year he went to Daytona, Fla., where his father had an orange orchard, stage line, and other interests, and worked for his father there. In 1884 he removed to Chicago, and went to work as messenger in one of the large banks. Before 1890 he had become receiving teller in the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago.

In 1890 Mr. Garland came to Los Angeles to become Auditor of the Pacific Cable Railway Company, retaining this position till the

GIBBON, THOMAS EDWARD, Attorney-at-Law, was born May 28, 1860, in Monroe County, Arkansas, his father, Dr. W. R. Gibbon, an ex-Confederate soldier, having come to that State from Virginia. He married Ellen Rose, daughter of Judge U. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Arkansas, and they have two sons—William Rose and Thomas Edward, Jr.

Mr. Gibbon's youth was spent upon his father's plantation, and in 1882 he went to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he studied law, at the same time teaching in the public schools. In 1883 he entered law practice with W. L. Terry, and in 1884 he was elected to the State Legislature of Arkansas, being the youngest member of that body. His health failing, he went abroad for several months, and after briefly attempting to resume his practice in Arkansas, decided that he must seek a better climate, and accordingly came to Southern California in 1888. He opened an office in Los Angeles and was soon deeply engaged in business, corporation law being his specialty.

In 1891 he organized the Los Angeles Terminal Railway for St. Louis capitalists, becoming Vice-President and general counsel of the company. The road was built to connect Los Angeles with its natural harbor, San Pedro, and almost immediately other railroad interests became active in a fight to prevent the establishment of a deep harbor at San Pedro. The story of that fight would require a volume in itself (indeed, a book has been written on that subject), but here it can only be said that Mr. Gibbon was from start to finish one of the most active forces in the fight for a free harbor. He made repeated trips to Washington to urge upon Congress the necessity for the work now drawing to a completion, to prevent the attempts to "bottle up" Los Angeles and the tributary territory, and leave it at the mercy of a single railroad corporation. As everyone knows, this work was finally crowned with success. In the meantime Mr. Gibbon had pushed steadily forward along the line of giving Los Angeles an additional railroad outlet, and finally succeeded in interesting Senator W. A. Clark and his brother, Mr. J. Ross Clark, with the result that in 1901 the Los Angeles Terminal Railway was taken over by the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company, which at once commenced the construction of a through line connecting Los Angeles with Salt Lake. Mr. Gibbon organized this company, and continued as

Vice-President and general counsel of it until 1905.

In July, 1907, Mr. Gibbon acquired control of the Los Angeles "Daily Herald," which had for many years endured even more than the usual vicissitudes of a daily newspaper, and has been its responsible manager since that time. Under his management the "Herald" has become one of the powerful forces for civic righteousness, its most notable achievement being its services in the recall campaign just fought through to a victory. To Mr. Gibbon and the "Herald," the leaders in this struggle for the uplift of the city's affairs give full



THOS. E. GIBBON

Portrait by Steckel

credit for services which were well-nigh indispensable. This may fairly be considered the climax to this date of a uniform record of high-minded work in behalf of the larger interests of Los Angeles and her citizens.

Mr. Gibbon is director of the Central National Bank and the Globe Savings Bank; member of the Jonathan Club, the University Club, the City Club, the Bolsa Chica Gun Club, the Annandale Golf Club, the National Geographic Society, the Chamber of Commerce, the National Municipal League, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.



E. W. GILLETT

Portrait by Ramsey

GILLETT, EDGAR W., Traffic Manager of the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railway, was born in Jefferson County, Indiana, February 22, 1861. His father was Alonzo H. Gillett, and his mother Isabel Brazelton. On August 7, 1885, he married Nellie Evelyn Woods at Nebraska City, Nebraska. They have four children—Lola Woods, Arthur Briggs, Lucille Marguirite, and Edith Belle.

Mr. Gillett was educated in the common and High schools of Peru and North Platte, Nebraska.

Very early he decided upon the railway business as a career, and in December, 1876, went into the employ of the Union Pacific Railway as telegraph operator and agent, which positions he held at different points of the system till 1884, when he went with the Burlington Railway in the same capacity, remaining with

that road till 1887. From 1887 to 1894 he was agent at different points for the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. For the years 1895 to 1901 he was General Agent of the Santa Fé, Prescott & Phoenix Railway at Phoenix, Arizona. In February, 1901, he was appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railway, in which office he continued to November, 1906, when he had full charge of traffic matters, including the organization of that entire department. In December, 1906, he accepted the secretaryship of the Chamber of Mines, Los Angeles, but in February, 1907, again went with the Clark interests, with which he is still connected as Traffic Manager. He is largely interested in the Balboa Oil Company, of which he is Vice-President.

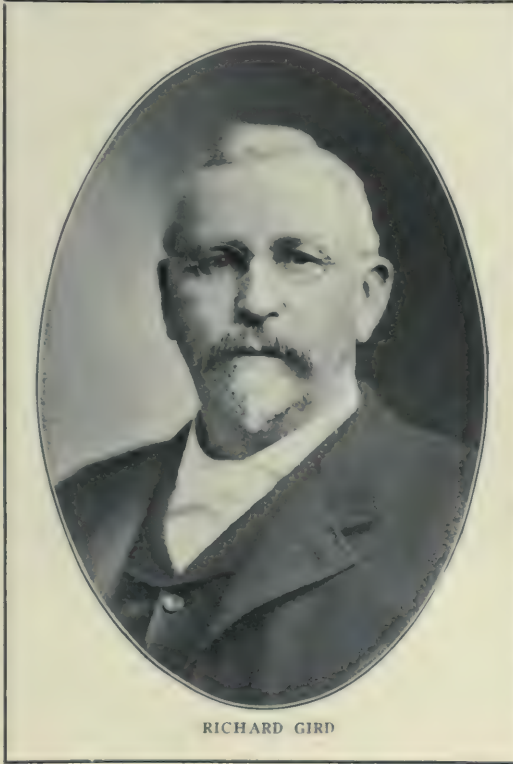
Mr. Gillett is a member of the Jonathan Club, Los Angeles; the Traffic Club, New York, and the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles.

GIRD, RICHARD, Mining Operator and Rancher, was born at City Lake, Herkimer County, New York, March 29, 1836. His father was John Gird, a farmer, son of Henry Gird, member of a New York City publishing house and before that publisher of the "Columbia Mirror"—an abolition paper in Virginia before the year 1800—and himself the son of Sir Henry Gird, an English officer of distinction who settled in Virginia in 1795. His mother was Laura King, granddaughter of General Donaldson, one of the counsellors of the Governor of Massachusetts during the French war. Mr. Gird married Nellie McCarthy at San Francisco, January 3, 1880.

His early education was in the country district schools. At sixteen, with \$1,500 supplied by his father, he started for California via Panama. From 1852 to 1858 he was engaged in mining and surveying in California. In 1858 he went to Chile, planning to undertake copper-mining there, but not finding suitable conditions, he acted as engineer under Henry Meiggs for a year in railroad building. Ill health then forced his return to New York. In 1861 he again came to California, and till 1878 occupied himself with mining and surveying in California and Arizona. In 1865, he made the first official map of Arizona. In 1878, with the Schieffelin brothers, he discovered and opened up the Tombstone mines, which under his management yielded \$90,000 a month from May, 1879, to the spring of 1882. (See OUT WEST, July, 1907.) The Schieffelins and Mr. Gird sold out their interests separately, Mr. Gird getting \$100,000 more than either of the other two. This he insisted on sharing with his partners, though no agreement existed between them except a tacit understanding that they should share alike. Since then he has been an active factor in the development of mining properties in the territory now counted as

tributary to Los Angeles—Southern California, Arizona and Mexico.

In 1881 Mr. Gird bought the famous Chino ranch, and in subsequent years adjoining properties to an aggregate of 47,000 acres, some 35 miles east of Los Angeles. Among his activities then were the development (at a cost of over \$200,000) of enough artesian water for a large city, and much successful work in improving the breed of horses, cattle and hogs.



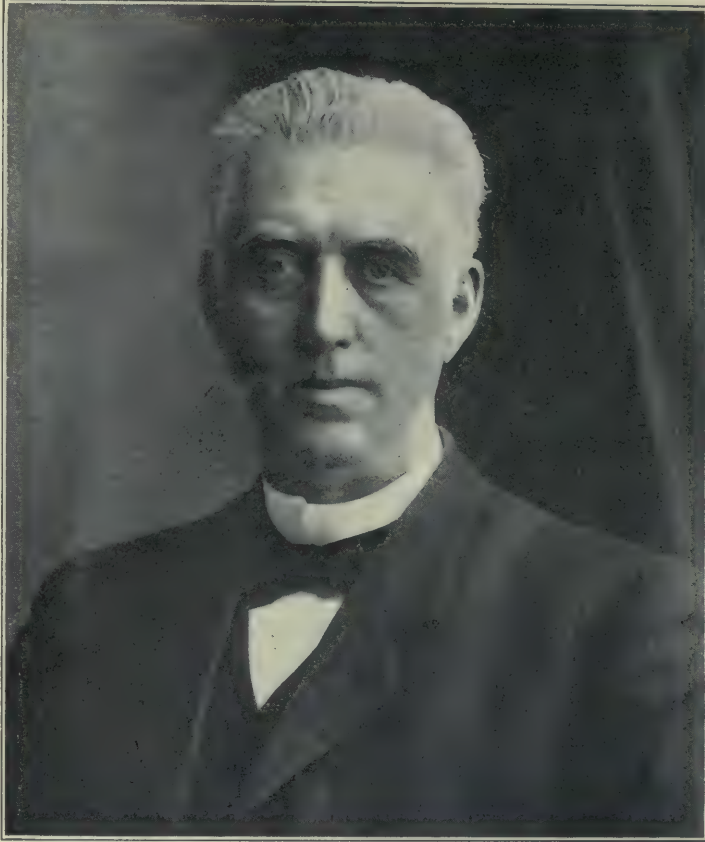
RICHARD GIRD

Most important is his paternity of the sugar-beet industry in Southern California. Experts had agreed that this climate was too mild to ripen the sugar-beet to a sufficient degree of sugar-content for the manufacture of beet-sugar. Mr. Gird knew that the original home of the sugar-beet was on the northern shores of the Mediterranean in a climate very similar to this, and felt sure that a beet available for sugar manufacturing could be raised here. For four years he experimented continuously, importing the finest seed, planting many tracts under varying conditions, and making thousands of tests

both with the polariscope and by chemical analysis, accumulating a mass of statistical record conclusive that as fine sugar-beets as any in the world could be raised on his own ranch. Successful in this, he caused the erection of the largest and best-equipped sugar factory in the country, which started its machinery in August, 1890, under the management of the Oxnard brothers. To its establishment Mr. Gird gave land and water-rights then worth more than \$300,000.

Mr. Gird is a man of wide reading, searching intellect and catholic sympathies. Aside from the notable public services mentioned, Mrs. Gird and himself have done much for the communities with which they came in touch. He has a marked taste for mechanical invention, and some of his devices are now in use.

He first came to Los Angeles in 1862, and took up his permanent residence here in 1903. His part in the making of Los Angeles has been no less important for that it has been mainly played outside of the limits of the city.



WILL D. GOULD

Portrait by Marceau

GOULD, WILL DANIEL, Lawyer, was born September 17, 1845, at Cabot, Vt.; he is the son of Daniel and Betsa (Smith) Gould. He was married June 26, 1875, to Mary Louise Hait.

Mr. Gould received his early education in the common and high schools of his native town and then attended the academies at St. Johnsbury and Barre, Vt. He graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree LL. B. in the class of 1871. He studied law in the office of Hon. Charles H. Heath, at Plainfield, Vt., both before and after his law course at University of Michigan. He was admitted to the Bar by the Supreme Court of Michigan April 4, 1871, in Detroit, Mich., and was later admitted to practice at Montpelier, Vt., and in all the courts of California, and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Gould located at Los Angeles, California, February, 1872, where he has continued in the active practice of the law. He occupies

the same offices in the Temple Block which he has occupied for more than thirty-seven years.

Mr. Gould served as sergeant in the militia of Vermont. He was elected and served as Superintendent of Public Schools of Cabot the year after he became of age. Later he was Principal of the High Schools at Passumpsic, Marshfield and Plainfield, Vt.

Mr. Gould takes a deep interest in public affairs and advocates equal rights and equal morals for men and women. He is a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor and tobacco, having never used either. He is the author of Senate Bill No. 107, introduced in the last Legislature, providing for uniform township government in California; and is an advocate of non-partisan local elections as practiced under uniform township and city government in Vermont.

Mr. Gould is a Royal Arch Mason, a member of the Knights of Pythias and a member of the Archaeological Institute of America, Southwest Society.



JOHN R. GRANT

Portrait by Marceau

GRANT, JOHN RONALD, Railroad Contractor, is a native of Williamstown, Glengarry County, Canada, where he was born February 24, 1849. His father was Archibald Grant, and his mother Annie McDonald. On September 29, 1890, he married Mary J. McDougall at Cornwall, Canada.

Mr. Grant was educated in the public schools of Williamstown, Glengarry County, Ontario.

In 1871 Mr. Grant came to the United States and located in Colorado, where he engaged in railroad work with his brother. Railroad contracting led the firm to New Mexico and Ari-

zona, and lastly (in 1887) to that point where all big undertakings lead, California, where, in Los Angeles, the firm of Grant Bros. now have their permanent headquarters, from which they are now conducting their principal work, located along the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Grant, as President of Grant Bros. Construction Co., has directed the principal construction work of the Southern Pacific Co. for the past twenty years, and of the Santa Fé system since 1887.

He is a member of the California Club and of the Newman Club.

FOSHAY, JAMES A., Supreme President of the Fraternal Brotherhood, was born at Cold Spring, N. Y., November 25, 1856, and was the son of Andrew Jackson Foshay and Emeline Griffin. He was married March 18, 1885, at Carmel, N. Y., to Phebe Powell Miller, and has one child, Eleanor A.

Mr. Foshay attended the public schools of



JAMES A. FOSHAY
Portrait by Marceau

Putnam County, N. Y., for a time and then went to Prof. James Barrett's private school at Farmer Mills, N. Y., and in June of 1879 graduated from the New York State Normal School. He has been granted the degree of Ph. D., New York State Normal School, Albany, N. Y., and A. M., University of Southern California. He came to California from Carmel, N. Y., January 2, 1888.

He became a teacher, beginning the work in Putnam County, N. Y., and was at the same place, 1881-1887, a School Commissioner in said county. He was Secretary of the New York State Association of Commissioners and Superintendent, 1884-1886. Was teacher and principal at Monrovia, Cal., Public Schools, 1888-1893. Member Los Angeles County Board of Education, 1889-1895; Deputy Superintendent Los Angeles City Schools, 1893-1895; Superintendent of latter, 1895-1906. Was a member of California Council of Education and National Council of Education. Was President of Southern California Teachers' Association, 1896-97.

Mr. Foshay is a member of the Executive Committee of Southwest Society of The Archæological Institute of America, Masonic History Society, Southern California Lodge No. 278, Signet Chapter No. 57, Royal and Select Master of Council No. 11, Los Angeles Commandery No. 9, and Past Commander, Grand Master of the Jurisdiction of California, 1900-1901.

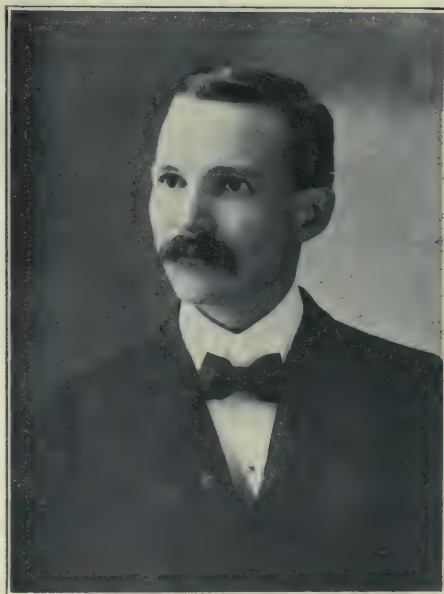
HAAS, WALTER FRANCIS, Attorney-at-Law, was born in the town of California, Missouri, November 12, 1869. He is the son of John B. Haas and Lena Bruère.

His education commenced at the Grammar school of California, Missouri, and later he entered the Los Angeles High School, from which he graduated in 1889. He then read law in the office of Houghton, Silent & Campbell, and was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of California, April 7, 1891.

After being admitted to the Bar, Mr. Haas went into private practice until the fall of 1898, when he was elected City Attorney of Los Angeles. After serving during the years 1899 and 1900, he formed a partnership with Frank Garrett, under the firm name of Haas & Garrett. In 1907 H. L. Dunnigan was taken into the firm, which became Haas, Garrett & Dunnigan.

Mr. Haas is City Attorney for Monrovia, California, having held that office for the past five years.

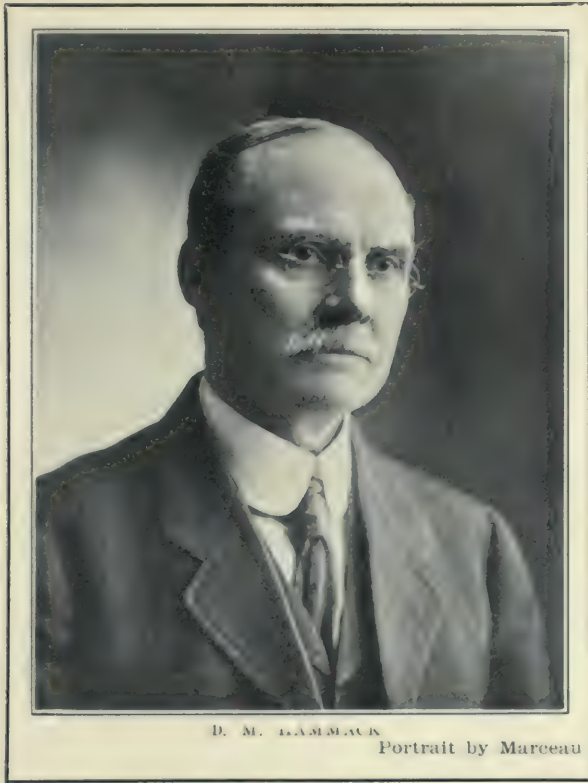
He is Senior Warden of Palestine Lodge 351, Free and Accepted Masons, and a member of the Union League Club.



WALTER F. HAAS
Portrait by Marceau

He is Vice-President of the C. J. Kubach Company, a director of the German-American Savings Bank, President of Tampico Land, Lumber and Development Company, President of the Fidelia Investment Company, and officer or director of many other enterprises.

He came to Los Angeles May 30, 1884, from California, Missouri.



D. M. HAMMACK
Portrait by Marceau

HAMMACK, DANIEL MARION, Lawyer, was born in Mercer County, Illinois, January 31, 1848. He is the son of Ephraim Hammack (born in Kentucky in 1825) and Maranda Ellen Mosely (Illinois). On June 11, 1873, he married Isabella McKamy Stewart (Illinois), at Monmouth, Illinois. They have one daughter, Eleanor Stewart, and one son, Daniel Stewart, both living in Los Angeles. One child, James Stewart, died in infancy.

Mr. Hammack received his early education in the country district schools of Illinois, and later attended Monmouth (Ill.) College, graduating from that institution in 1869 with the degree A. B. The degree of A. M. was conferred by the same institution in 1875. He was a trustee of that college for nine years, when he resigned to come West.

After leaving college he went to Burlington, Iowa, and became a reporter on the Burlington "Hawk-Eye," and there formed a friendship with "Bob" Burdette which has lasted ever since. About 1876 he went into law practice, forming the firm of Newman, Blake & Hammack. In 1880 he organized the firm of Hammack, Howard & Virgin, in which connection he practiced until he came to California in 1888, in which year he went to San Diego, Cal. In that city he was a member of Collier, Hammack & Mulford. In 1896 the firm of Hammack & Jerauld was formed, and existed until 1901, when he withdrew to come to Los Angeles. Here he practiced alone until

1908, when he became the head of the firm of Hammack, Noyes & Hammack. He has never engaged in criminal practice except as a public prosecutor. Since taking up the practice of law in 1876 Mr. Hammack has never been actively engaged in any other business except during 1878-79, when he was part owner of the Burlington "Daily Gazette."

He was an officer of militia during the Spanish-American war.

In official capacities Mr. Hammack was City Clerk and later State's Attorney, Burlington, Iowa; State's Attorney, San Diego, Cal. He was for three years Dean of Los Angeles College of Law, 1902-03-04. He belongs to the Masonic fraternity, Church Federation Club, Southwest Archaeological Institute, American Bar Association, and is a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church. In politics he is a Democrat.

He is a Director and Attorney of the Bank of Highland Park (L. A.), and holds the same offices of the Highland Park Investment Co.

Mr. Hammack's English ancestors fled to Virginia when Cromwell gained the ascendancy in the civil wars. His Scotch fathers espoused the cause of the Pretender in 1745, and on his downfall they also went to Virginia. The French forebears were Huguenots, and still earlier went to the Carolinas for religious freedom. Both his great-grandfathers were in the War of 1812, and were surrendered at Detroit by Hull.

HANCOCK, (MAJOR) HENRY (deceased) and (MADAM) IDA were married in Sonoma, Cal., in the later '60's. Three children were born to them, of whom one survives, George Allan, General Manager of the Rancho La Brea Oil Co.

Henry Hancock was born in Bath, N. H. At twelve he ran away from home, shipping on a mackerel schooner from Boston. From that time he took no money from his father. At seventeen he was a surveyor in St. Louis. The Mexican war breaking out, he enlisted as a private, later being promoted to aide on Gen. Donaldson's staff for gallantry in delivering dispatches under fire. He refused to accept payment for his service as a soldier. Entering Harvard to study law after the close of the war, the call of California drew him from college three months before graduation. He came to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn in 1849, took out \$20,000 in six weeks from a rich placer; then went to San Diego, being for a time Collector of the Port there. In 1852-3 he was a member of the State Legislature. In 1853 he made the second survey of Los Angeles, at that time urging upon the Council that the streets should be made wider, since "Los Angeles would one day be a city of 300,000." To which the natural reply was, "Oh, visionary Hancock!" Throughout his life he remained firmly convinced of the great destiny of Los Angeles. In following years he surveyed most of the large ranchos between Monterey and San Diego, the United States paying part of the cost and the owners the rest. This work completed, he took up the practice of law, confining himself practically to land cases, in which branch he became one of the foremost authorities in the State. He continued law-practice till his death in 1883.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Major Hancock, a "War Democrat," enlisted a company of the 4th Infantry, hoping to be sent East for service. He was held in California, however, having commands at Benicia and at Wilmington.

After the war he commenced the commercial development of the asphaltum deposits on the Rancho La Brea, a tract of nearly 5000 acres between Los Angeles and Santa Monica (the present sites of Hollywood, Colegrove and Sherman), which, with his brother, he had bought from the Spanish grantees. These deposits had been known and used from the earliest days—indeed, the roofs of the adobe houses built by the first settlers of Los Angeles were covered with asphalt from "the Brea Springs." Major Hancock developed its use for sidewalk and paving purposes, shipping considerable quantities to San Francisco by schooner. The brown asphaltum was also much used as fuel by Los Angeles manufacturing establishments during the '80's.

As soldier, as civil engineer, as lawyer, as citizen, Major Hancock held himself to the

very highest standards, and more than a quarter of a century after his death his memory is held in loving esteem by the friends who survive.

Madam Ida Hancock, born in Imperial, Illinois, is the daughter of Agostin Haraszthy (a Count of Hungary, exiled in 1840 and his estates confiscated for leadership in the first efforts to obtain freedom from Austrian rule), and Eleanora de Dedinskyi, a noblewoman of Polish descent. Purchasing large tracts in Wisconsin with his wife's dowry, he took active part in the formative period of that State. In 1849, with his father, his wife and five of his six children (the eldest son being in the Annapolis Naval Academy), he set out across the plains for California, via the Santa Fé trail. Madam Hancock was too young to remember much of the trip, but she can recall that a Comanche chief encountered en route first offered to buy her for four squaws and eight ponies, then attempted to kidnap her, and finally raised his bid by twelve additional ponies. Soon after their arrival in San Diego, her father was elected first Sheriff of the county and Marshal of the city, while his father became first Justice of the Peace and President of the first City Council. In 1852 her father was sent to the Legislature from San Diego, being a member in the same term with his daughter's future husband. Later he removed to Sonoma county, and there established the largest vineyard in the State. In 1860 he was sent by Gov. Downey to Europe to collect cuttings of the finest wine-grapes to use in developing the California industry. This he did, but at his own expense. In 1867 he removed to Central America, and died there the following year.

In 1851 the children, with their mother, went to New York by sailing vessel around Cape Horn, remaining in the East five years for educational purposes. Again, in 1860, Madam Hancock and her mother went to Paris for further study, remaining there two years. Married to Major Hancock after the Civil War, and coming to Los Angeles at once, her first sight of the neighboring country was at the end of the 500-mile night-and-day stage-ride, and disclosed it strewn thick with the carcasses of cattle destroyed by the awful drought of 1863-4. A more pleasant recollection of those early Los Angeles days is of the habit the young American men had of moonlight serenading with aid secured from "Sonoratown."

At her husband's death, Madam Hancock assumed entire management of the Rancho La Brea and other properties, retaining it until two years ago, when she was in large measure relieved by her son. She continues as President of the Rancho La Brea Oil Co., and gives daily attention to its affairs. This company was organized after the Salt Lake Oil Co., working under lease, developed oil on the property in 1900.

Of Madam Hancock's social life, her patronage of art, her charities, or the superb home just approaching completion, this is not the place to write.

HAYNES, JOHN RANDOLPH, Physician, was born in Fairmount Springs, Luzerne County, Pa., June 13, 1853, his father being James Sydney Haynes, his mother Elvira Mann Koons. One of his ancestors in the direct line fought in King Philip's war. His great-grandfather entered the Revolutionary army at 16, in a corps commanded by his uncle, Gen. Fellows,

and was commissioned colonel in the war of 1812. Dr. Haynes married Dora Fellows at Wilkes-barre, Pa., in 1882. He was educated in public and private schools and the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of M. D. in March, 1874, and that of Ph. D. in June of the same year, immediately entering practice in Philadelphia. In 1887 he abandoned his very large practice to come to Los Angeles, with his parents and brothers, reasons of health being the impelling cause. May 8, 1887, he commenced practice in Los Angeles with his brother, Dr. Francis R. Haynes, this association being interrupted only by the latter's death in 1898. Dr. Francis Haynes is counted as the father of modern surgery in Southern California, being swift and sure in diagnosis, a daring, brilliant and successful operator, and the introducer of modern antiseptic methods here. Dr. John Haynes continues to this date in full practice. He is a member of the American, California, Southern California and Los Angeles County Medical Associations, and has been a frequent contributor to medical magazines.

Soon after coming to Los Angeles, Dr. Haynes commenced to invest, both in real estate and in local commercial and financial corporations. He is now director in almost a score of corporations, including the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Union Title and Trust Company, and the California Hospital.

Professionally and financially the services of Dr. Haynes to this community have been

notable, but he rightly counts them as less important and far-reaching than those he has rendered in pursuance of his economico-political convictions. An evolutionary Socialist (member of the English Fabian Society for years), he has not been content to let existing evils go unchecked pending the attainment of the socialistic ideal. Believing that "the

remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy," his incessant struggle (the word is carefully chosen) has been to secure laws which would give to the majority of the voters real instead of apparent control over both legislation and the public service. To this end he has been for years keenly devoted to the propaganda in behalf of the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall, and is now President of the Direct Legislation League of California, whose years of effort have just been crowned with success (not yet complete, but satisfactory so far as it goes) in the State Legislature. To Dr.



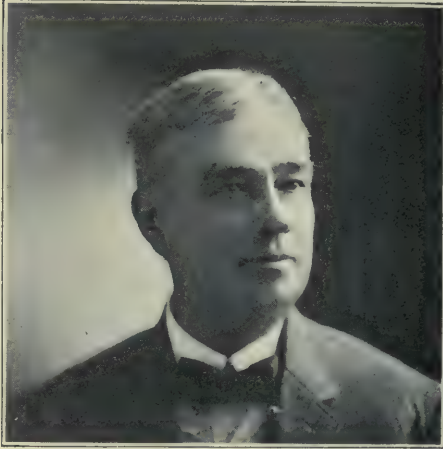
DR. JOHN R. HAYNES
Portrait by Stecker

Haynes, more than to any other one man, is due the introduction into the charter of Los Angeles in 1902 of provisions for the Initiative, Referendum and Recall—first among American municipalities as to the first two, and first in the world so far as this writer can learn as to the Recall. It was the Initiative in the city charter which forced the Council in 1906 to require life-saving fenders on the street-cars, and the same power again which has just been responsible for the Direct Primary and other important amendments to the city charter, Dr. Haynes taking vigorous part in both campaigns. He was a member of the Civil Service Commission of Los Angeles during the first six years of its existence, being President for two years.

Dr. Haynes is a member of the Southern California Academy of Sciences, the Archaeological Institute of America (S. W. Society), and many clubs and associations.

HAYWARD, HENDERSON, Retired, was born in York County, Pennsylvania, November 18, 1845. His father was Dr. Joseph Hayward, and his mother Sally Brearly. He married Julia Dibble, April 22, 1897, at San Francisco. They have had one child, Julia, from the union. There are eight children by a prior marriage.

At Cumberland Valley Institute, Mechanics-



DR. HENDERSON HAYWARD

Portrait by Marceau

burg, Pa., Dr. Hayward qualified for the sophomore class, but abandoned the contemplated college course to read medicine under a private tutor. He graduated from the medical department of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in March, 1869. During the close of the Civil War, Dr. Hayward served as U. S. A. Hospital Steward, being assigned to Ricord Hospital, Washington, D. C. Having won the regard of the surgeon in charge, that officer, on being detailed as Chief Medical Officer of the Freeman's Bureau, procured Dr. Hayward's appointment as his chief clerk, in which capacity he served until ill health forced his retirement.

In 1873 he located in Delaware County, Pa., where he engaged in the practice of general medicine. In 1882 he was appointed Surgeon for the P. W. & B. Railroad, which office he held until 1893, when indications of failing health caused his retirement from all practice. The following year he came to California, arriving in Los Angeles in December.

Soon after coming to this city he invested largely in the oil business, and subsequently negotiated many real estate transactions. At different times he has served as a director of the Coalinga Oil Company, Reed Crude Oil Company, and the Rice Ranch Oil Company. He is a director in the Security Savings Bank and the Merchants Bank & Trust Company.

HORTON, RUFUS WILLIAM LANDON, Lawyer, was born at Niles, Michigan, September 2, 1861, and is the son of Richmond B. Horton and Anna Mary Smith. He married Millie Kurtz, daughter of Dr. Joseph Kurtz, at Los Angeles, July 15, 1896. They have one child, Joseph Kurtz.

Mr. Horton is descended from Joseph Horton of Mouseley, Leicestershire, England. Joseph Horton was born July 13, 1600. He came to America in the ship "Swallow" in 1635.

Mr. Horton attended the common and High Schools at Waseon, Ohio, and later studied law at Dallas College, Texas. He completed his reading with Judge Shaw of the Supreme Court.

On May 1, 1887, Mr. Horton came to Los Angeles and has since been in active practice in civil matters in Los Angeles. He has always been active in civic affairs, particularly in educational matters. He served one term (1902) on the Board of Education, and was chairman of the committee that introduced School Savings Banks in Los Angeles. For several years he was Secretary of the Citizens' League, which did much good reform work in Los Angeles between 1894 and 1900. As attorney for the Westlake Improvement Association he prepared the ordinance that confined oil wells and drilling north of Ocean View avenue. He is director and attorney in



R. W. L. HORTON

Portrait by Marceau

a large number of corporations, and represents large property interests and estates.

He is considered an authority on law relating to liens and real estate, in which branches he has had a large practice.

He is a member of the Los Angeles Bar Association; University Club, of which he was secretary for two years; California Club, Chamber of Commerce, and Masonic Order.

In politics he is Republican.

HAYNES, LLOYD C., President of the Manhattan Securities Company (New York and Los Angeles), was born at Canaseraga, Allegany County, New York, May 20, 1862. His father was Henry D. Haynes, and his mother Helen M. Whitney. He married Dorothea L. Mayer of Olean, New York, November 19, 1890, and has one son, H. Lewis Haynes.

He received his education at Canaseraga, Allegany County, New York.

Mr. Haynes has for many years been engaged in the bond and general securities business, with headquarters in New York City, but because of a steady increase in the Western interests of the corporation of which he is President, he found it necessary to spend considerable time of late years in the West, and decided in 1906 to make his headquarters in Los Angeles, where he located the Western offices of his firm.

In January, 1907, he moved his family here from New York, settling in Hollywood, and shortly afterwards purchased an attractive site in that delightful suburb, on which he built a home.

Through the interests of his firm in banking, industrials and mining, Mr. Haynes is widely known as the active head of several important development operations, which make him a strong power in the upbuilding of the great Southwest.

By reason of the very wide connections of his firm, throughout this and other countries, Mr. Haynes is a power in attracting many new residents each year to Los Angeles and its suburbs, from among those who come to inspect the interests of the company and remain to enjoy the climatic and other advantages of life in this section.

Perhaps the best known of Mr. Haynes' undertakings is the development, through his Company, of the property which bears his name, the Haynes Copper Company, which adjoins

the United Verde mine at Jerome, Arizona. This was the first interest of Mr. Haynes and his company in the West, but the results obtained under their policy, as directed by Mr. Haynes, encouraged the firm to widen its mining interests, which now include a large gold



L. C. HAYNES

Portrait by Steckel

property on which the installation of an ore-treating plant is just being completed in Arizona, and a silver-gold mine in California.

Mr. Haynes is also a director of the Union Exchange Bank (Los Angeles), a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and is to be found well forward in movements in aid of the growth and progress of the city and district in which he lives and works, and towards the business development of which his firm is steadily doing so much.



W. J. HOLE

Portrait by Marceau

HOLE, WILLITTS J., Capitalist, was born at Madison, Indiana, October 9, 1858. His father was William Hole, and his mother Matilda Hasley. Deyonshire, England, has been the ancestral home of the Hole family for the past one thousand years. Dean Hole, of Rochester, England, is of the family. The American branch of the family sailed from Plymouth, England, in 1740. Mr. Hole married Mary B. Weeks at North Vernon, Ind., June 12, 1889. To them has been born one daughter, Agnes Marion.

Mr. Hole graduated from the Louisville, Kentucky, High School, and then entered the Bryant and Stratton Business College, where he graduated in 1880. After that he took the Chautauqua Literary Course, graduating in 1887.

In 1889 he became the owner of a chair-factory and planing mill in North Vernon, and in time became a contractor and builder, and ultimately entered the field of architecture, designing his own buildings.

On account of the ill health of Mrs. Hole, the family removed to Southern California in 1893.

Here he readily recognized the opportunity for success in country-property investments, and took advantage of it by buying large tracts in La Habra Valley, which he laid out and sold, this being the first opening of that sec-

tion to settlers. As a result of this development work he is known as the Father of La Habra. In 1897 he was made resident agent of the Stearns Rancho Company of San Francisco. His most active work of the past few years has been the purchase and sub-dividing of large tracts of land which he put on the market. In this work he has been acting for himself and also for some of the largest transportation corporations operating in the Southwest. His land investments extend over the Southwest and into Mexico, where he has engineered some of the heaviest deals made in the Republic. He is the representative of the Asociacion Financiera Internacional, which is one of the largest financial institutions operating in Mexico, and which has its headquarters in the City of Mexico. The high officials of Mexico are officers or stockholders of this corporation. Mr. Hole is the controlling stockholder in the Arden Plaster Company of Arden, Nebraska, the plant of which, consisting of a mill of 200-ton capacity, is located on the San Pedro & Salt Lake Railway, with a private railroad running to the largest known gypsum mines in the United States. He is a Director of the American National Bank, Los Angeles.

Mr. Hole is a member of the Jonathan Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and is a Thirty-second Degree Mason.

HEWITT, LESLIE RANDALL, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Olympia, Washington, September 12, 1867. His father was Randall H. Hewitt, and his mother Ellen L. Hewitt. Hon. C. C. Hewitt, Chief Justice of Washington Territory, 1861-1869, was his grandfather.

He married Mable Young Eastwood, April 30, 1901, at San Francisco. Their children are: Beatrice, Asa R., and Emilen.

Mr. Hewitt came to Los Angeles from Washington with his parents, to make this city his home, on March 21, 1876. Here he attended the public schools until 1882. He graduated from the Los Angeles High School with the class of 1885, and in 1886 entered the University of California, from which he graduated in June, 1890, with the degree Bachelor of Letters.

After his graduation from the University of California, Mr. Hewitt began the study of law in the office of the late Col. G. Wiley Wells. He continued his studies in the offices of Judge W. M. York, and Houghton, Silent & Campbell, being admitted to the Bar in 1893. From 1894 to 1898 he was engaged in the practice of law in Los Angeles. From 1899 to 1900 he was a deputy in the office of City Attorney Walter F. Haas, and 1901 to 1906 he occupied the same position under City Attorney W. B. Mathews, taking part in a subordinate capacity in the city's litigation during that period. In 1906 he was elected City Attorney for Los Angeles for the term ending January, 1910, being the choice for that office of the Non-Partisan organization and also receiving the Democratic office. Since Mr. Hewitt became City Attorney, the office, either directly by him or under his direction, has handled several very important and far-reaching cases. Among the more important ones are the following:

Fleming vs. Hance (California Supreme Court), deciding that powers of charter officers of a city cannot be controlled by acts of the Legislature.

Peck vs. Los Angeles (California Supreme Court), deciding that proceedings for the annexation of the territory to the city ("Shoe-string" case), making Los Angeles contiguous to San Pedro and Wilmington, are valid.

Grumbach vs. Leland (California Supreme Court), in which liquor-zone ordinance of city was upheld.



LESLIE R. HEWITT

Portrait by Marceau

Home Telephone Company vs. City (U. S. Supreme Court), in which the U. S. Supreme Court held that charter provisions empowering city to regulate telephone rates are valid, and that franchise of Telephone Company does not preclude city from regulating rates.

The city has had much other important litigation, but the foregoing cases are the most noteworthy that have been already decided.

Mr. Hewitt has taken more than an official interest in movements intended for the betterment of the general condition of the city he so ably represents. The office under his guidance has been a powerful instrument in upholding the dignity and good name of Los Angeles. His forcible opinion that the resignation of the Mayor did not put an end to the recall proceedings was a vital factor in clearing up a complicated and difficult situation in the city's affairs.

Mr. Hewitt is a member of the University Club, Union League Club, City Club, and University of California Club. He is a Scottish Rite Mason, Thirty-second Degree, and a Shriner, being a member of Al Malaikah Temple of Los Angeles. He is also a member of the Knights of Pythias.

HUGHES, THOMAS, was born at Rice's Landing, Green County, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1859. His father was James Hughes, and his mother Fanny Cline. In June, 1881, he married Mrs. Perry Mosher in New Mexico.

Mr. Hughes attended the public schools of his home town, and after finishing his education left there in 1878 and went to Kansas, where he stayed for a short period. In 1880 he proceeded to Albuquerque, where he engaged in the contracting business until 1883, when he left to come to Los Angeles, believing that there were great opportunities here. On



THOS. HUGHES

Portrait by Steckel

his arrival here he sought and obtained employment in a planing mill, and worked there for one year, when he left to go into business on his own account. In 1884 Mr. Hughes purchased a mortiser and a tenoning machine, representing a cash investment of \$500 (all he had), and entered into the sash manufacturing business. This he carried on with continuous success for ten years, adding additional machinery and broadening the lines of the business as opportunity arose. In 1896 he organized the firm of Hughes Bros., and the firm was carried on under this style until 1902,

when it was incorporated as the Hughes Manufacturing Company, with Mr. Hughes as President. In this position he has continued until the present time, and the record from start to finish has been one of continued enlargement. The plant is now the largest and best equipped in the West in its line, covering about eleven acres of ground, representing an investment of some \$700,000, employing at times almost 500 men, and turning out sashes, doors, furniture, and indeed practically everything made of wood. He has done much building, and has uniformly been among the men who could be counted upon to take an active part in any movement for forwarding the interests of the community.

Mr. Hughes has been particularly active in oil matters, and in conjunction with Ed Strasburg and others was one of the first men to organize an oil company in this section, by forming the American Oil Company, which is one of the pioneer companies of this field. He located the first well, and was the pioneer of the Western Union Oil Company, and has been actively interested in this company ever since, also holding large interests in several other companies.

Important as have been the commercial and manufacturing enterprises which Mr. Hughes has built up, his service to the community has been quite as significant, if not more so, along the line of political affairs—this in spite of the fact that he has never held nor desired any political office. He construes it to be the first duty of a citizen, as a citizen, to interest himself vigorously, actively and effectively in politics, and this he has done for many years. A staunch Republican in politics, he has been one of the foremost leaders in the fight against machine domination of his party, actuated neither by any desire for personal advantage or position, nor by personal enmities or preferences, but solely by his judgment of what was for the real public interest. So careful has he been to keep himself free from any obligation which might tend to hamper his political action, that he has never taken a public contract, nor, although one of the largest shippers of freight in Los Angeles, has he ever ridden on a railroad pass. This habit of thought and action, together with his inherent gift of political generalship, has made him count heavily in the struggle to elevate the political standards of city and State.

He is a member of the Order of Elks, the Union League Club (of which he has been President), Driving Club, Los Angeles Country Club, and San Gabriel Country Club.



WM. J. HUNSAKER

Portrait by Marceau

HUNSAKER. WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Lawyer, was born in Contra Costa County, Cal., Sept. 21, 1855, his father being Nicholas Hunsaker, his mother Lois E. Hastings. He married Florence Virginia McFarland at San Diego, Cal., Feb. 27, 1879. They have four children—Mary Cameron, Florence King, Rose Margaret, and Daniel McFarland.

Mr. Hunsaker attended the public schools in Contra Costa County, and later in San Diego, to which city he moved with his parents in 1869. Then he spent two years in newspaper offices, learning and practicing the art of type-setting. He studied law in the offices of Judge Baker and Major Levi Chase of San Diego, and was admitted to practice before the District Court in San Diego in 1876. He was admitted by the Supreme Court of California in 1882, and by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1893.

Mr. Hunsaker practiced law in San Diego until 1879, then removing to Tombstone, Ariz., where he practiced for a year. In Tombstone he was a member of the Board of School Trustees. In March, 1881, he returned to San Diego and practiced there until 1892, being associated from 1887 to 1892 with E. W. Britt, who rejoined him in Los Angeles in April, 1900. In 1883-84 he was District Attorney for San Diego County.

June 1, 1892, Mr. Hunsaker removed to Los Angeles, and from 1893 to 1896 was Solicitor for California for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. This position he resigned in May, 1896, to engage in general practice, in which he has continued to this date, the firm name now being Hunsaker, Britt & Fleming.

Mr. Hunsaker's heavy professional duties have not prevented him from taking an active interest in political and municipal affairs. As a member of the Chamber of Commerce he has been closely identified with its progress. In 1908 he was President of the Los Angeles City Charter Revision Committee.

A Democrat prior to 1896, Mr. Hunsaker has since been a Republican in national affairs, remaining radically and vigorously Independent in municipal and local matters. In 1896 he became Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred which directed the Non-Partisan city movement in that year; in this capacity he appointed the executive committee of ten, and was at the head of the movement through the larger part of the campaign.

Mr. Hunsaker is President of the City Club, of which he is a charter member, and member of the University, Jonathan and California Clubs, and the Municipal League of Los Angeles. He is also member of the American Society of International Law, the American Bar Association, and the Los Angeles Bar Association, of which he was President 1903-04.

Both professionally and as a citizen, Mr. Hunsaker ranks high among those who have shared in the making of Los Angeles.

LUMMIS, CHARLES FLETCHER, was born March 1, 1859, at Lynn, Massachusetts, being the eldest son of Henry Lummis, A. M., D. D., and Harriet Fowler. He married Eva Frances Douglas, March 27, 1891, at Isleta, New Mexico. To them have been born four children—Turbesé, Amado (deceased), Jordan, and Keith.

He was trained at home by his father, a famous educator, who started him in Latin at seven, Greek at eight, and Hebrew at nine. He was in charge of his father's library of 4,000 volumes at eight. He entered Harvard College in the class of 1881, paying his way by tutoring in Latin and Greek, and writing for publication. An attack of brain fever prevented his graduation; but twenty-five years later the overseers of Harvard gave him his diploma and the degree of A. B. without examination, "in recognition of distinguished service to science." He also has the degree of Litt.

Doc. conferred by Santa Clara College. While yet in college he issued two tiny volumes of "Birch-Bark Poems," writing the verses, setting the type, gathering the birch-bark, and doing the press work and circulation. More than 14,000 copies were sold, and the verses were warmly praised by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Andrew Lang, Charles Dudley Warner, and others.

In 1882 Mr. Lummis removed to Ohio, and after managing a farm for a short time became editor at Chillicothe of the oldest newspaper west of Pittsburg. During the Cincinnati riots he volunteered to the State militia, and served in suppressing disorder. In 1884 he walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, by a round-about route, 3507 miles in 143 days. In Los Angeles he became city editor of the "Times," so continuing nearly three years, holding an ownership interest through most of this time. He was with Gen. Crook in the latter part of the Apache war, and was selected by Gen. (then Capt.) Lawton as chief of scouts for

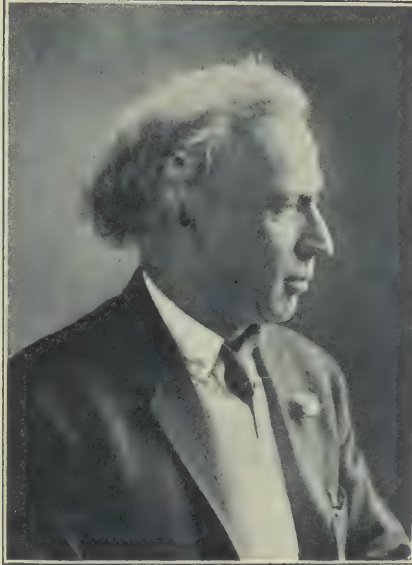
the expedition which finally captured Gerónimo, but was recalled by the reorganization of the Times. (Gen.) Leonard Wood took his place as chief of scouts. Early in 1888, following a stroke of paralysis, he went to New Mexico, living until 1892 at Isleta, with Pueblo Indians, making exhaustive study of their folklore, language and history, and gathering material for many stories and articles. During this period he traveled on foot and horse-

back over a large part of the Southwest. In 1892, with Ad F. Bandelier, he organized the Villard scientific expedition to Peru and Bolivia, remaining a year and a half. In the latter part of 1894 he became editor of the "Land of Sunshine" (now *OUT WEST*), which he soon placed first among Western magazines in the judgment of the best critics. In 1896 he traveled through Mexico, writing a series of articles for "Harper's Magazine," later published in book form ("The Awakening of a Nation")—still counted

the best popular work on Mexico in English.

In 1895 Mr. Lummis incorporated the Landmarks Club, to preserve the Missions of Southern California. This has re-roofed and protected the chief buildings at San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando, and Pala, and contributed to the preservation of San Luis Rey and the Gov. Pico mansion. It has put more than two acres of new roofs on the Missions, and has saved many other historical landmarks.

In 1901 Mr. Lummis founded the Sequoia League (national), "to make better Indians by treating them better." He was Chairman of the Presidential Commission which selected a new home for the evicted Indians of Warner's Ranch. This Commission is said to have broken the Government records for activity, cheapness and effectiveness; and, again breaking the records, the Indians were moved to a far better place than they had left. The Sequoia League also fed the starving Indians of San Diego County for two years, and has



CHAS. F. LUMMIS

secured for them adequate lands. In 1893 he founded the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, and as Secretary has built it up to a larger membership than any other affiliation of that institution, not excepting those in Boston and New York. The Society has incorporated the Southwest Museum, has expended nearly \$40,000 for a site, on which it plans to erect magnificent buildings, and now maintains a free public exhibit of about \$60,000 worth of collections. Its specialty is California and Southwestern history. It has the largest collection in the world of Spanish and Indian songs recorded by phonograph.

August, 1905, Mr. Lummis became Librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, whose efficiency he has greatly improved. His annual reports as Librarian are used as textbooks in several of the leading Eastern Libraries and Library Schools.

Mr. Lummis's stone house on the banks of the Arroyo Seco, built mainly by his own hands, around a patio with a superb sycamore at its center, is one of the notable features of Los Angeles.

In scientific circles Mr. Lummis's highest stand is as authority on historic, linguistic and ethnologic subjects connected with Spanish America, including that part of the United States formerly under Spanish control. As a writer he has been exceedingly prolific, having ten standard books to his credit, besides critical translations from the Spanish, of rare Americana, a monograph on Pioneer Transportation in America, the articles on California in the "Encyclopædia Americana" and the Britannica, and innumerable other productions. He has made the Los Angeles Public Library the recognized center, west of Chicago, for the study of California, Western and Spanish America, in history, language and anthropology—as also for the study of art and architecture. No other public library in the West has so important collections on California history—including not only the published works of great rarity, but priceless documents and manuscripts which his acquaintance with the subject and with the leading Americanists has enabled him to secure.

Aside from philanthropic work for the Indians, the Missions and the Museum, Mr. Lummis has taken a notable part in national science, is one of the incorporators (under Act of Congress) of the Archaeological Institute of America, and a member of its Executive Council and of that of the School of American Archaeology; is ex-Vice-President of the American Folk-Lore Society; honorary member of many scientific bodies; a Regent of the Museum of New Mexico; honorary and founding member of the National Institute of Arts and Sciences (with Mark Twain, Hamlin Garland and others), etc. His personal friendship with ex-President Roosevelt, his intimate acquaintance with the documents and the peoples of the Southwest—Indians, Mexicans, and later comers—and his long residence in California, have all counted in the prosecution of these lines of activity.

HUTTON, GEORGE H., Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California for Los Angeles County, was elected November, 1906. He was born at St. Paul, Minn., August 5, 1870, and is the son of Joseph A. Hutton and Harriett Bridgman Hutton. He was married in 1897 to Dolores Egelston, daughter of the founder of Spencer, Iowa, and has one son, George Robert Egelston.

Mr. Hutton spent his childhood as a ward of his distinguished uncle, Rev. George H. Bridgman, President of Hamilton University, St. Paul, at which institution he received his academic education. He studied law at the State University of Minnesota and was admitted to practice in 1893, which year he also became Assistant Attorney for the Minneapolis & St. Paul Railroad. He held this position until he retired in order to move to California, which he did in 1897, locating and en-



JUDGE GEO. H. HUTTON
Portrait by Haussler

gaging in his profession at Santa Monica. Judge Hutton was for seven years Attorney for the vast interests of ex-Senator John P. Jones, and a trustee under the will of the late J. W. Keating, whose fortune of less than a quarter of a million increased under Judge Hutton's able management to almost two million dollars.

Judge Hutton is a prominent member of the Masonic Order, the Knights of Pythias and the Elks. He is a public speaker of note and an active worker in religious and public-spirited movements. Since his elevation to the Bench, Judge Hutton has impressed the Bar and the public with his keen analysis of facts, his clear perception of the truth and his studious search for every possible legal principle that might aid him in reaching a correct and accurate conclusion, and his judgment has been clearly proven by the record of his first and second years on the Superior Bench. As his record stands, there were eleven appeals from his decisions, ten of which have been affirmed.

JESS, STODDARD, Banker, was born at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, December 3, 1856. His father was George Jess, who had recently returned from California. George Jess was one of the Argonauts, having made the overland trip to California in 1850, and was one of the successful miners for several succeeding years. His mother was Maria Theresa Judd, daughter of Stoddard Judd, one of the makers of history of the pioneer days of Wisconsin. Stoddard Judd began his career as a practicing physician in New York State, but receiving an appointment from President Polk as Receiver of the United States Land Office in Green Bay, Wisconsin, he removed to that point. He was a member of the two Constitutional Conventions held in Wisconsin, and was at different times a member of both houses of the State Legislature.

Mr. Jess received his preliminary education in the public schools of Fox Lake, entering the University of Wisconsin in 1870 and graduating in 1876. On January 15, 1879, he married Carrie Helen Chenoweth at Monroe, Wisconsin. They have had two children—a daughter, now deceased, and a son, George Benjamin, born December 25, 1881.

At the close of his college life Mr. Jess became cashier of the banking firm of George Jess & Co. at Waupun, Wisconsin, of which his father was the head, continuing in this service until the end of 1885. After serving several years on the City Council of Waupun, he was elected Mayor of that city in 1884. He refused re-election because of his intended removal to California. Early in 1885 his father was driven by asthma to seek the more congenial climate of Southern California, and came to Pomona. At the end of the same year Mr. Jess, being an only son, followed his father to California, reaching Pomona about the time it was organized as a city. He became the first Treasurer of the city, holding that office

during 1885-86. He was active in the organization of the Pomona Board of Trade, serving as its first President. He was for many years a member of the Board of Library Trustees of Pomona, and was President of that Board 1902-04. In June, 1886, he organized the First National Bank of that city, and remained as cashier until 1898. In that year, by his physician's advice, he gave up his position and devoted himself for a period to his personal affairs.

In April, 1904, he became Vice-President of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, changing his residence to this city, and holds that position today. He is also a Director of the Los Angeles Trust Co. and of the Metropolitan Bank & Trust Co., and is President of the law publishing house of L. D. Powell & Co. He is a member of the Clearing House Committee, and is universally recognized as forceful and conservative.

The system now used by the First National Bank of Los Angeles for taking care of its many thousand depositors by its tellers was introduced

by Mr. Jess to meet the requirements of the bank, and now bids fair to be generally adopted by commercial banking institutions throughout the country having a large number of deposit accounts. Briefly, the system consists in abandoning the usual method of having separate paying and receiving tellers, and, instead, dividing the bank up, as it were, into a number of small banks in alphabetical sub-divisions, each having its own clientele and each under the control of one teller who does the work of both receiving and paying.

Mr. Jess has made many addresses on banking and kindred matters, and has been a frequent contributor to financial magazines.

Mr. Jess is President of the Los Angeles Consolidation Committee.

He is a member of the California, Jonathan and Union League Clubs, a Knight Templar, a Thirty-second Degree Mason, and an Elk.



STODDARD JESS

Portrait by Marceau

JONES, JOHN PERCIVAL, for thirty years Senator of the United States, was born at The Hay, by the River Wye, Herefordshire, England (on the Welsh border), January 27, 1829. His father was Thomas James, his mother Mary Pugh. He married Georgie Francis Sullivan at San Francisco in 1875. They have three daughters—Alice, Marion (Farquhar), and Georgina. Senator Jones has also, by a former marriage, one son, Roy.

In June, 1830, the family left England to come to America, settling in Cleveland, Ohio, at that time a village of just over 1000. In the public schools there the embryo Senator began his education. At the age of 20 he came to California by sailing vessel around Cape Horn, reaching San Francisco in 1849. After prospecting in various placer camps, he located himself in Trinity county, remaining there until 1867. During his residence in Northern California he was elected Sheriff of Trinity county, was a member of the State Senate from 1863 to 1867, representing Shasta and Trinity counties, and in 1867 was nominated as Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket, which was defeated at the polls. In the fall of 1867 he removed to Virginia City, Nevada, and the next year became Superintendent of the famous Crown Point mines, in which he owned a considerable interest, continuing in charge of this property until public duties compelled his resignation.

In 1872 he was chosen to represent Nevada in the U. S. Senate, and remained in that service for five consecutive terms—30 years—each time being elected with practically no opposition. In all that period he served not only Nevada but the entire West, with earnest and devoted zeal. He early became a member of the Finance Committee, and his influence in that position was potent in securing satisfactory duties upon California products in the Dingley Tariff Bill. He was also an important factor in securing the location of the Soldiers' Home near Los Angeles in 1887, and himself gave three-quarters of the 600 acres offered for a site. He fought steadily for the exclusion of the Chinese, and kept up the struggle for Free Silver to the very end.

In 1903 he gave up his seat in the Senate, having notified his constituents in 1900 that he did not desire a re-election. This completed a period of more than forty years, during which Senator Jones had been in the public service

almost continually, his record through all that time being high and honorable.

Early in the '70's Senator Jones purchased the San Vincente rancho (formerly the property of Don Abel Stearns), including the present site of Santa Monica, and in 1875, with Col. R. S. Baker, laid out that town. He built the Los Angeles & Independence Railroad from Los Angeles to Santa Monica the same year. In 1878 it passed into the hands of the Southern Pacific. He gave to Santa Monica its beautiful city park and other lands, and most of the large trees now in that city are of his



HON. JOHN P. JONES

planting. About 1890 he built there the mansion in which he took up his permanent residence after retiring from the Senate a dozen years later.

Through all these years Senator Jones has continued actively in mining, always in the line of development and operation, never as promoter or seller of shares. His important mining interests are now scattered over the territory from Alaska to Central America. At full four-score years he is far from being ready to be "laid on the shelf."

He is a member of the Pacific Union Club of San Francisco, and the Manhattan Club of New York.



MARK G. JONES

Portrait by Marceau

JONES, MARK GORDON, President Merchants Bank and Trust Company, of Los Angeles, was born at San Francisco, December 22, 1859. His father was John Jones, a pioneer merchant who went to Australia from England, and from Australia came to California with a shipload of merchandise, landing at Monterey in 1850. His mother was Doria Deighton-Jones. On February 11, 1885, he married Blanche E. McDonald, at Los Angeles. They have three children, Deighton G. McD., Mark McD., and Francis M. McD.

Mr. Jones attended the old Los Angeles High School, which stood where the County Court House now stands, and later entered St. Augustine's College, Benecia, California, from which he graduated in 1879.

After his graduation from college he came to Los Angeles (1879) and took up the management of the estate of his mother, Mrs. Doria Jones, which required the larger part of his time up to the date of her death (March, 1908), after which he was appointed administrator, and is still acting in that capacity.

In 1889 Mr. Jones was elected to the office of County Treasurer of Los Angeles County, and served until 1903, when he was re-elected to the same office, the term of which expired

January, 1907. He has the distinction of being the only incumbent re-nominated for the office. In 1906 he was the chief organizer of the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association, and was elected president and treasurer of same, and still holds that office. In 1908 he was elected to and still retains the presidency of the Merchants Trust Co. He was one of the organizers of the Merchants Bank and Trust Co., a development of the Merchants Trust Co., and was made its president, to which office he was re-elected this year (1909), and is today its active head. In connection with the above Mr. Jones is the president of the Merchants Building Co.

As the Jones Estate interests are represented over most of California, Mr. Jones had every inducement offered him to make his headquarters elsewhere, but his unbounded faith in the great future of Los Angeles long ago determined him to remain here, and he is now actively endeavoring to bring to and center all the estate and his personal interests in this city.

He is a member of Ramona Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West; Knight Templar, L. A. Commandery Number Nine; Signet Chapter, Southern California Blue Lodge; and Al Malaikah Temple, Mystic Shrine.

KINNEY, ABBOT, Founder of Venice of America, was born at Brookside, New Jersey, November 16, 1850. His father was Franklin Sherwood Kinney, and his mother Mary Cogswell. He married on November 18, 1883, Margaret J. Thornton at San Francisco, and nine children were born of the union, of whom Thornton, Innes, Sherwood and Carleton survive. Carleton is President of the Venice Railroad, and is the youngest railroad president in the world.

Mr. Kinney received his early education in France, and after three years' study there he went to Heidelberg University, Germany, and later returned to this country.

He commenced his business career on Wall Street, New York, speculating in the stock market. Here he met with quick financial disaster, and went to Baltimore, where, after some difficulty, he secured a situation as a sample clerk in a wholesale dry goods house at a salary of \$200.00 per annum. However, he was always on the lookout for speculation, and succeeded in making many good "turns." In 1860, with his brothers, Francis Sherwood and Nathaniel Cogswell Kinney, he started the tobacco house of Kinney Bros., of world-wide reputation. This they controlled until they sold out to the Tobacco Trust in 1870. Starting in the autumn of that year, he made a trip around the world, landing on his return at San Francisco. Hearing much of Southern California, he came to Los Angeles in 1880, and has remained here ever since.

Shortly after his arrival he bought the Kinneloa Ranch of 530 acres situated at San Gabriel at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains. This magnificent ranch he planted to oranges, peaches, lemons, etc. Helen Hunt Jackson lived on the property, and while there wrote "Hunter Cats of Kinneloa," in which is woven a story of Mr. Kinney and his career. The ranch is still owned by Mr. Kinney and is under the management of his son Thornton.

In 1904 he started the city of Ocean Park with Francis G. Ryan, who died. Later these interests were placed in other hands, and Mr.

Kinney took hold of the adjoining swamp lands, and by carrying out a gigantic dredging proposition, built thereon Venice of America, which stands today a monument to his great work and energy. Venice has wonderful opportunities for a harbor, and it is Mr. Kinney's intention to spend \$1,400,000 on constructing one that will take the largest vessels afloat.



ABBOT KINNEY

Portrait by Marceau

The Secretary of War has already given his approval to the proposed work.

Mr. Kinney has written many books, among which may be mentioned: "The Conquest of Death," "Task by Twilight," "Money," "Under the Shadow of the Dragon," "Protection and Free Trade," "Australian Ballot," "Forestry," and "Eucalyptus."

He was the founder and is the President of the Pasadena and Santa Monica Libraries; Chairman, State Board of Forestry; Chairman, Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove Commission; President, Southern California Forest and Water Society, and President, Southern California Academy of Science.

JOHNSON, ORSON THOMAS, Retired, was born in Kirkland, Ohio, February 5, 1839, his father being Orson Johnson, his mother Candace Mason. He married Anna Craven, September 15, 1863, and to them have been born three children—Charles A. (deceased), Frederick Orson, and Katherine J. (Flint).

Mr. Johnson worked on his father's farm until he was nearly sixteen. He then went to work in a country store near Farmington, Ill. (removed the next year to Galesburg). His first task was to open, wash and put on the shelves sixteen hogsheads of crockery. His wage the first year was \$50, the second \$100, he boarding with his employer, and his father taking all his pay except what was considered absolutely necessary for clothing. After five years the store was burned, and the firm, desiring to reopen with new stock, offered him what was left of the old stock to take to the village of Altona, Ill., and open a store, in his own name but acting for them. He did this, and during the first year made more money for them than they did in their new store. He then bought them out, giving in payment his father's note for \$1000, and his own for \$800. At the end of a year he had paid both notes, bought the store building for \$350, and had a little money in the bank. In 1864 he bought out the store of his former employer in Galesburg, which is still operated by the O. T. Johnson Co., of which he is President, and which employs 225 people.

In 1880 he came to Riverside, Cal., for the benefit of his health, and bought an orange grove, which he still owns and upon which his family resided until 1892, when they removed their home to Los Angeles. In 1884 he purchased the site upon which, in 1887, he erected the Westminster Hotel. The lessees failing to make this profitable, Mr. Johnson purchased the furniture and installed Milo Potter (now

of the Hotels Van Nuys and Potter) as manager, to be later joined by Mr. Johnson's son, who later yet took full control. The Westminster has never had a bar. Since that time Mr. Johnson has invested heavily in L. A. business property, which he has improved promptly and liberally. He has also invested freely in many other local enterprises. He has gener-

ally withdrawn from an active share in their management, but remains director in the Central National and German Savings Banks.

In political affairs, Mr. Johnson's influence has counted heavily and continuously on the side of good government. He was Mayor of Galesburg for two terms before coming to California, and in Los Angeles was member of the Police Commission for about eighteen months, from January, 1905. In that position he was a thorn in the flesh of those who wished to violate the law, and associates or subordinates who were willing to permit the violation.

To educational and philanthropic causes

Mr. Johnson has contributed largely in personal attention as well as money, being most keenly interested in institutions whose purpose it is to set young men and women on the right path, to keep them there and to help them along it—to "give the young fellow a chance." For twenty-five years he was Trustee of Knox College at Galesburg, and a liberal supporter of it financially. For some years he was Trustee of Occidental College, Los Angeles, gave one-third of its endowment, and is still assisting its work. He is a director of the L. A. Young Men's Christian Association, and was one of the four citizens who gave \$25,000 each towards the erection of its present magnificent plant. He does not give indiscriminately or carelessly, but with prudent generosity.

Mr. Johnson is a charter member of the City Club, and a director of the Federation Club.



O. T. JOHNSON

Portrait by Hemenway

LAUGHLIN, HOMER, Capitalist, was born at Little Beaver, Columbiana County, Ohio, March 23, 1843. His father was Mathew Laughlin, and his mother Maria Moore, descended from Thomas Moore, the poet. On June 18, 1875, he married Cornelia Battenberg at Wellsville, Ohio. There are three children: Homer, Jr., Nanita, and Gwendolen V.

Mr. Laughlin received his education first in the common schools, and later, Neville Institute.

On July 12, 1862, Mr. Laughlin enlisted for Civil War service at East Liverpool, Ohio, in Company "A," 115th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, remaining in service till July 7, 1865, when he was mustered out, as Sergeant, at Cleveland, Ohio.

As a young man Mr. Laughlin went to New York, where he became associated with his brother, Shakespeare Moore Laughlin, in the wholesale importation of English earthenware, the firm operating from October 1, 1871, to October, 1873, under the firm name of Laughlin Bros. In September, 1873, this firm built a pottery for the manufacture of fine white earthenwares at East Liverpool Ohio, and continued until 1879, when Mr. Laughlin bought out his brother's interest and personally conducted the business as the Homer Laughlin China Company until 1897, when he removed to California to live a retired life. Under his personal management his pottery business grew to be much the largest and leading industry of the kind in the United States. The Company, while now under other ownership, still retains the established name of Laughlin.

Immediately after taking up his residence here, Mr. Laughlin recognized the possibilities of the city and commenced the construction of the Homer Laughlin Building, on Broadway, the first fireproof office building in Southern California. This undertaking established a standard for fireproof construction much in



HOMER LAUGHLIN

Portrait by Steckel

advance of the times. Furthermore, at that time most investors believed that he had chosen a site beyond the limits within which a costly business building would be profitable. About 1901 he built the building, occupied since its construction by Jacoby Bros., a few doors south of the Homer Laughlin Building. It occupies the site of the First Methodist Church. In 1905 he began the construction of the "Annex" to the Homer Laughlin Building, it being a typical reinforced concrete structure, covering a large area and extending to Hill street. It has the distinction of being the first reinforced concrete building erected in Southern California.

Mr. Laughlin was one of the best-known business men of the East. He had the confidence and respect of all classes, and was held in the highest esteem by such men as the late President William McKinley, of whom he was an intimate friend for over thirty years. When President McKinley and his Cabinet made their memorable visit to Los Angeles, Mr. Laughlin was president of the reception committee.

During the years 1878-1898 Mr. Laughlin was President of the United States Potters Association, and chairman of the executive committee of that body. In connection with his business he received medals from the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876, from the Cincinnati Exposition, 1879, and the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, for superior manufacture of pottery.

He has been a member of the Board of Managers of the American Protective Tariff League since 1882 to the present time; was a member of the First Crusaders' party to Europe, sailing June 1, 1871; is honorary life member, Girvan Encampment of Glasgow, Scotland; is a member, Allegheny Commandery No. 35, Knights Templars; member, Republican Club of New York, and of the California Club, Los Angeles.

LEE, BRADNER WELLS, Attorney-at-Law, is a native of New York State, having been born at East Groveland, Livingston County, that State, May 4, 1850. His father was David Richard Lee, son of James Lee of Penn Yan, New York, and his mother Elizabeth Northrun (Wells) Lee. He married Helena Farrar, daughter of Col. William Humphrey Farrar, October 16, 1883, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There are two sons—Bradner Wells, Jr., and Kenyon Farrar—who are being educated at Stanford University.

Mr. Lee started on his educational life in the public schools of his native town, supplemented by a course of private study and instruction. He studied law in the office of his uncle, Col. G. Wiley Wells, U. S. Dist. Atty. at Holly Springs, Miss., who later was elected to the 44th Congress from the 2nd Congressional District of that State, and subsequently served as Consul-General to Shanghai, China. He was admitted to the Bar by the U. S. Dist. Court, Northern Dist., Miss., in 1871.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Lee was made Asst. U. S. Dist. Attorney for the Northern District of Mississippi, which office he filled from 1871 to 1879, resigning to come to California. During 1875 he was Acting U. S. Dist. Attorney for the same District. On May 21, 1875, he was admitted to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

In March, 1879, he came to Los Angeles, entering the firm of Brunson & Wells as managing clerk, and on April 30, 1879, he was admitted by the Supreme Court to all the courts of California. In 1883 the firm became Brunson, Wells & Lee, and so continued till 1885, when it became Wells, Van Dyke & Lee. In 1887 Mr. Lee was admitted to the U. S. Circuit Court, Southern Dist. of California, and to the U. S. District Court in 1888. In 1889 the law firm became Wells, Guthrie & Lee, in 1891 Wells, Monroe & Lee, and in 1893

Wells & Lee. In February, 1896, Hon. John D. Works became associated with the firm, which was continued as Wells, Works & Lee until September of the same year, when, by the retirement of Mr. Wells by reason of illness, the firm name became Works & Lee until 1901. Lewis R. Works then entering, the practice was continued as Works, Lee & Works until 1908, since which time Mr. Lee has practiced alone.



BRADNER W. LEE

Portrait by Steckel

Mr. Lee is the owner of the valuable law library formerly belonging to his distinguished uncle, Col. G. Wiley Wells, consisting of 6,000 volumes.

In 1895 Mr. Lee was offered an appointment to the Superior Bench by Governor Pardee, but declined the honor, preferring to remain in the practice.

In 1896 he was elected Chairman, Rep. County Central Committee, which office he has held to date. He was a member of the Executive Committee and Campaign Committee of the Rep. State Central Committee, 1902-1904, and Chairman of the L. A. County Rep. Convention, 1906. He has been a trustee of the State Library from 1897 to date. He has been a member of the L. A. Chamber of Commerce since 1894, being a former member of the Law Committee, and has been for four years a member of the Harbor Committee of that body.

He is a charter member and for two terms was a director of the Jonathan Club, is a member of the Union League Club, has been a member of the Los Angeles Bar Association since its organization, and is a member of the Judiciary Committee of that association; member, Archæological Institute of America, Southwest Society; charter member, California Commandery, Military Order of Foreign Wars, serving as Judge Advocate and Vice-Commander of same; member, Cal. Society of Colonial Wars, serving as director, first Historian and Chancellor of same, and is a director and Treasurer of the Cal. Society Sons of the Revolution. He is a Knight Templar and a member of the Shrine.

LOBINGIER, ANDREW STEWART, Surgeon, was born at Laurelville, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, December 22, 1862. His father was Jacob Lobingier, and his mother Lillias Findley (Stewart). (He is a descendant of Christopher Lobingier, a close friend of Benjamin Franklin, with whom he served in the first Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, July, 1776; a member of the Committee of Correspondence for Westmoreland County, and a representative in the General Assembly, 1791-93). He married Kate Reynolds, November 2, 1889, at Denver, Colorado. They have one child, Gladys.

Dr. Lobingier received his preparatory education at Mt. Pleasant Institute, Mt. Pleasant, Penn., 1880-83, and entered the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Department of Arts, from which he graduated with its degree, A. B., in June, 1886. The following October he entered the Department of Medicine and Surgery of the same institution, graduating in 1889 with the degree M. D.

After his medical graduation Dr. Lobingier was elected to the professorship of Bacteriology and Pathology in the Gross Medical College, Denver, Colorado, to which place he went from Mt. Pleasant and opened an office. Two years later he was elected Professor of Pathology and Surgical Pathology in the University of Colorado at Denver, and during the eleven years he was a member of that faculty he was successively elected to the Chairs of Clinical Surgery and Chief of the Surgical Clinic (1893), and of the Principles of Surgery and Clinical Surgery, and Surgeon to the University Hospital (1896). He had charge of this department of work in the University for the following six years, resigning on account of impaired health, April, 1902, when he came directly to Los Angeles. In Denver he was a charter member of the Denver City Troop, and Acting Surgeon to the 2nd Colorado Regi-

ment in the Leadville riots. He was also treasurer of the Troop, and for a number of years secretary of the Colorado State Medical Society. In June of 1902 he sailed for Europe to attend the British Medical Association meeting at Manchester. He spent the remainder of the summer and autumn in the study of surgery with the leading surgeons of Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and London, after which he returned to Los Angeles to engage in surgical practice.

In 1906 he devoted a second period to study with the master surgeons abroad.

Dr. Lobingier is a member of the Los Angeles Clinical and Pathological Society (of which he was the first President); of the Southern California Medical Association; Los Angeles County Medical Association; California State Medical Society; American Medical Association, and American Academy of Medicine.

He is the author of numerous contributions on surgical subjects published in various American and foreign medical and surgical journals.

He is a member of the following: California Club, University Club, Annandale Golf Club, Sierra Club, Young Men's Christian Association, Chamber of Commerce, Municipal League, Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, and Sons of the American Revolution.

Before coming to Los Angeles to locate permanently, Dr. Lobingier had spent much time here as a visitor. In 1887 he spent the greater part of the year in Los Angeles County, and made many return trips for the purpose of recreation, and finally decided to locate here permanently, which he did in 1902. In January, 1903, he opened permanent offices in this city, and has since then been engaged in the exclusive practice of surgery.

Dr. Lobingier is of French Huguenot and Scotch lineage.



DR. A. S. LOBINGIER
Portrait by Mareau

LUTHER, DANIEL E., General Secretary, Los Angeles Young Men's Christian Association, was born at Paris, Ontario, January 7, 1859, his father being Upton Henderson Luther, his mother Aurilla Maus. He married Sadie J. Burroughs at Wales, Erie County, N. Y., October 22, 1879.

His education was at the Medina (N. Y.) Academy, and at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1879. The next

year he took a position as Southern Manager in the United States of the English publishing house of Cassell & Co., Ltd., at the end of five years organizing the D. E. Luther Publishing Company in Atlanta, Georgia, of which he became President, retaining that position till he came to Los Angeles. Among the publications of this company were biographies of Henry W. Grady, Robert Toombs, and Stonewall Jackson, and "The United Negro, His Problems and His Progress." Throughout his business career Mr. Luther had interested himself actively in the

affairs of the Atlanta Young Men's Christian Association, being Director for ten years. A crisis coming in its affairs, he was prevailed upon to accept the position of General Secretary, so serving for seven years. At his incumbency the Association had about 500 members and was heavily in debt. When he left Atlanta to come to Los Angeles there were over 1500 members and the debt had been paid. August 1, 1905, he took charge of the Los Angeles Young Men's Christian Association as General Secretary. It then occupied dingy, uninviting rooms and had a membership of about 1,000. At this writing, less than four years later, it owns and occupies the finest and best equipped Association building in the world (incidentally the third largest building in Los Angeles), has a membership of over 3,000, with the 5,000 mark in view in

the near future. It is doing everything possible to meet the demands of young men in social, physical, educational, moral and spiritual life. Nearly 150 live in the building, having every convenience and comfort of a modern hotel, including privileges of gymnasium, swimming-pool, running-track, restaurant and grill, and many others. The atmosphere is homelike and attractive, the institution resembling a great family. During the

first six months in the new building more than 700 students have enrolled in the educational classes, nearly forty teachers are employed, each a specialist, and the courses include commerce and finance, automobiling, mining and assaying, physics, English, mathematics, music, and the arts. More than 1500 men and boys take regular advantage of the physical and athletic privileges, and more than 700 boys are provided for in the boys' department. Thousands attend the Gospel services held in the fine auditorium, and hundreds are enrolled in the Bible classes. Mr. Luther says, "This is the one institution in



D. E. LUTHER

Portrait by Johnson

our fair City of the Angels that stands with its doors wide open night and day for the upbuilding of young manhood in character, clean morals, civic righteousness, high ideals and godly lives." The officers and directors pay the very highest tributes to Mr. Luther's energy, efficiency, and profound love for and capacity in this work.



LISSNER, MEYER, Lawyer, was born in San Francisco, California, June 16, 1871. His father was Louis Lissner, and his mother was Mathilda Block. On August 12, 1896, at Oakland, California, he married Ermine Greenhood. They have two children—Louis and Jay Greenhood.

Mr. Lissner attended the public schools of San Francisco and Oakland. He entered the Oakland High School in 1884, but was compelled to abandon the course in his senior year (1886) on account of his father's death, whose business affairs he had to take up at the early age of fifteen. He remained in business in Oakland until 1895 and came to Los Angeles on August 1st of that year. In Los Angeles he engaged in the jewelry business, but in 1898 sold out to his partner, for the purpose of studying law. In February of that year he entered the Los Angeles Law School, which he attended until his admission to practice, April 18, 1899. While attending the Law School, and since that time, Mr. Lissner has invested his capital in Los Angeles real estate. Perhaps the most important of his holdings, as proof of his belief in the city, is the Lissner building on Spring street, which is a modern office building, recently completed.

Mr. Lissner has always taken an active interest in the city's welfare, and has been a persistent fighter for pure politics and clean government. He was one of the most earnest and efficient organizers of the Non-Partisan movement in Los Angeles, which made so vigorous a showing in the municipal election of 1906, and retains his interest in that effort, being a member of the Non-Partisan City Central Committee. Immediately following that election he was active in organizing the City Club—a body of nearly one thousand citizens of the highest type, a large proportion of whom meet every Saturday at lunch to listen to addresses on subjects connected with the municipal well-being, and to discuss such matters. A little later he was among the leaders in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. He has been for some time a member of the Executive Committee of the Municipal League, and in that capacity was active in promoting the Recall campaign, just successfully carried to a conclusion. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Direct Legislation League, a Mason, a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West, and of the Los Angeles Athletic Club.



A. P. MAGINNIS

Portrait by Thompson

MAGINNIS, ALMON PORTER, Tax Commissioner, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, was born at Cleveland, Ohio, January 1, 1848. His father was Franklin Maginnis, and his mother Lucy Ann Porter. On December 25, 1878, he married Alice J. Harpham at Dallas, Texas. Their children are Frank A., Gracia, and Earl A.

Mr. Maginnis attended the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, graduating from the High School, from which he went to Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, where he graduated in 1866.

After leaving school he took up civil engineering in the employ of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, working through Kansas and Colorado. From there he went to Texas and did the bridge work for the Texas & St. Louis Railroad, and later the timber contract work for the Texas Pacific Railroad from Marshall, west. In 1882 he went with the Santa Fé system, and at that time he worked up bond issue of the Chicago, Kansas & Western Railway, and brought the right of way through Missouri and Iowa for the Santa Fé Railroad. In 1887 he came to California as manager of the Pacific Land and Improvement Company, a Santa Fé interest. He was later made Land

Commissioner, Tax Commissioner and Claim Agent of the Santa Fé system from Albuquerque west, which offices he now holds.

Mr. Maginnis' business interests are widely distributed and in most cases are of national scope. He is President of the following interests; Santa Fé Car Icing Company, Navajo Ice and Cold Storage Company, Winslow Electric Light and Power Company; and a director in the following: Mexican Petroleum Company, Gate City Ice and Pre-Cooling Company, Italy Mining Company, Mason Smokeless Combustion Company, Mechanical Appliance Company, and the Los Angeles Harbor Company.

The plant of the Santa Fé Car Icing Company is located in Argentine, Kansas, and at Winslow, Arizona, is located the Navajo Ice and Cold Storage Company, in which he owns the controlling interest, as he does of the Winslow Electric Light and Power Company, of the same place. The Gate City Ice and Pre-Cooling Company is constructing its plant at San Bernardino, Cal. This plant, which will have a daily capacity of 225 tons, has the contract with the Santa Fé system to do all the icing of the citrus fruit shipped over its lines.

Mr. Maginnis was made one of the first members of the California Club.

He came to Los Angeles in 1887.

MARBLE, JOHN MINER CAREY, retired Banker and Capitalist, was born in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on July 27, 1833, his father being Ebenezer Marble, and his mother Hannah Carey. In 1861 Mr. Marble married Mary Lizzie Coleman, who died a few years later, leaving one child, Guildford Lionel Marble. On May 5, 1870, at Van Wert, Ohio, Mr. Marble married Elizabeth Emerson, and of this union three children were born—John Emerson, Elizabeth Dana, and William Carey.

Mr. Marble attended the public and private schools at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and from 1844 to 1846 he attended the Academy of that city, and the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pa. He then removed to Ohio with his mother, where he attended the public schools and took up special studies under private tutors. Later he graduated from Bacon's Commercial College in Cincinnati.

Mr. Marble commenced his business career in 1851 (at eighteen) as a merchant, at Kalida, Putnam County, Ohio, buying his first stock of goods in New York City. Disposing of his interests there, he became clerk in a large mercantile establishment on the newly-opened Miami Extension Canal, then known as Section 10, which later became the flourishing town of Delphos, with the understanding that on becoming of age he should become a partner. This he did in 1854, but on the passage of the National Bank Act he retired from mercantile business and embarked in banking.

In 1864 he organized the First National Bank of Delphos, Ohio, and in 1872 acquired control of the First National Bank of Van Wert, Ohio, where he moved his family, later establishing the Van Wert National Bank. In 1880 he, with others, incorporated what later became the Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw Railroad. He was President and General Manager of that company from a time before it had

any mileage at all, until he left Ohio to come to California in 1888 (for reasons of family health), when it had become a system of 346 miles. Ohio's loss was California's gain. Shortly after his arrival in Los Angeles he established the National Bank of California of this city, from which he withdrew some time ago, retiring from active business life. In the forty-five years of Mr. Marble's business career he was the chief organizer of four National

Banks and one private one, all of which are still prospering. He has always been active in helping to get under way establishments which helped the prosperity of his home-town. The great telephone development of Southern California, for example, is to be credited in part to his account.

During the Civil War, Mr. Marble was Colonel of the 33rd Regiment, National Guard of Ohio, from its organization as a State regiment until after the war. This regiment was consolidated with the 57th Battalion Ohio National Guard, and mustered into the U. S. service as the 151st



COL. JOHN M. C. MARBLE
Portrait by Marceau

Regiment, Ohio National Guard, U. S. Infantry, in 1864, being assigned to the 2nd Brigade, Haskins Division, 22nd Army Corps; later to the command of the 1st Brigade of Hardin's Division.

In politics Mr. Marble is a Republican. His first vote was for Frémont for President, and his last vote to date was for Taft.

Mr. Marble is a member of the Southwest Museum; Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America; Sequoia League; Landmarks Club; Loyal Legion of the United States; Grand Army of the Republic; Bartlet Logan Post; Pennsylvania Sons of the Revolution; California Sons of the Revolution; Wyoming Commemoration Association; Wyoming Historical and Geological Society; New England Historical and Genealogical Society; Ohio Society of New York; Ohio Society of California; Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Arrowhead Mountain Club, and California Club.

MARSHALL, EDWIN JESSOP, Capitalist and Banker, was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, March 18, 1860. His father was H. Vincent Marshall, and his mother Amanda Celia Jessop. On June 7, 1892, he married Sallie McLemore at Galveston, Tex. There is one son, Marcus McLemore.

Mr. Marshall was educated in the country schools of Maryland and Illinois.

In 1877 he became a clerk for the Union Pacific Railroad at Atchison, Kansas, and continued in that capacity throughout 1878. In 1879 he was made a clerk of the Santa Fé system and located at Galveston, Texas, and later was appointed train-master at that point, holding the position until the latter part of 1887. In 1888 he was appointed cashier of the First National Bank at Lampasas, Texas, and served as such until 1890, when he was elected to the presidency, filling that office until he came to Los Angeles, which he did January 1, 1904, to accept the office of Vice-President of the Southwestern National Bank. In 1905, when the Southwestern National Bank merged with the First National Bank, Mr. Marshall declined an official position with the enlarged bank, owing to pressure of outside interests.

About this time he made heavy investments in lands in Southern California, one of his first acquisitions being the Jesús Maria Ranch, consisting of 42,000 acres in Santa Barbara County, and having about sixteen miles frontage on the Pacific Ocean, of which 15,000 acres are under a high state of cultivation, the rest being put to the use of 4000 thoroughbred cattle, this investment being a private undertaking.

Another investment of note made by Mr. Marshall, as the active head of the Chino Land and Water Co., was the famous Gird property, Chino Ranch, of which he secured 38,000 acres of fine agricultural land, a portion of

which he subdivided and put on the market.

Mr. Marshall recently became the active head of the Sinaloa Land and Water Company, controlling 2,000,000 acres in the State of Sinaloa,

Mexico, under a concession from the Mexican Government to survey the State, and has succeeded in placing that organization on a sound financial basis.

He is President of the Palomas Land and Cattle Co., owning 2,000,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, the northern boundary of which property is for 170 miles the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, from El Paso, Texas, west. On this property are 50,000 head of graded Hereford cattle.

Mr. Marshall is also President of the Grand Cañon Cattle Co., controlling some 2,000,000 acres of land

in Arizona, the east and south boundary of which tract is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, on which there is a herd of 20,000 graded cattle.

One of his later and most important interests is the stock and bond house of James H. Adams & Co., of Los Angeles, in which he has recently become largely interested.

Many other interests occupy his time and attention.

Among his most important active offices and interests are: Chino Land & Water Co., President; Sinaloa Land & Water Co., President; Palomas Land & Cattle Co., President; Grand Cañon Cattle Co., President; Jesús Maria Rancho (Inc.), President; First National Bank, Director; Los Angeles Trust Co., Director; Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co., Director; Home Telephone & Telegraph Co., Director; James H. Adams & Co. (Inc.), Director; Home Telephone Co. of San Francisco, Director.

He is a member of the California Club, Jonathan Club and Country Club of Los Angeles, and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.



E. J. MARSHALL

Portrait by Steckel

MARSH, NORMAN FOOTE, Architect, was born at Upper Alton, Illinois, July 16, 1871. His father was Ebenezer Marsh, and his mother Kate Prevost Foote. On January 23, 1901, at Polo, Illinois, he married Cora Mae Cairns. There are two children, Norman Le Roy and Marian Elizabeth.

Mr. Marsh graduated from the Upper Alton



NORMAN F. MARSH

Portrait by Marceau

High School in 1886, and for the next three years he took up scientific and literary studies at Shurtleff College, Upper Alton. He is a graduate of the College of Engineering, degree B. S., and of the School of Architecture, University of Illinois, class of 1897.

In July, 1900, Mr. Marsh came to Los Angeles from Chicago, and shortly after that the firm of Marsh & Russell was formed. This firm were the architects for Abbot Kinney in the building of Venice of America.

Marsh & Russell dissolved partnership in 1907 and Mr. Marsh carried on all the uncompleted work of the firm.

Mr. Marsh is the architect for the magnificent University of Redlands, a Baptist institution of learning which is to cost close on to a half-million dollars. He is also the architect of the handsome new High School building at Glendale, and the First M. E. Church of Long Beach, California.

He is a director of the Southern California Baptist Assembly, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Memorial Baptist Church, South Pasadena; a member of the First Baptist Church, Los Angeles; a Modern Woodman, Pacific Camp, Los Angeles; and a Thirty-second degree Mason, Pasadena Consistory.

McNUTT, CYRUS F., Lawyer, was born in Johnson County, Indiana, July 29, 1837, his father being John McNutt, and his mother Mahala Hensley. Judge McNutt was married twice, his first wife being Elizabeth S. Finley, whom he married at Ripley, Ohio, October 12, 1858, two sons being born to them—John G. and Finley A. Three years after his marriage, June 20, 1861, he was left a widower. On June 16, 1863, he married Eliza Gordon Craig at Martinsville, Indiana, and three children were born of this marriage—William Gordon, who died in infancy; Beryl, who died in 1877, and B. Eloise.

Judge McNutt was reared on a farm and received his early education in the common schools, and later, for three years, attended Franklin College, Indiana, finally taking the course of law lectures at the Northwestern (now Butler) University at Indianapolis.

In 1860 Judge McNutt commenced law practice at Franklin, Indiana, having been admitted to the Bar at Indianapolis in April of that year. In 1862 he moved to Martinsville, Indiana, where he remained until the fall of 1872, when he was elected Professor of the Law College of the Indiana State University. This position he held three years, then resigned to move to Terre Haute, Indiana, where he resided nineteen years. He was elected County Solicitor of Vigo County, Indiana, in 1880, and resigned that office, after holding it eight

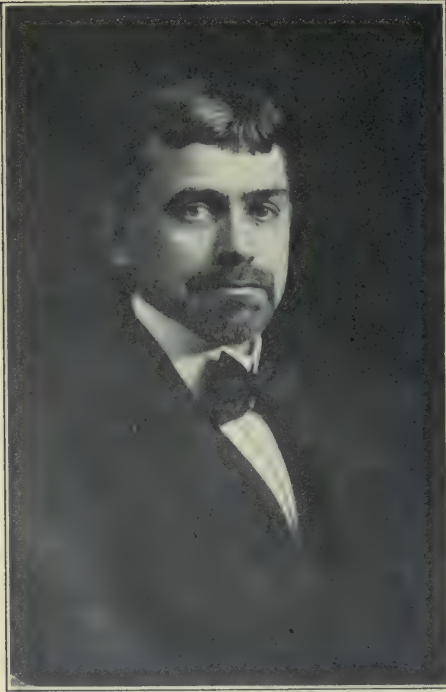


JUDGE CYRUS F. MCNUTT

Portrait by Marceau

years, on being elected Judge of the Superior Court of that county. On the expiration of his term he declined renomination, as he had arranged to come to Los Angeles, which he did, November 29, 1896. Here he immediately took up practice and has become identified with the best interests of the city. He is senior member of the law firm of McNutt & Hannon. He is an active member of the City Club.

MATHEWS, WILLIAM BURGESS, Attorney-at-Law, was born near Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio, March 1, 1865. His father was William Burgess Mathews, and his mother Margaret Salisbury. He married Susan Avery Hays, January 1, 1891, at Maysville, Ky.



W. B. MATHEWS

Portrait by Steckel

Their children are: Margaret Barbour, John Hays, William Wadsworth, Samuel Salisbury, and Caroline Kinnaird.

Mr. Mathews received his early education in the public schools of Maysville, Kentucky, and in January, 1882, he entered Centre College, Kentucky, graduating in 1885. He attended the Law School of Columbia College, New York, 1888-1889.

After his law course at Columbia College he came direct to Los Angeles, where he commenced his practice. In January, 1901, he was made City Attorney of Los Angeles, holding that office until 1907, when he took up the legal work of Los Angeles Aqueduct, at which he is still engaged.

He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Public Library, 1899-1900.

He is a member of the Union League Club, Federation Club, City Club, and Los Angeles Bar Association.

MULHOLLAND, WILLIAM, Superintendent, Los Angeles Water Works, is a native of Belfast, Ireland, having been born there in 1855. His father was Hugh Mulholland, and his mother Ellen Deakers. He married Lillie Ferguson in 1890, at Los Angeles. They have five children—Rose, Lucille, William Perry, Ruth, and Thomas Fergus.

Mr. Mulholland got his general education in the public schools of Dublin, Ireland, but later received special instruction in mathematics and navigation.

From 1870 to 1875 he followed a sea-faring life.

In February, 1877, he located in Los Angeles, and in 1878 went into the employ of the Water Company of this city, then a private company, and at the same time took up the study of hydraulic engineering. Through his studies and practical experience he soon became very proficient at the work and acquired a general practice as an expert in hydraulic engineering and town supplies pertaining thereto, throughout the Southwest. However, he had through all retained his connection with the Water Company, and when, in 1902, the city of Los Angeles purchased the works of the company, Mr. Mulholland was appointed by the city to fill the position of Superintendent and Chief Engineer, an office which he has filled with credit to himself and untold benefit to the city. It was due more to the efforts of Mr. Mulholland than any other one factor that the great Owens River Aqueduct project, of which



WM. MULHOLLAND

Portrait by Marceau

he has been the Chief Engineer, was brought about and accepted.

He is a member of the following organizations: American Society of Civil Engineers; Engineers and Architects Association of Southern California; National Association of Stationary Engineers; California Club, Sunset Club, and Celtic Club.

MERRILL, SAMUEL INGHAM, President and General Manager California Industrial Company, was born at Buffalo, New York, November 15, 1856. His father was Jerome Bonaparte Merrill, and his mother Jane Hughes. He married Sarah De Etta Dearborn, February 28, 1888, at East Oakland, California. Their children are: Grace Edith (Jensen), Charles Arthur, and Wallace Dearborn.

Mr. Merrill was educated in the public schools of Buffalo, New York, and the Buffalo High School.

At sixteen Mr. Merrill became office boy with a Buffalo grain-dealer, gaining rapid promotion. Before younger brother had become an invalid, and removal to California was recommended. Mr. Merrill he was twenty his had saved a few hundred dollars, and used it to take his brother and their mother to California, arriving in Oakland, September 11, 1876. There he opened a small grocery store, over which they lived. On January 2, 1877, he became bookkeeper for Hopkins & Haley, bankers and brokers, in San Francisco. Two years

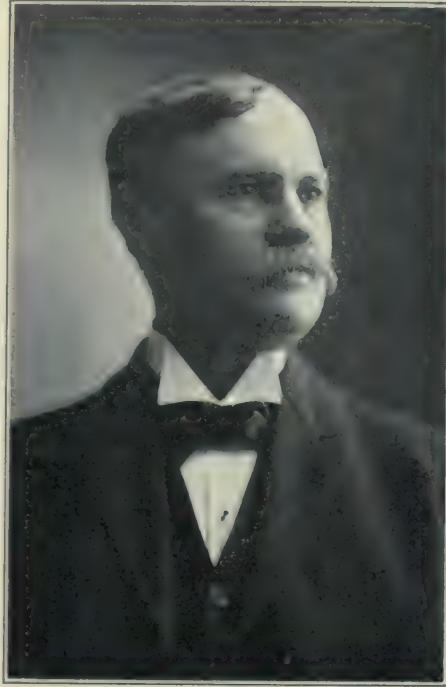
later he became manager, and was soon after made an officer in several corporations controlled by Mr. Hopkins. On December 24, 1881, he came to Los Angeles, entering the hardware business under the firm name of Merrill & Babcock. This is now the Cass-Smurr Hardware Company. In 1883 he entered the wholesale iron business under the firm name of Percival & Merrill, but later sold his interest. It is now the Percival Iron Company. In 1885 he bought out a book and stationery business, the firm name becoming Merrill & Cook in 1887. They soon were doing the largest business in school supplies in Southern California. In February, 1891, he sold out to Mr. Cook, and engaged in the refined oil and gasoline business. During the ten years following it was probably the largest business of its kind in the world, the tank-wagons serving thousands of customers in some twenty

towns and hamlets. In the fall of 1901 he turned to the manufacture of iron and steel and their products, organizing with other capitalists the California Industrial Company, capitalized at \$2,500,000, with the late Frederick H. Rindge as President. Mr. Merrill served as Director and General Manager until 1908, when he became President. The beginning was rolling bar-iron, but Mr. Merrill has added departments for the manufacture of bolts, nuts,

cross-arm braces and other products of iron, twisted steel bars for concrete buildings, and a complete galvanizing plant. The plant is now the best-equipped of its kind on the Pacific Coast. He is also a Director in the Western Gas Engine Co., and a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Merrill was one of the five who visited Japan in behalf of the L. A. Chamber of Commerce in 1908.

His activity in religious and benevolent work may be briefly indicated. He helped organize the Y. M. C. A. in Oakland, and resigned its presidency on coming here. In February, 1882, he organized the Y. M. C.



S. I. MERRILL

Portrait by Marceau

A. of Los Angeles, and was its President four years. In 1884 he was chairman of the Board of Trustees and collector of the Building Fund of the First Baptist Church. The building was dedicated free from debt. He was one of the founders of the Baptist College in 1885. In 1891 he helped found the Pacific Gospel Union, now the Union Rescue Mission, and was its President the first four years. He helped to found what is now the Good Samaritan Mission, in 1896. He is one of the founders of the McKinley Industrial Home, near Gardena, where about 100 homeless boys are cared for and educated. He relinquished other church connections in 1905 to help organize the First New Testament Church of Los Angeles, one of the most aggressive missionary churches in the United States. He is chairman of the Eldership and teacher of adult Bible class of 50 members.

MONTGOMERY, ERNEST ALEXANDER, was born at Toronto, Canada, November 24, 1863. His father was Alexander Montgomery, and his mother Jane Chapman. His great-grandfather was a brother of General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec in 1775. On April 14, 1903, he married Winnie Aubrey at Hawthorn, Nevada.

Mr. Montgomery acquired his education first in the public schools of London, Canada, and later in the public schools of Stuart, Iowa.

During his early childhood his parents moved from Canada to the United States, locating in Iowa, where, on a ranch, his boyhood days were spent. In the winter of 1884 he went to Idaho and took up mining as a business, meeting with indifferent success. From Idaho he went to Washington, where he spent some time in prospecting and investigating. Finding that field unsatisfactory, he went in 1901 to Nevada. There he located in Nye County, where he spent the next four

years in organization and development work in what is now known as the Montgomery District. In this district he did the first work on the Johnnie mine, which has become a famous property. Inyo County, California, was his next field of operation, where he operated the "World Beater" and the "O. B. Joyful" mine. In 1903 he returned to Nevada—to Tonopah—where he became identified with the Los Angeles, Daggett & Tonopah Railway Co., by which he was commissioned to report on the outlook of the districts tributary to the road as mining fields. His intimate knowledge of the wild country and the mining districts through which the road would traverse, and his experience in the development of desert mines, made it possible for him to foresee the probable tonnage which would be available as soon as rail transportation was in operation.

On his report the work was started. However, the road was not completed by that company, but was put in operation and is now in use by the Las Vegas & Tonopah Road, and the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad.

In 1904 he outfitted, and started in to prospect the district surrounding Tonopah, and in September of that year he located the famous

Shoshone mine. Sixteen months later he sold the controlling interest in the property to Charles M. Schwab, at the same time selling him the control of the adjoining property, the "Polaris," which he had acquired. The "Montgomery-Shoshone" has produced something over two million dollars. In 1905 Mr. Montgomery bought the "Skidoo" mines, which he immediately commenced working and improving, and on which has been spent over a half-million dollars on improvements. In Goldfield he was one of the twenty-eight property-owners who met in the autumn of 1903 at a meeting called for the purpose of organizing and naming



E. A. MONTGOMERY
Portrait by Marceau

the district, and which resulted in it being named Goldfield.

A feature of his desert life which is particularly pleasing to him is the confidence and friendship of the Indians of the desert which he enjoyed, and which was won by his considerate and fair treatment of those with whom he came in contact. He feels that he has been well repaid for his friendly interest by numerous kindnesses received by him at their hands.

Mr. Montgomery is President of the Skidoo Mines Company, and a Director in the following: Montgomery Shoshone Mines Co., Sapphire Oil Co., and the First National Bank of Tonopah.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club, Sierra Madre Club, Rocky Mountain Club (New York), Drug and Chemical Club (New York), and the Masonic Fraternity.

He first came to California in 1891, and located his permanent headquarters in Los Angeles in 1892.

MORGAN, OCTAVIUS, Architect, was born at Hothe Court, near Canterbury, England, on October 20, 1850, his father being Giles Chapman Morgan, and his mother Caroline Tyler Adams. On October 16, 1884, Mr. Morgan married Margaret S. Offenbacher (nee Weller) in Los Angeles. They have two children—Octavius Weller and Jessie Caroline.

Mr. Morgan at an early age attended the Kent House Academy, and later the Thomas Cross Classic School, finishing his education at the Sydney Cooper Art School, all of which educational institutions were located in Canterbury, England.

Mr. Morgan while studying at the Sydney Cooper Art School started on his professional career, his first experience being gained in the office of F. A. Gilhams, architect and contractor of repute in Canterbury, Kent, England, and with this firm he remained five years, when he left his position and home to seek his fortune in a new country. In 1871 he arrived in this country, coming via Canada, thence to Denver, Colorado, and while there worked for a short period in the office of a Mr. Nickols, who, as is usual in small towns, was both an architect and contractor. Denver was at that period a place of small importance, its population at the time Mr. Morgan left it being only 4000. He tells interesting stories of his early Denver days, and speaks of seeing a camp of 2000 Utes Indians in the Platte Bottoms. Leaving Denver, the mining fever struck him, and from that city he wandered through the mining camps of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah and Nevada in search of the precious metal, and finally reached California in 1874, coming to San Bernardino, by the way of Pioche, with pack animals. Here he worked for several months a placer claim in Lytle Creek Cañon, but finally gave it up and came to Los Angeles, where he arrived on June 16, 1874, having been three years on the journey

from England. Los Angeles and her possibilities so impressed Mr. Morgan that he resolved to take up architectural work again, and in the following year he entered the employ of E. F. Kysor, a pioneer architect of this city, and became a partner in the firm the following year, 1876. Since that period he has followed

his profession without intermission, excepting when he left the city to visit the East in the dull times of 1878-80, and again when he made a tour of Europe during 1889-1890. In 1888 Mr. Kysor retired from the firm, and the business has been continued ever since under the firm name of Morgan & Walls. Mr. Morgan has a proud record, for up to a few years ago he did 33 per cent. of the architectural work of the city, and even today, when the building record has increased from \$600,000, which it was when he first started in business, to the tremendous figure of \$12,000,000 per annum,



OCTAVIUS MORGAN

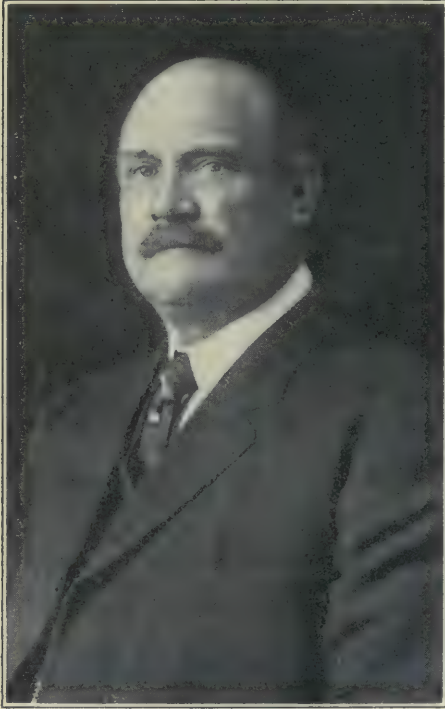
he still continues to do ten per cent. of the work. Mr. Morgan's work here includes such older important buildings (to mention a few) as the first modern hospital (the Sisters') and the first High School on the site of the present Court House, and such recent as the F. & M. National Bank, the Van Nuys and the Walter P. Story building. Both the Kerckhoff and the I. W. Hellman residences he built, tearing them down to replace with modern office-structures.

Mr. Morgan is a member and Past President of the Engineers and Architects Association; member and Past President, Southern California Chapter of American Institute of Architects; associate member of American Institute of Architects; member and Past President, California State Board of Architecture; member of the California and Country Clubs, and is a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He has always taken an active part in the city affairs, always allying himself with the progressive element. He was a member of the Freeholders Charter Board in 1898, also in 1900.

MONNET: The name Monnette is of Latin origin, from Moneta. It appeared in France very early, before the twelfth century. Its first form there was Monet, which was changed to Monnet.

The ancient seat of the family in France was in the province of Béarn, where it appears both as Monet and Monnet. The family bears a proud record of ancient nobility and has given to France and to other nations a long line of soldiers and statesmen, churchmen and men of



M. J. MONNETTE
Portrait by Steckel

letters. France has had no war in which some one of the family has not borne arms, and several of the name have been conspicuous as generals and commanders. On this account, very early, was a distinguished coat-of-arms granted the family by the heraldic authorities.

Originally devoutly Catholic, one branch living in the vicinity of the present town of Niort, in the ancient Province of Poitou, early espoused the cause of the Huguenots. Pierre Monnet lived there before 1685, but upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, he fled with his family to London, joining the great exodus of Huguenot refugees. There he and his sons, Pierre and Isaac, were naturalized in 1688. About 1700 they emigrated to

America, first landing at the village of New Rochelle, Long Island. Then Pierre settled on Staten Island, to become the ancestor of a long line, the spelling of whose name has varied greatly. His brother Isaac settled in Calvert County, Maryland, where his name appears upon the old rent-roll of Lord Baltimore in 1707. He is the immigrant ancestor of the numerous Monnetts of Maryland, Virginia and Ohio, from which stock Mervin Jeremiah Monnette and his son, Orra Eugene Monnette, are directly descended.

MONNETTE, MERVIN (8) JEREMIAH, President of the American National Bank, Los Angeles, was born in Marion County, Ohio, August 24, 1847. His father was Abraham (7) Monnett, [Rev. Jeremiah (6), Abraham (5), Isaac (4), William (3), Isaac (2), Pierre (1)], and his mother Catherine (4) Braucher [Conrad (3), Christopher (2), Michael (1)]. Isaac (2) Monnett was a French Huguenot refugee and Isaac (4) and Abraham (5) Monnett were Revolutionary soldiers. January 5, 1869, Mr. Monnette married Olive (9) Adelaide Hull [George (8) Washington, Benjamin (7), John (6), Isaac (5), Joseph (4), Benjamin (3), Benjamin (2), Rev. Joseph (1)]. There are two sons, Orra Eugene and Clark Fremont (the latter now deceased).

Mr. Monnette was educated in the public schools of Ohio, but principally in that one of experience, hard work and business. He was raised on a farm, the business side of which he followed exclusively till 1881. On 900 acres of fine land in Crawford County, Ohio, he raised and marketed fine cattle. In the years 1876, 1877 and 1879 he made his headquarters in Chicago as a dealer in live stock. From 1881 to 1897 he was President and a Director of the Second National Bank of Bucyrus, Ohio, at the same time continuing his farming operations. During 1897 and 1898 he was a stock broker at Cripple Creek, Colo., where he was interested in many mining enterprises. From 1898 to 1905 he was located at Central City and Omaha, Neb., in the vicinity of which he owned and operated several large stock ranches, and was a dealer at the stock-yards during most of that period. At Goldfield, Nevada, he was part owner of the Hayes and Monnette lease on the famous "Mohawk" mine (now Goldfield Consolidated Mines), from which millions have been taken in ore.

In April, 1907, he came to Los Angeles and took up his permanent residence. His invest-

ments in banking and business enterprises have closely identified him with the city.

He is a member of the California, Country and Union League Clubs of Los Angeles, and of the B. P. O. Elks and Aksarben at Omaha, Neb., and of the Sons of the Revolution (L. A.), and Society of Colonial Wars (L. A.).

He is Director and President of the following: American National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles-Nevada Mining Stock Exchange, and the Monnette Mining and Milling Co.

MONNETTE, ORRA (9) EUGENE, Attorney-at-Law and Writer, was born in Dallas Township, Crawford County, Ohio, April 12, 1873. He is the son of Mervin (8) Jeremiah Monnette [Abraham (7), Rev. Jeremiah (6), Abraham (5), Isaac (4), William (3), Isaac (2) and Pierre (1)] and Olive (9) Adelaide Hull [George (8) Washington, Benjamin (7), John (6), Isaac (5), Joseph (4), Benjamin (3), Benjamin (2), Rev. Joseph (1)]. He is descended from Samuel Fuller, one of the "Mayflower" passengers, and several recorded lines of descent from early Kings of England and sureties for Magna Charta. The Hull family is allied to the Webster, Garfield and Lincoln families. Isaac (2) Monnett was a French Huguenot refugee, and Isaac (4) and Abraham (5) were Revolutionary soldiers. His ancestors on the maternal side were conspicuous among the early immigrants to New England, and on the paternal side to Maryland and Virginia. He married Carrie (4) Lucile Jane-way [William (3) Francis, George (2), James (1)], November 6, 1895, at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Monnette got his preliminary education in the public schools of Bucyrus, Ohio, from which he graduated on June 13, 1890. He then entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, in the fall of 1890, taking the full course of classics and arts, and special law. He graduated with the degree B. A. in June, 1895, being an Honor man, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society.

In 1896 he was admitted to practice law by the Supreme Court of Ohio, and on January 1, 1897, at Bucyrus, he entered into law partnership with Thomas Beer and Smith W. Bennett, under the firm name of Beer, Bennett & Monnette. This association continued until January 1, 1899, when the partnership became Beer & Monnette, which firm continued until October 15, 1903. In December, 1903, he went to Toledo, Ohio, there entering into partnership with Charles A. Seiders, the term of

which partnership expired in April, 1906, when he continued the practice alone till April, 1907, at which time he left Toledo to come to Los Angeles. In May, 1907, he was admitted to practice in California, and has been in active practice here since then. He belongs to the Ohio State Bar Association and the Los Angeles Bar Association.

Mr. Monnette is a member of the following: Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, of which he was National Secretary from 1898 to 1906; Phi Beta Kappa Society, Jonathan Club, Country Club, Union League Club, Sons of the Revolution (L. A.), Society of Colonial Wars (L.

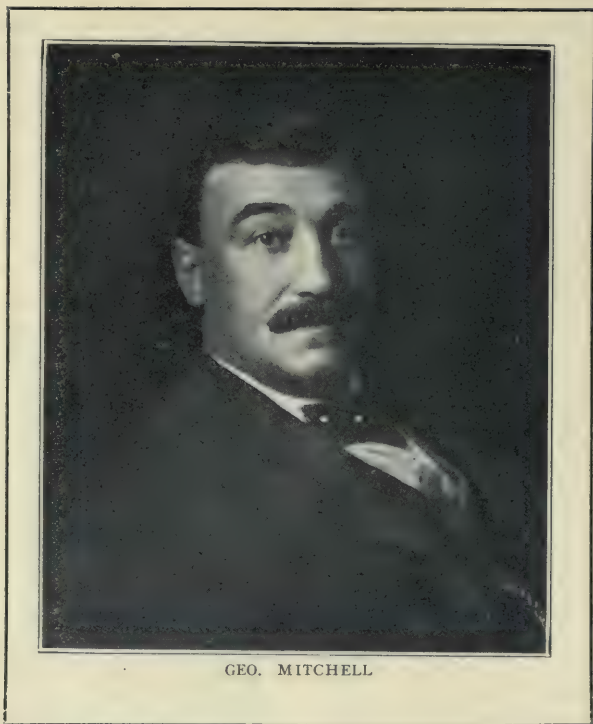


O. E. MONNETTE

Portrait by Steckel

A.), Huguenot Society of America, Society of Mayflower Descendants, New England Historical Genealogical Society, Old Northwest Genealogical Society, Maryland Historical Society, New Jersey Historical Society, and the California Genealogical Society.

He is connected with the following corporations: American National Bank of Los Angeles, Director; Los Angeles Chamber of Mines, Director; Westlake Hospital, Director; Monnette Mining and Milling Co., Director and Secretary and Treasurer, and the C. C. Harris Oil Company, Director and Treasurer.



GEO. MITCHELL

MITCHELL, GEORGE, Mining Operator, was born at Swansea, Wales, September 28, 1864. His father was George Mitchell, a sea captain, and his mother Ann Mathews. The family has resided in Wales for several generations. Mr. Mitchell married Mary Woodwem at Swansea, February 27, 1886. They have five children—Philips, Harry, Alvin, Mazue and George.

Mr. Mitchell attended the public schools of Swansea, and later studied at Morgan Chemical School, of Swansea, though his chief education was gained by private instruction at home.

In 1880 he secured a position as sampler and assistant in the laboratory of a metal works, where, during a three-year connection with the company, he advanced in the following order to the positions of smelter, refiner and reducer of gold, copper and nickel in the metallurgical department of the works. He left this employment and went with the South Wales Smelting Company at Swansea, when, at the age of nineteen, he was put in complete charge of the reverberatory-smelting department of that immense concern, doing the work by contract on his own account. His position gave him opportunity to study ores which came to the works from practically all over the world, and created in him a desire to visit the mines, and with that end in view he came to the United States in 1887. At Baltimore he immediately secured a position with the Baltimore Copper Works, where he remained for one year. For the next few years he was identified with various smelting and refining plants of the country, finally becoming associated with the smelting interests of Montana. In 1890 he assisted in the construction of the

plant of the Boston-Montana Copper and Silver Mining and Smelting Company at Great Falls, and upon its completion assumed the general foremanship of the smelters, and later became assistant superintendent. While in this position he invented the circular forehearth of the blast furnace, an invention which saves all re-smelts and worked a saving of about \$80,000 a month in the production of copper of that plant. He remained with these interests from 1889 until the latter part of 1894, when he assumed charge of Senator W. A. Clark's works at Jerome, Arizona, where he installed an invention for the economical production of copper. He remained there until the latter part of 1899, at which time he resigned his position at the United Verde in order to devote his entire time to his Mexican interests. Following the acquisition of the properties, he formed the Cobre Grande Copper Company, afterwards merged in the Greene Consolidated. After this consolidation he at once inaugurated a series of improvements which involved the building of miles of mountain roads and trails from Naco, the nearest town in the United States, and later a railroad to the property. A smelting plant of 200 tons daily capacity was at once installed, afterwards increased to a capacity of 2800 tons daily. Mr. Mitchell having solved the problem of treating ores which had baffled the skill of others since 1618, when the mines of the district were first worked. He was closely identified with the administration of the company's affairs until 1903, when he resigned to take the active control of the Mitchell Mining Company, located in Mexico, and with this interest he was engaged until 1907, when he turned his attention to other private interests. In July, 1908, he

took charge of the consolidation of the Clara Consolidated, of which he is President to date. He is also President of the Durango-Sinaloa Mining Company, located in Mexico. This company has acquired 42 district properties in the States of Durango and Sinaloa, covering some 1500 acres, and spread over a radius of some thirty miles. The ores carry values in gold, silver, copper and lead, and are in immense bodies, the operation of extracting the ore on some of the properties being rather quarrying than mining. Mr. Mitchell believes that this will prove the greatest of the properties with which he has been associated.

Some of the most noted of his inventions have been the Hot Blast Furnace and the very large Trough Converters used by the big smelters of the world today, also the installation of the large blast-furnaces and the use of increased blast-pressure on the same. Formerly seven or eight ounces was used, and that was thought to be the limit until Mr. Mitchell applied from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds pressure per square inch on the furnace.

Another of his important inventions has been the saving of the re-melting of converter slags by pouring them into the fore-hearth in the blast-furnace, mixing them with the low silicates and sulphides of copper contained therein, thereby cleaning the slags of the high copper-values that were in them and which would otherwise have to be treated through the blast-furnace by re-melting with low-grade sulphide ores. This invention alone saves in the production of copper on a plant producing six million pounds of copper per month, about \$60,000 a month.

Another valuable invention of his while at Jerome was a method of preparing copper for rapid refining without the aid of carbonaceous matter, such as charcoal, in the branch of a tree. Mr. Mitchell substitutes the sulphurous acid gas still contained in the coarse charge brought over from the converters which reduces the sub-oxide previously brought over in the other charges.

His latest and most valuable invention is the slag steam generator for the utilization of the wasted heat in the molten slags, as made by the furnaces to make steam. It is done by pouring slag inside of the boiler—dumping it into the water contained therein, the slag immediately disintegrating and making steam instantaneously, thereby giving power to smelter-plants almost free of cost. This single invention, if applied to all copper-producing plants in Montana, Arizona and Mexico, would save between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000 annually in cost of power, besides producing a valuable by-product in the granulated slag. A moderate estimate of the economies produced by the other inventions named would be another \$25,000,000 annually.

Mr. Mitchell is a member of the National Geographical Society and the American Society for the Advancement of Science.

He is a member of the California Club, Jonathan Club, and Sierra Madre Club, Los Angeles; the Rocky Mountain Club, New York Club, New York Athletic Club and Lambs Club of New York City.

MUELLER, OSCAR CHARLES, Lawyer, was born at Denver, Colorado, September 7, 1876. His father was Otto Mueller, and his mother Nettie Kette. He married Ivy S. Schoder, April 5, 1900, at Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Mueller attended the public schools of Los Angeles at a very early age, from 1881 to 1887. In the fall of 1887 he entered the public schools of Pomona, California, where he attended until 1890. From 1890 to 1892 he attended the Berkeley Gymnasium, Berkeley, California, and was a student at Occidental College, Los Angeles, from 1892 to 1894, when he took up the study of law in the offices of Judge



OSCAR C. MUELLER

Portrait by Steckel

W. H. Wilde, where he remained during 1895, 1896 and 1897.

In 1898 he commenced the practice of law in Los Angeles, and has become the attorney for many of the leading corporations and private institutions of Southern California, and is the active legal adviser for many estates.

Mr. Mueller came to Los Angeles from Denver, Colorado, October, 1880, and has been a resident of Southern California since that date. He has become an active worker in the best movements intended for the community's welfare.

He is a member of the California Club, Jonathan Club, Los Angeles Bar Association, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and Masonic orders.

MYERS, ALVA DEWITT, Capitalist, Mining Operator, and President and General Manager of the Johnnie Mining and Milling Co., was born at La Grande, Iowa, July 18, 1872. He is the son of William Conrad Myers and Elizabeth Carrie Wateman.

Mr. Myers acquired his early education in the public schools at La Grande, which he attended until his thirteenth year, after which age he devoted such spare moments as he could find to self-improvement in the higher grades.

In 1885 he left his Iowa home and went to



A. D. MYERS

the mining districts further west, where he engaged in such employment about the mines as a boy of his years could find. As he grew older he prospected, bought and sold claims, and experienced the usual ups and downs of the mining camp in all their variations. From Colorado to Oregon, to Washington, to Montana, and lastly to Nevada, he followed the Call of Gold. In Nevada at last, after eighteen years of search, his long quest reached its rich goal, for there he was the discoverer and founder of Goldfield. The first strike on that site was the Combination mine, which was dis-

covered on the 24th day of May, 1903. On October, 20, 1903, Mr. Myers named the camp and district Goldfield. He was immediately made chief executive or President of the district organization, which office he still holds. In that capacity, during the early days, he was called upon to act as referee in all cases of trouble or questions over claims, etc., and through his judicious and fair handling of such matters much trouble and litigation was avoided.

The Combination mines property, of which he was in control for some considerable time, is a big producer, and has already taken out between three and four million dollars. It was sold to the Goldfield Consolidated Co., which still owns the property. In the same year (1903) Mr. Myers discovered the "Fraction" mine, which was so rich that its stock advanced from 15 cents to \$8.00 per share under his management. In the same year he located two more of Goldfield's valuable properties—the "Silver Pick" and the "C. O. D."—both of which he sold. His discovery and handling of the "Mohawk," of which he became Vice-President and General Manager, Mr. Myers considers his greatest achievement.

He is largely interested in the copper mines of Ely, Nevada, viz., the Ely Calumet, Packard Ely, Ely Western, and United Ely, and he also started the First National Bank of that town.

He is a director of the Nye & Ormsby County Bank, which has seven branches throughout the mining districts of Nevada.

At the present time he is most actively engaged in the management of the Johnny Mining and Milling Co., of which he is President and General Manager.

Mr. Myers came to California in 1904 from Goldfield, and in 1906 took up his permanent headquarters in Los Angeles, thus demonstrating his faith in this city as the coming mining center. His investments here back up that faith. The home which he has just completed in Bixby Park, Long Beach, is one of the handsomest in Southern California.

He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Goldfield; Montezuma Club, Goldfield; South Coast Yacht Club, Los Angeles; Sierra Madre Club, Los Angeles; Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Los Angeles Chamber of Mines; and the Rocky Mountain Club, New York. He belongs to the Elks and the I. O. O. F.

MUNK, JOSEPH AMASA, Physician, was born on a farm in Columbiana County, Ohio, November 9, 1847. His father, Jacob Munk, was German, and his mother, Maria Rosenberg, Pennsylvania Dutch. His paternal ancestors were English and left England for Germany during Cromwell's time on account of religious persecution. At the age of five he moved with his parents to Salem, Ohio, and there attended the public school, but his education came to an abrupt end, for in 1864, fired with military spirit and being then only seventeen years of age, he enlisted in Company "I," 178th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and with his regiment saw much military service, and was finally honorably discharged in 1865. Returning home, Dr. Munk entered the Mount Union College at Alliance, Ohio, and remained there one year, and on leaving that institution took up the study of medicine with Dr. D. H. Rosenberg at Bettsville, Ohio, and applied himself to a course of study which fitted him for his subsequent active career.

He matriculated in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati in 1867, and graduated therefrom in 1869, when he moved to Chillicothe, Mo. In 1873 he married Emma Beazall, and to them was given one daughter, which died in infancy.

Dr. Munk practiced in Missouri for ten years, and then moved to Topeka, Kansas, in 1881, and formed a partnership with Dr. P. I. Mulvane, which continued until 1891, when the firm dissolved by mutual consent, and the following year, 1892, Dr. Munk moved to Los Angeles, where he has resided ever since.

Soon after settling in Topeka, Dr. Munk became interested with his brothers in the

range-cattle business near Wilcox, Arizona, and together they started a ranch in 1883. In 1884 he made his first trip to Arizona, and so greatly impressed was he with what he saw that he sought all that had been written about that State, which consisted of about a dozen books. These he purchased, and they were the



DR. J. A. MUNK

Portrait by Kranch

nucleus of his great collection of Arizoniana, to which he is constantly adding, and his Arizona library at the present time numbers more than 3000 titles. Dr. Munk contributes regularly to the "Eclectic Medical Journal" and the "California Eclectic Medical Journal." In 1906 he published "Arizona Sketches," and in 1908 his "Arizona Bibliography."

He has always been active as an eclectic. In 1876 he served as Vice-President of the National Eclectic Medical Association. He is the Dean and Professor of Climatology and Hygiene in the California Eclectic Medical College.

He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America.

NEUER, W. W., President, Central Oil Company of Los Angeles, was born in Hamburg, Berks County, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1838. His great-grandparents immigrated to this country from Germany and settled in William Penn's colonies early in the seventeenth century. In his boyhood days he attended schools of his native town until he became fourteen years of age, at which time he commenced to earn his living, being apprenticed to a carpenter and joiner. During his apprenticeship he also studied architecture.

In 1855 Mr. Neuer removed to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and became engaged in the building and real estate business, where for many years he continued this business, and in addition practiced his profession. His architectural skill was evidenced in the erection of many of the most imposing public and private buildings in that most beautiful city and the surrounding country. For nearly a third of a century Mr. Neuer was a resident of Wilkesbarre. His interests were represented in large personal holdings, which included some of the choicest residence and business property, which he improved and made revenue-producing. Several of the handsomest residence sections of the city were platted and placed on the market through his personal efforts.

In 1878, in the midst of the Western Pennsylvania "oil boom," he entered the oil fields in the vicinity of Bradford. He had no previous experience in that line, but his clear and conservative judgment was again proven. Success attended his projects, and after a time he practically retired from active efforts, although he retained extensive interests there for many years.

In 1891, after over forty years of active and successful business life, Mr. Neuer came to California, locating in Los Angeles, with the intention of retiring from business cares, but

he found the habits acquired in a life of business activity hard to throw off. In less than two years after adopting this city as his home, he began pioneering the Whittier oil field, which had at that time been prospected and reported adversely upon.

In 1895 Mr. Neuer organized the old Central Oil Company and commenced the active development of the Whittier fields in the face of unsuccessful efforts of other parties on the ground. For five years the company continued development work under the direction of President Neuer, finally selling out to the Central Oil Co. of Los Angeles, of which Mr. Neuer is President, and under which name the company has been operating for the past eight years.

A review of the career of W. W. Neuer furnishes food for reflection for the youth of today. Starting in life as a clerk in a village store at wages of one dollar a week, he had, by frugality and rare business acumen, acquired quite a fortune at the age of thirty-two. For ten years he was an honored member of the City Council of



W. W. NEUER

Portrait by Thompson

Wilkesbarre, Pa., each succeeding election finding him the unanimous choice of his constituents. A pioneer in the Western Pennsylvania oil fields in 1878, he reaped the reward offered the fearless and yet conservative investor in that most alluring of pursuits, and again, about twenty years later, we find him opening virgin territory on the opposite side of the continent. The frugality which enabled him to reach swiftly a sound financial standing has not dulled his generous instincts, nor have the absorbing cares of large business affairs caused him to neglect the cultivation of other interests more important at last than financial.

Mr. Neuer's architectural taste has found expression in the building of a beautiful home. Among business and financial men he is held in high esteem and enjoys the confidence of those who know him.



WM. G. NEVIN

NEVIN, WILLIAM GEORGE, deceased, was born at York, Pennsylvania, December 17, 1855. His father was John Andrew Nevin, and his mother Catherine Brown. He married Ella Rebecca Wireman, December 15, 1880, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There are two children—William George and Helen Durnell.

Shortly after Mr. Nevin's birth the family moved from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts, where he attended the public schools, later finishing his education in New York.

Mr. Nevin started his business career as a very young man, entering the wholesale coal business in Philadelphia. This business not proving to his liking, he sold out in 1878 and moved to Kansas, where he entered the service of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway as a clerk. While with that road his ability was quickly recognized and he was appointed Material Agent for the Guaymas Railroad in Sonora, Mexico, where he remained till 1882, when he resigned to fill an appointment to the Mexican Central Railroad. He remained with that road till 1885, when he resigned to go East. For some time after this he was not active in business, but in 1891 he was offered

and accepted the position of Material Agent of the Aransas Pass Railroad, with which he remained till 1893, resigning to go to Galveston, Texas, to act as Assistant General Manager of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fé Railroad. After two years in the latter capacity he was, in 1895, made assistant to the President and later appointed Purchasing Agent of the Santa Fé system, with headquarters in Chicago. In 1897 he was made General Manager of the Santa Fé lines west of Albuquerque. This necessitated the removing of his home and headquarters to Los Angeles. This office he filled with great ability till the date of his death, which was January 26, 1902.

While Mr. Nevin's career was cut short in its prime, he had already made an enviable reputation in the railroad world as a man of ability and great force of character.

It had been Mr. Nevin's intention to make Los Angeles his home, and with that end in view he invested largely in real estate here, which has grown greatly in value since his death.

His wife survives him and manages the estate.

NEWMARK, HARRIS, Retired Merchant, is a native of Loebau, Germany, where he was born July 5, 1834. He was the son of Philip Newmark and Esther Cohn. His father, who was a merchant of Germany and Sweden, was born in 1795, and his mother in 1798. His ancestors on both sides were Rabbis and expounders of Talmud. On March 24, 1858, Mr. Newmark married Sarah Newmark at Los Angeles. There have been eleven children, of whom five are living, and are: Maurice Harris, Estelle, Emily, Ella and Marco R.

Mr. Newmark received his education in Germany, attending the elementary and intermediate academies, graduating in June, 1853.

On finishing his education he came direct to Los Angeles, arriving here October 21, 1853. Here he joined his brother, and for a period of ten months was employed in the dry goods business. He gave his spare time to the study of English and Spanish, of both of which languages he was entirely ignorant on his arrival in this country. Mr. Newmark very soon adapted himself to his new surroundings, for in the following year (1854) he started in business on his own account, opening a wholesale general merchandise house on Commercial street, which he sold out a year later to open a larger business of a similar kind across the street, this firm being known as Newmark, Kremer & Co. The business was continued until the fall of 1861, when it was reorganized and continued under the firm name of Newmark & Kremer. Mr. Newmark later resigned from the firm and started the commission house known as H. Newmark. In 1865 he started the present wholesale business of H. Newmark & Company, and of which he was the active head until he sold out to the present interests in 1885. He then actively joined the firm of K. Cohn & Company, of which he had previously been a member. This

firm were dealers in hides and wools. He continued this partnership for ten years, when the firm dissolved, he continuing the hide business, the wool trade remaining with K. Cohn & Company. In this business he continued until 1906, when, after an active commercial life of forty-three years, he retired to enjoy the benefits of the fortune he had acquired.

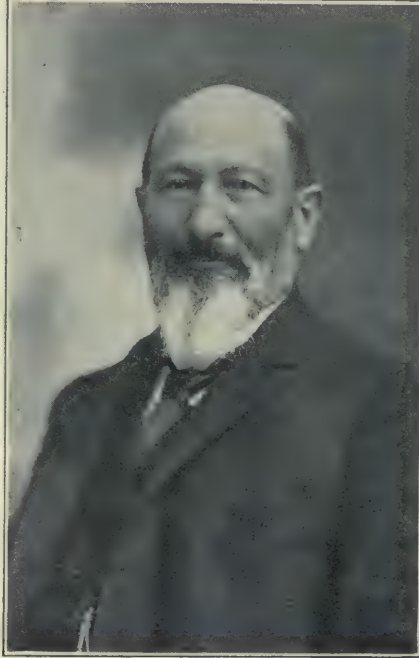
Mr. Newmark was one of Los Angeles' early pioneers. In 1875 he and his partners

sold to E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin 8030 acres of the original Baldwin ranch for \$200,000, and two years later (1877) he bought the Temple Block and formed the Temple Block Company, of which company he was made President and still continues in that office. He bought the Vejar Vineyard located at Central and Washington streets, consisting of fifty acres, in 1875, and sold the property in 1882. It is of interest to note that the day after Mr. Newmark's purchase, which was on the 14th of April, 1875, a heavy frost occurred, turning the fruit and foliage black. In 1886 he bought the Repetta

Ranch, consisting of 5000 acres, and in 1900 subdivided 1500 acres into five-acre lots, and created there the towns of Montebello and Newmark.

The building up by him of several of Los Angeles' most substantial business houses has perhaps been of less importance than the influence of the man himself upon the community. He has been a builder in every sense. His ideas of conducting business in the early days were such as to inspire confidence and bring trade to Los Angeles. He saw and filled, in a legitimate manner, the business needs of the community. He invested in real estate, which he improved, and as time wore on took his legitimate profit. Any business enterprise with which the name of Harris Newmark was connected had the confidence of the public.

He is a member of the California and Concordia Clubs.



HARRIS NEWMARK

Portrait by Steckel



M. H. NEWMARK

Portrait by Bijou Studio

NEWMARK, MAURICE HARRIS, Wholesale Grocer, was born in Los Angeles, California, March 3, 1859. He is a son of Harris and Sarah Newmark. He was married at San Francisco July 3, 1888. There is one child, Florence Newmark.

Mr. Newmark's education began in Los Angeles in 1864, and continued there in public and private schools until 1872, when he went to New York City, where he spent a year at a private school, after which he went to Paris, France, where he completed his studies in a three-year course.

In August, 1876, he entered the employ of the wholesale grocery house of H. Newmark & Company in Los Angeles. In 1885 Harris Newmark retired, and Mr. Newmark became a full partner in the firm, the name of which was changed to M. A. Newmark & Company, by which it is known today, and with which he is still actively engaged.

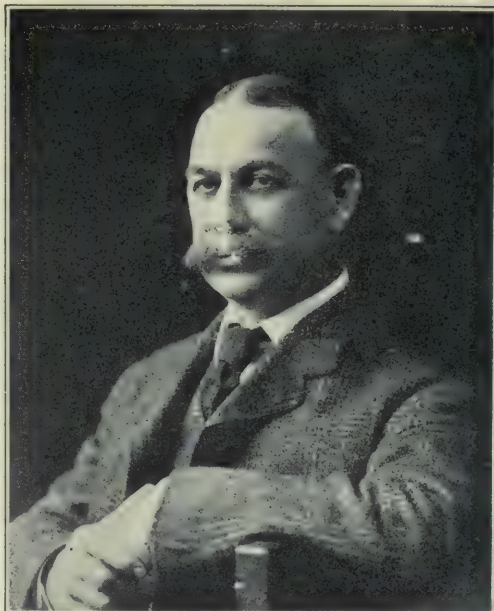
Mr. Newmark, like his father, is one of the substantial men of Los Angeles. He has invested his capital in home enterprises that bear the stamp of conservatism combined with the enterprise that has been one of the great factors in making this city the active center of trade for a vast surrounding territory. In promoting the commercial interests in general,

of Los Angeles, Mr. Newmark has given much time and capital. At various times he has been active in the following organizations: As President of the Southern California Wholesale Grocers' Association and Associated Jobbers of Los Angeles, as Vice-President of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, as a director or member of the Executive Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade and Municipal League. He is an active patron of the Southwest Museum, and of the George, Jr., Republic. He is now member of the Consolidation Commission.

Principal among the business institutions in which he is interested and the offices held by him are: First Vice-President, M. A. Newmark & Co.; First Vice-President, the Harris Newmark Co.; Vice-President, Los Angeles Brick Co.; Director, Equitable Savings Bank; Director, Standard Woodenware Co., and Director, Montebello Land and Water Co.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club and Concordia Club. In the Masonic world he is a member of West Gate Lodge, Scottish Rite and Shriners.

Both as honorable and successful business men and as citizens active in every movement for the highest welfare of Los Angeles, the Newmarks, father and son, have made an enviable record for more than half a century.



HENRY W. O'MELVENY

O'MELVENY, HENRY WILLIAM, Attorney-at-Law, was born in Central City, Marion County, Illinois, August 10, 1859, his father being Judge Harvey Kilpatrick Stuart O'Melveny, his mother Anna Wilhelmina Rose. He married Maria Antoinette Schilling in Los Angeles, May 28, 1887, and they have three sons—Stuart, Donald and Jack.

When Mr. O'Melveny was ten years old the family moved to Los Angeles, reaching here November 15, 1869. In Illinois his father had made a notable political and legal record, and promptly assumed a position among the foremost of his profession in Los Angeles, which he held until his death, November 19, 1893. He was a member of the City Council in 1872, and Judge of the Superior Court 1872 to 1876. Mr. O'Melveny attended the public schools, graduating from the Los Angeles High School in 1875, and from the University of California in 1879. On October 15, 1881, he was admitted to the Bar. He was Deputy District Attorney under Stephen M. White, 1883-84. January 1, 1885, he entered into partnership with J. A. Graves, the firm name being Graves & O'Melveny. In 1888 this became Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, continuing in that form until 1904. From 1905 to 1907 the firm was O'Melveny & Stevens, when it became O'Melveny, Stevens & Millikin, so continuing to date.

Throughout his entire professional life, Mr. O'Melveny has made a specialty of corporation law, dealing particularly with the more intri-

cate and involved questions which arise in corporation practice. In recent years he has rarely appeared in court, though continually occupied with legal matters of the first importance. He has also had entrusted to him the control of the financial affairs of many of his clients to an unusual degree, and at this time it is probably far within the truth to say that the value of the trust properties under his absolute control and management far exceeds those so handled by any Trust Company in Los Angeles.

His exacting professional duties have not prevented him from interesting himself effectively in the public service. He has been three times on the Library Board, and is now one of the Library Directors. He was Chairman of the Civil Service Commission in 1903, the first year it was established.

Perhaps the most noticeable personal characteristic of Mr. O'Melveny is the combination of intense idealism with hard common sense. Art and music appeal to him strongly, but nature more strongly yet, so that, as the writer has heard him say, "Alone on the desert or in the mountains, I feel as I think an expert musician must when a great symphony is being greatly produced."

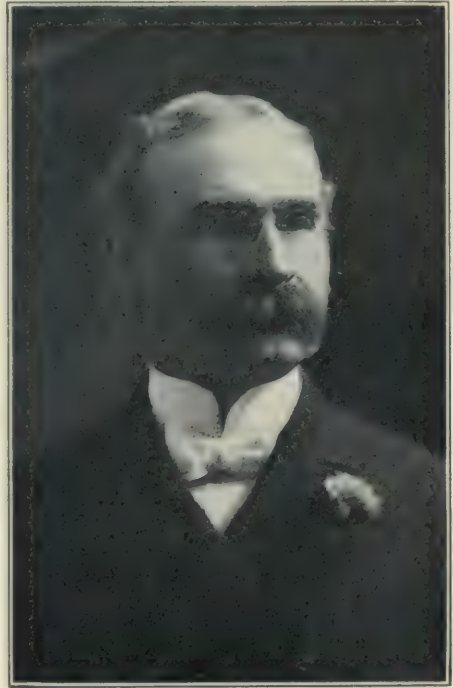
Mr. O'Melveny is Vice-President and General Counsel of the Los Angeles Trust Company, and director in the Farmers and Merchants Bank, Securities Savings Bank, the Azusa Ice and Cold Storage Company, the Industrial Realty Company, and many other corporations. He is a member of the American Institute of Archaeology, Southwest Society; the California Club, and the Sunset Club.

PATTERSON, WILSON CAMPBELL, Banker, was born near Greenfield, Ohio, January 10, 1845, on the farm of his father, Robert D., his mother being Margaret Hollyday. He married Virginia Monette Moore at Chillicothe, Ohio, January 8, 1874. They have two children—Ada, now Mrs. Harry R. Callender of Los Angeles, and Hazel, now Mrs. John Stuart.

Mr. Patterson's early education was in the local district school, and at fifteen he entered Salem Academy at South Salem, Ohio, being a class-mate of Governor Foraker. His course of study was interrupted by his volunteering at eighteen for service in the Civil War. He served as a member of Company "A," First Ohio Heavy Artillery, from July 4, 1863, to the close of the war. He then re-entered Salem Academy, but soon left it to earn his living, first teaching school for three months, then acting as clerk from 1866-68 in the offices of the County Treasurer, County Clerk and Probate Judge of Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1869 he became bookkeeper for a wholesale grocery firm in the same city, and remained with them for nineteen years, until impaired health compelled him to come to Los Angeles, January 26, 1888. In that year he entered the firm which subsequently became W. C. Patterson & Company, wholesale produce and commission merchants, of which business he was the head for twelve years. In November, 1898, he was elected President of the Los Angeles National Bank, continuing in that position until October, 1905, when this was consolidated with the First National Bank under the name of the latter institution. Of this he became Vice-President, and so remains. He is also a director of the National Securities Company; President, Empire Securities Company, and Vice-President, Los Angeles Pressed Brick Company; President, West Coast Produce Company, and director, Los Angeles Trust Company, the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company; Vice-President, the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, and director, the Security Land and Loan Company. He was for some time President of the Land of Sunshine Publishing Company, which published *OUT WEST* up to the time that its name was changed from the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*.

Throughout his adult life Mr. Patterson has taken a most active interest in civic affairs, and has been forced to decline repeated tenders to political positions. Nevertheless, he has given freely of his time and service to the

civic welfare, having been at different times President of the Board of Education in Chillicothe, trustee of the Whittier State (Reform) School, member of the California State Board of Charities, and member of the Los Angeles Board of Education. During the struggle for the free harbor at San Pedro he went twice to Washington as representative of the Free Harbor League. He has been President of the Los Angeles Clearing House, and President of the Chamber of Commerce, and has been on all occasions one of the first men to be counted upon in movements for the public welfare. His business activities by themselves

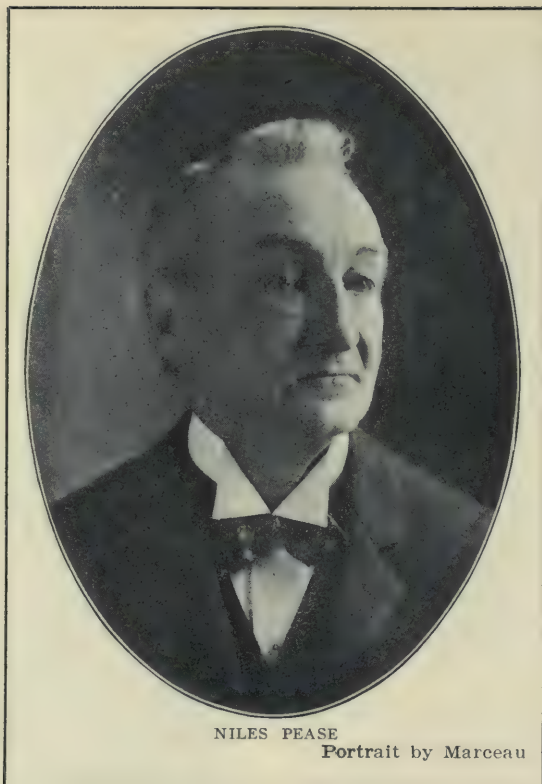


W. C. PATTERSON

Portrait by Haüssler

sum up a formidable array of work accomplished, and in connection with social and civic accomplishments make a record of which his friends are proud. He is an effective public speaker upon occasion, and has written upon subjects which specially interest him.

Mr. Patterson is a member of the University Club (President two terms), the Sunset Club, the Union League, the California Club, the Municipal League, the Archæological Institute of America, Southwest Society; a Thirty-second Degree, Scottish Rite Mason, Knight Templar, and member of the Mystic Shrine.



NILES PEASE

Portrait by Marceau

PEASE, NILES, Capitalist, was born near Thompsonville, Connecticut, October 13, 1838, his father being Wells Pease, his mother Betsy Pease. His grandfather, Simeon Pease, was a Revolutionary soldier. On March 25, 1860, he married Cornelia Gleason at Thompsonville. They have six children surviving: Grace G., Jessie F., Sherman, Anna, Herbert and Florence.

His first eighteen years were spent on his father's farm, working in summer and attending school in winter. In the spring of 1856 he entered the trade of tinnery, working at this for three years. In 1860 he opened an establishment at Thompsonville to make tinware and sell stoves and heating fixtures, having also a system of wagons selling goods in other parts of the State. Later a line of furniture was added, and in this business Mr. Pease continued for almost twenty-five years at that point. In October, 1884, he sold out and came to Los Angeles, entering into partnership with the Los Angeles Furniture Co. A year later he bought out the interests of his partners. In 1887 the growth of the business compelled him to find larger quarters, and a store was erected for his occupancy. In 1897 the Niles Pease Furniture Company (composed of Mr. Pease and his family) was incorporated, and another move was necessary to still larger quarters. In December, 1904, the family sold its entire interests in this business, soon afterward incor-

porating the Niles Pease Investment Company, which erected the eight-story reinforced-concrete building now occupied by Pease Bros. Furniture Company. Outside of the furniture and carpet business, which for many years demanded his most active attention, Mr. Pease has been largely interested in other business enterprises, and withal has devoted no small amount of time and attention to civic and public affairs. In 1876 he was elected as representative in the Connecticut Legislature, and in 1906, at the urgent insistence of many representative citizens, he accepted the Non-Partisan nomination as Councilman from the Fourth Ward, receiving later the Republican nomination in convention. He was unanimously chosen as President of the Council, which position he still occupies. He was for four consecutive years, ending January 1, 1906, President of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, and for some years director in the Chamber of Commerce. He is now director of the Central Bank, Park Bank, and Provident Building and Loan Association. He is a Knight Templar, 32° Mason, and member of the California, Union League, and City Clubs, Municipal League, and many other organizations. His church affiliations are Unitarian, and he is a lifelong Republican.

Both as business man, as citizen and as friend, Mr. Pease stands among the first in the opinion of his community.

PERRY, WILLIAM HAYES, deceased, was born at Newark, Ohio, October 7, 1832. He was the son of John and Ann Perry. He married Elizabeth Dalton in 1858 at Los Angeles. The children, of whom there are three, are: Mrs. Charles M. Wood, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., and Charles Frederick Perry.

After receiving his education in the public schools of Newark, Ohio, Mr. Perry, as yet a boy, was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker and turner, whose trade he learned and started to follow in Newark. He gave it up there in 1853 and came to California. After a trip across the plains, involving all the hardships and dangers of those days, he arrived

in Los Angeles in February of 1854. Mr. Perry arrived here with little or no capital, but it was only a short time until, through working at his trade, he was able to open the first furniture store in Los Angeles. His stock consisted first of goods of his own manufacture, but there were added to it gradually goods which he had sent here from San Francisco. His business prospered, and in 1856 he took in a partner, one Brady, whom Wallace Woodworth bought out in 1858. This partnership continued for the next twenty-five years, or until Mr. Woodworth's death in 1883, under the firm name of Perry & Woodworth.

In 1865 Mr. Perry obtained a franchise from the city of Los Angeles to light the city with gas, and organized the first gas company, the Los Angeles Gas Company, in which he filled the office of General Manager for five years, when he sold the company to the present corporation.

In 1873 he went into the lumber and building supply business in a very large way, the first organization being incorporated as the W.



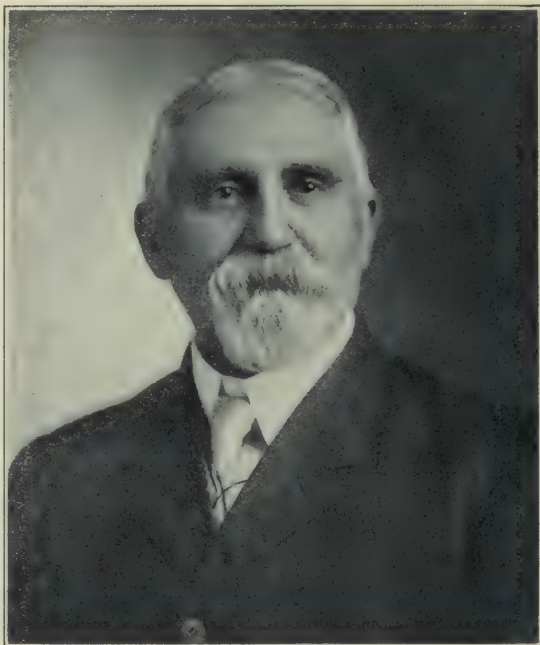
WM. H. PERRY

H. Perry Lumber and Mill Company. This was followed by the organization of the Los Angeles & Humboldt Lumber Company at San Pedro, the Pioneer Lumber and Mill Company at Colton, and the Los Angeles Storage Commission and Lumber Company. He set up the first steam engine in Los Angeles.

In 1879 Mr. Perry was elected President and Manager of the Los Angeles City Water Company, which at the time was heavily involved, but under his management it was soon put on a sound basis. He held this office for a period of twenty-five years.

The principal offices held by him in his latter days were: President, W. H. Perry Lumber and Mill Company; President, Pioneer Lumber and Mill Company; President, Los Angeles City Water Company; President, Crystal Springs Water Company. He was a stockholder in and closely identified with many other sound interests.

Mr. Perry was looked up to as one of the sound, conservative business men of the Southwest. He could be counted on at all times to give his services and financial aid in behalf of the public welfare. He was public-spirited, charitable and generous. He died October 29, 1906.



A. E. POMEROY

Portrait by Marceau

POMEROY, ABRAM EHLE, Real Estate Dealer and Banker, was born at Clinton, Michigan. His father was Charles W. Pomeroy, and his mother Permelia Valentine, both natives of New York. He married Florence A. Wilcox at San José, December 6, 1871. There is one son, Walter V.

Mr. Pomeroy's parents left Michigan while he was quite young, locating in Indiana, where they remained for a short time. In 1853 they moved to California, taking up their home in Santa Clara County. At San José he attended the public schools until he qualified to enter the University of the Pacific at San José, from which he graduated in 1863. Shortly after his graduation he was appointed to the position of Deputy in the Santa Clara County Clerk's office, and later was made County Clerk, filling that office for one term. Upon leaving the County Clerkship he entered the hardware and grocery business, and later was elected cashier of the San José Savings Bank. While in this position his attention was attracted to Los Angeles, in which he foresaw a great future city, and he became so convinced of this fact that in 1881 he moved to this city, taking up his residence here and engaging in the real estate business, in which he has been one of the substantial moving spirits ever since. He has laid

out several town-sites on which are today thriving and prosperous towns. Among these are Puente, Gardena, Alhambra and Long Beach. He laid out the Temecula and San Jacinto ranches, and had a large interest in the Burbank and Providence ranches, on which the town of Burbank now stands. The Iowa tract of San Bernardino was the result of his efforts. He was also active in the development of Hermosa and Sunset Beaches. Mr. Pomeroy was one of the organizers of the old Union Savings Bank of this city, now the German-American Savings Bank. He is Vice-President of the State Mutual Building and Loan Association, and a director in a number of financial institutions. His property holdings are large and are constantly being improved by him.

In educational departments of Southern California, Mr. Pomeroy has freely contributed his valuable services. For three years he was President of the Board of Education, for eight years one of the trustees of the State Normal School, and is today an active trustee of the University of Southern California. He is an active churchman. He is a member and trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He is a charter member of both the California Club and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the University Club, Union League Club, City Club, and the Church Federation Club.

He is a Thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason.

POTTENGER, FRANCIS MARION, Physician, was born at Sater, Hamilton County, Ohio, September 27, 1869. He is the son of Thomas Pottenger and Hannah Ellen Sater, a direct descendant of Cromwell. He was twice married, first April 5, 1894, to Carrie Buntner, at Germantown, Ohio. His second marriage was to Adelaide G. Babbitt at Sacramento, Cal., August 29, 1900. They have three children—Francis Marion, born May 29, 1901; Robert Thomas, born August 3, 1904, and Adelaide Marie, born January 15, 1908.

Dr. Pottenger was educated in the public schools of Sater, Ohio, until 1886, when he attended the Preparatory Department of Otterbein University, 1886-1888; Collegiate Department 1888-1892, graduating with degree of Ph. B. (In 1897 this institution conferred the degree of Ph. M., and in 1905 the degree of A. M.) He attended the Medical College of Ohio in 1892-1893, and the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery in 1893-1894, receiving the degree of M. D. He took the following postgraduate courses: Europe, 1894; New York, 1900; Europe, 1905; Europe, 1907; Europe, 1909.

In 1894-95 Dr. Pottenger practiced general medicine in Norwood, Ohio, and during the same period he was assistant to the Chair of Surgery in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and also assistant surgeon in the Cincinnati Free Hospital for Women. In 1895 he removed to California, taking up his residence at Monrovia, where he practiced general medicine from September, 1895, to February, 1897. He was out of practice from that date to January, 1899, when he again took up general practice in Monrovia, continuing up to and during 1901. In October, 1901, he began practicing as a specialist in diseases of the lungs and throat, being the first physician on the Western coast to confine himself to this specialty. He founded the Pottenger Sanator-

ium for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat, which was opened in December, 1903. On March 10, 1904, the institution was incorporated as the Pottenger Sanatorium Co., as which it has continued to the present time.

In December, 1902, he was instrumental in founding the Southern California Anti-Tuberculosis League, the first society in the West whose object was the prevention of tuberculosis. He served as President of this organization until April, 1906. He also aided in establishing (August, 1907) a helping station for indigent consumptives in Los Angeles, and was made chief of the medical staff.

Dr. Pottenger is a member of the Am. Med. Assn.; Am. Therapeutic Soc.; Am. Climatological Assn.; Miss. Valley Med. Assn.; Nat. Assn. for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; Nat. Sanatorium Assn.; Cal. State Med. Soc.; L. A. County Med. Assn.; L. A. Clinical and Pathological Soc.; So. Cal. Med. Assn.; honorary member of medical societies in Arizona, St. Louis (Mo.), and Portland (Ore.); fellow, Am. Academy of Medicine, and Asst. Editor "So. Cal. Practitioner" since 1902.

Dr. Pottenger is author of "The Diagnosis and Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," published by William Wood & Co., New York, March, 1908, and of many papers of record, mostly on the subject of tuberculosis.

In addition to his Los Angeles offices, he maintains offices at the Pottenger Sanatorium at Monrovia, where he resides. During 1899-1900 he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Monrovia. He is President and Medical Director of the Pottenger Sanatorium Co., and a director of the American National Bank of Monrovia. Of clubs and associations he is a member of the University Club (Los Angeles), Archaeological Institute of America (Southwest Society), American Academy of Political and Social Sciences.



DR. F. M. POTTENGER

Portrait by Steckel

RINDGE, FREDERICK HASTINGS (deceased) was born at Cambridge, Mass., December 21, 1857. He was the son of Samuel Baker Rindge, a merchant and manufacturer of Cambridge, and Clarissa Harrington. He was a direct descendant of the following makers of history: Daniel Rindge, Commander of the Ipswich troops against the Narragansett Indians, resulting in the overthrow of King Philip; Robert Kinsman, who represented Ipswich in the General Court of Massachusetts for many years; Captain Daniel Harrington, a hero of Concord and Lexington, and Samuel Baker, one of the Minute Men who marched to the relief of Lexington, April 19, 1775. On May 27, 1887, Mr. Rindge married Rhoda May Knight of Trenton, Mich. There are three children: Samuel Knight, Frederick Hastings, and Rhoda Agatha.

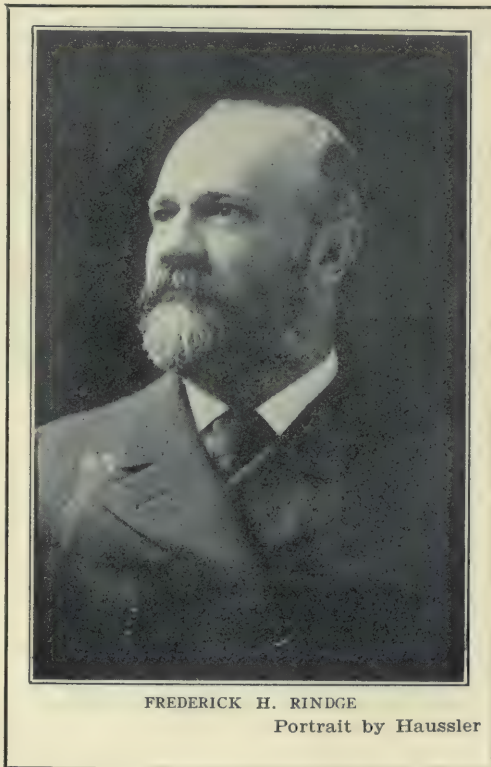
Mr. Rindge attended the schools of Cambridge and Boston, receiving his final preparation for college under Dr. James Laurence Laughlin, entering Harvard College in 1875. He was forced through ill health to

leave college during his last year, but several years later he had the honor of having conferred upon him the degree A. B.

Before entering college Mr. Rindge had traveled considerably for the benefit of his health, and in 1870 he visited California. After leaving college he was called upon to assume the management of his father's large interests, which he conducted for a number of years. In 1880 he again visited California in search of health, and returned to New England with renewed strength.

In testimonial of his regard for his native town, Mr. Rindge did much worthy work. Among the most important in that line was the erection by him of an imposing City Hall, and later a handsome Public Library, both of which, together with spacious grounds, he presented to the city, and crowned those gifts by

donating a large plat of ground as a site for the Cambridge English High School and the Cambridge Latin School, and another large tract of land upon which he erected the Rindge Manual Training School, which was conducted at his expense for ten years, then turned over to the city of Cambridge. This was the first institution of the kind in Massachusetts. In Salem he founded and endowed the Children's Island Sanitarium.



FREDERICK H. RINDGE
Portrait by Haussler

In 1887 he came to California to make it his permanent home, and soon decided upon the vicinity of Los Angeles as the locality for that purpose. One of his first investments here was the purchase of the historic Rancho Topanga Malibu, a tract of many thousand acres extending along the Pacific coast northwest of Santa Monica. The original property was a Spanish land grant made to José B. Tapia in 1804. To this Mr. Rindge added many other tracts, until he owned a strip of land extending along the sea coast for twenty-four miles. He built here a home, the "Ranch House," which was

perfect in its adaptation to the environment, and in which he spent some of his happiest years. A book which he wrote, "Happy Days in Southern California," gives a most graphic account of his mountain home. He also had a beautiful seaside residence at Santa Monica, overlooking Santa Monica Bay, and a town-house in Los Angeles.

He soon became identified with many business enterprises tending to upbuild both the city and surrounding country. While of a most conservative mind, he saw the great possibilities of Southern California and realized that the real development work had scarcely begun. Life insurance, banks, ranches, manufacturing concerns, power-plants, water systems, transportation enterprises, all of these and more received the aid of his varied business activities.

Among the most important of his work was the organization of the Conservative Life Insurance Co. of Los Angeles, now the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. He was President of this company from its organization until his death. This was not merely an honorary or nominal office, but he was the actual head of the corporation, and to his initiative and persistent energy is due a large part of the success achieved by the company.

He owned the Rindge Block, and later the Conservative Life Building was erected by him and the Insurance Company, jointly. Through his activity as President of the Maclay Rancho & Water Co., he was the leading spirit in opening for settlement thousands of acres in the San Fernando Valley. As President and principal owner of the Middle River Canal and Navigation Company, and the Rindge Navigation and Canal Company, he was instrumental in starting an enterprise which is reclaiming thousands of acres of peat and tule lands near Stockton.

As a relaxation from his business life, Mr. Rindge gave much attention to scientific research and the study of early history of America and California. He was a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and of the Archaeological Institute of America. His collection of aboriginal arts was of such value that he was induced to place them in the loan exhibit of the Peabody Museum at Harvard College and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He gathered a vast amount of material bearing on Pacific Coast archaeology, and his collection of memorials of California history was unequalled among private collections.

He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, and also of the Sons of the Revolution. He was unanimously elected the first President of the Harvard Club of Southern California, and at the time President Roosevelt was expected to visit Los Angeles, Mr. Rindge, who had been his friend and associate at Harvard, was re-elected the second term in order that he could officially conduct the entertainments planned for the President.

A few months before his death Mr. Rindge was elected President of the Los Angeles Young Men's Christian Association—a work very dear to him and in vital harmony with the deepest interests of his life. His plans for aiding in the upbuilding of this institution were far-reaching, but were unfortunately cut short by his untimely summons.

Mr. Rindge died August 29, 1905, and California lost a citizen whose qualities of modesty, magnanimity and broad scope of intellect endeared him to all who knew him, and whose work did much toward the making of Los Angeles. The extent of his benefactions will never be known.

NEWBY, NATHAN, Lawyer, was born near Hertford, North Carolina, September 30, 1868. His father was Nathan Newby, his mother Frances Catharine McMullan. He married Lucy Pearl Putnam, March 20, 1901, at Los Angeles. There are five children—Nathan Putnam, John Herbert, Paul Duncan, Charles Ryland, and Ellen Catharine.

Mr. Newby attended the public schools and Academy of Hertford, after which he took a law course at the University of Virginia, taking the degree B. L., June 27, 1888.

In 1889 he started practice at Bryson City, North Carolina, first alone, then in partnership with A. M. Fry. In 1895 he came to Los Angeles, and shortly after went into partnership with Johnston Jones, as Jones & Newby. Later F. W. Goodbody was admitted to the firm, which after two years dissolved by mutual consent. After successive partnerships with J. C. Brown and R. H. Barnwell, Mr. Newby became associated in 1901 with L. H.



NATHAN NEWBY

Valentine, and the practice has been continued to date under the well known firm name of Valentine & Newby.

Mr. Newby's reputation at the Bar is to him secondary to the reputation he desires to maintain as a citizen.

He is Chairman of the Civic Righteousness Committee of the Church Federation of Los Angeles, and a member of the Executive Committee. He is President, Federation Club; member, City Club; charter member, Municipal League; member, Non-Partisan City Central Committee; member, Municipal Waterways Association; President, Alumni Association, University of Virginia; member, Board of Trustees, Law School, University of Southern California; member, Central Committee, College Men of Southern California; and Conference Leader, Laymen's Missionary Movement of the M. E. Church, South, of the Los Angeles Conference.



WILLOUGHBY RODMAN
Portrait by Marceau



MRS. WILLOUGHBY RODMAN
Portrait by Marceau

RODMAN, WILLOUGHBY and ARABELLA PAGE were married August 3, 1892, at Memphis, Tenn.; they have two children—Thomas Clifford and Willoughby Page.

RODMAN, WILLOUGHBY, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Newcastle, Henry County, Kentucky, December 28, 1859, his father being Thomas Rodman, and his mother Julia Elizabeth Willoughby.

His early education was in the public schools and the Kentucky Eclectic Inst., Frankfort, Ky., and the University of Rochester, N. Y. In 1880 he entered the Law School of the University of Kentucky, graduating in 1882.

In May, 1882, he was admitted to the Bar by the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, practicing in that State till 1887. In September, 1887, he came to Los Angeles, and was admitted to the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, October, 1887; later to the Supreme Court of California and to the U. S. Circuit and Dist. Courts. In 1895 Mr. Rodman became a member of the law firm of Gardiner, Harris & Rodman, which became Gardiner, Gooding & Rodman in 1898, then Gardiner & Rodman until 1900, since when he has practiced alone.

Mr. Rodman has done much legal and descriptive writing, perhaps the most important

in the former line being his "History of Bench and Bar of Southern California," issued this year. He collaborated with W. M. Chambers and Elizabeth Kenney in the compilation of "Laws of California Relating to Women and Children." Aside from many authoritative articles on legal subjects, he has written a number of magazine articles, some of which on mountaineering subjects have appeared in OUT WEST.

He was a Director of the Los Angeles Public Library from 1904 to 1909.

He is a member of the University Club, Sunset Club, and Sierra Club.

RODMAN, ARABELLA PAGE, leader in, and advocate of, organizations for the civic betterment of conditions for children and other public and semi-public philanthropic movements, is a native of Memphis, Tenn., and the daughter of John Clifford Page and Ann Arabella Page. She graduated from St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn., in June, 1885.

Prior to the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held in Los Angeles in May, 1902, Mrs. Rodman's civic activity had been confined to work in connection with the public schools, she having been instrumental in causing the collection of a fund for the purchase of pictures, statues, etc., for

school rooms. The result of this meeting was not only to stimulate general work among these clubs, but to suggest opportunities and methods for specific practical work. Soon after the convention, and as its direct result, the Out-Door Art League of the American Civic Association was organized. Of this Mrs. Rodman has been a member from the start. She was President of the Los Angeles Civic Association in 1904, and is still Vice-President. She was for three years District Chairman of Civics of the Federated Clubs, and is now State Chairman. She has addressed many district and State conventions on civic subjects, and has delivered lectures in numerous cities.

Among the accomplishments to the credit of the Civic Association are: The setting apart of "Arbor Day," on which trees are planted in all parts of the city; the appointment of a City Forester, with authority over the planting, care and preservation of trees on city streets; the decoration and improvement of school rooms and school grounds, and the appointment of a City Billboard Inspector.

Professor Charles Zeublein of Chicago delivered in Los Angeles a course of lectures on civics under the auspices of the Civic Association, from which promptly resulted the employment of a distinguished landscape architect to prepare and submit a plan for the beautification of the city, and the appointment of a Housing Commission.

Mrs. Rodman's greatest efforts have been given to the establishment of city playgrounds. She has been President of the Playground Commission since its organization, and has had direct supervision of its work. Eleven playgrounds have been established and equipped with gymnasiums and apparatus for games, some of them having complete and elaborate outfits, with baths and dressing-rooms. In some of them are branches of the Public Library. The immediate result of the public playgrounds has been a great decrease in the number of juvenile arrests and the noticeable improvement in the general morale of Los Angeles youth.

In addition to the organizations already named, Mrs. Rodman is a Director in the Legal Aid Society, member of the Parents and Teachers' Association, and the Juvenile Court Association, and member of the Friday Morning Club and Sierra Club. To the varied forms of activity for municipal betterment indicated, Mrs. Rodman has given her time and energy without stint, and her work has been of vital importance to the making of Los Angeles.

NEUNER, MARTIN C., President of the Neuner Company, was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, July 22, 1865, his father being Nicholas Neuner, and his mother Mary Darlinger. At an early age he removed to St. Louis, and there attended the public schools. He married Jennie Edith Hinton in Los Angeles, August 12, 1891, and from this union have resulted two children—Clarence Martin and Barbara Jennie.

At the early age of twelve he went to work as office-boy in a millinery store, but soon entered the employ of a large blank-book manufacturing house, where he learned the trade of paper-ruling and bookbinding. In 1887 he came to Los Angeles, going into the bookbinding business with his brother under the firm

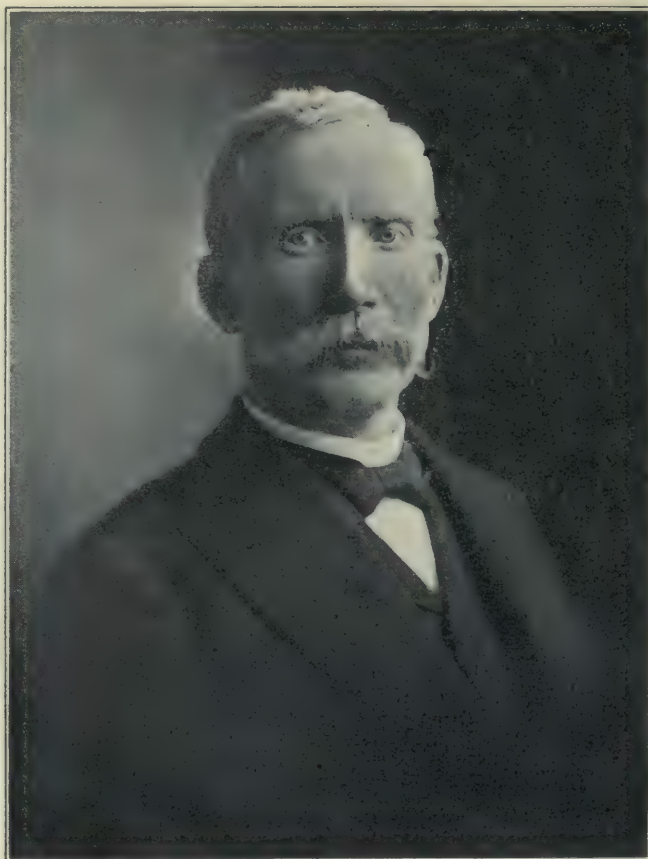


M. C. NEUNER

Portrait by Marceau

name of the Thomas J. Neuner Company, in a small room on a fourth floor. Several changes of firm ownership and name followed corresponding to increased business, and in 1906 Mr. Neuner became President of the Neuner Company—the most completely equipped publishing, stationery and office-furniture house in Southern California. The growth from the little bookbinding firm to the establishment with 50,000 square feet of floor space, which can turn out, for example, the most elaborate color-printing, has been very striking. Mr. Neuner is besides President of the Neuner Specialty Book Company, organized in 1903, which owns the patents on his own inventions, covering loose-leaf record-books of all kinds; and is the President of the Reinforced Paper Company, controlling the patents for other important inventions of his.

He is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, being Past Master of Hollenbeck Lodge No. 319, Los Angeles; a "Shriner," and an Elk. He is a member of the Union League Club.



EDWIN W. SARGENT

Portrait by Steckel

SARGENT, EDWIN W., Attorney and Counselor, and Vice-President of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of Los Angeles, was born at Oregon, Dane County, Wisconsin, August 15, 1848. His father was Croyden Sargent, and his mother Lucy W. Hutchinson. At Sterling, Illinois, August 30, 1876, he married Ella Barr. They have one daughter, Lillian.

During the years 1867 to 1870 Mr. Sargent attended the State University, Madison, Wisconsin, and in 1871 entered the State University at Iowa City, Iowa, and attended the Law Department of that institution, graduating in 1874 with the degree B. L.

Mr. Sargent, after his graduation, immediately began practicing law at Denison, Iowa, where he remained from 1874 to 1879, when

he removed to Atchison, Kansas, where he practiced till 1886. In 1886 he removed to Los Angeles. At that time land titles were given without any guarantee, so he started the organization and was chief promoter of the Los Angeles Abstract Company in 1887, which Company took in such concerns as might be classed as competitors. In 1894 a reorganization was effected which resulted in the present Title Insurance and Trust Company. In 1895 he resigned from that Company and organized the present Title Guarantee and Trust Company, of which he is Vice-President. Mr. Sargent, by his masterly work in promoting and organizing the title and trust companies, has very truly become known as the father of that business in Southern California.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club and is a Shriner.



JAMES D. SCHUYLER

Portrait by Marceau

SCHUYLER, JAMES DIX, Consulting Hydraulic Engineer, was born at Ithaca, N. Y., May 11, 1848. He was the son of Philip Church Schuyler and Lucy M. Dix. He married Mary Ingalls Tuliper, July 25, 1889, at San Diego, California.

He was educated at Friends College, Union Springs, N. Y.

Mr. Schuyler began his engineering career in 1869, on locating the western end of the Kansas Pacific Railway, in the days when it was necessary to fight the Indians as well as combat the elements of nature in a wild country. Many thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes resulted, and in one battle he was seriously wounded. In 1870 he became Resident Engineer at Denver for that road, and in 1871 held a similar position with the Denver & Boulder Valley Railway. In 1872 he became connected with the Denver & Rio Grande Railway as engineer on exploration and location surveys, and resigned to take extens-

ive contracts for grading, upon which he was occupied until he removed to California in June, 1873, taking a position as Assistant Engineer on the North Pacific Coast Railway. After a year at this employment he was appointed Chief Engineer for the Stockton & Ione Railway. From 1878 to 1882 he was assistant to the State Engineer of California in charge of irrigation investigations. In 1882-83 he was Chief Engineer and General Superintendent of the Sinaloa & Durango Railway in Mexico, returning to California in 1883 to avoid yellow fever. During 1884-85 he built a section of the San Francisco sea-wall as one of a firm of contractors and the engineer in charge, and in 1886 had charge of construction of sewers and street-grading in San Francisco. In 1887-88 he designed and built the famous Sweetwater Dam near San Diego. In 1889 he was City Engineer of San Diego, and subsequently Commissioner of Public Works. In the same

year he visited the Hawaiian Islands to report on the development of water for irrigating sugar-cane on the Ewa Plantation, which became noted as one of the most successful in the world. In 1890-91 he designed and supervised the building of the Hemet Dam in Riverside County, California, the highest masonry structure in the State. During subsequent years Mr. Schuyler devoted special attention to hydraulic engineering in general, designing and building water-works in many cities and towns, including Denver, Colorado, Portland, Oregon, and numerous others. In 1903-04-05 he was Consulting Engineer for the building of the great dam on Snake River at the head of the Twin Falls Canal, probably the largest irrigation system in America, and held a similar relation to the American Beet Sugar Co. in California and Colorado during a period of nine years of irrigation and water-supply development. In the course of his long practice he has been called upon to act in an advisory capacity for a very large number of irrigation projects, power development projects and domestic water-supply works throughout Western America, and in the midst of his other activities he made such a specialty of the constructing of dams by the interesting and novel process of hydraulic sluicing as to have become a recognized authority among engineers the world over on that subject. One of his first works of this type was the Lake Frances Dam, built for the Bay Counties Power Co. in Yuba County, California.

As Consulting Engineer of the Great Western Power Co. of California, he was foremost in pointing out the rare possibilities of a project which has since become the largest power development in the State.

Much of his time has been engaged in planning and building extensive works for power and irrigation in Mexico, Hawaii, Japan, Brazil, and throughout the Western States of America.

In 1907 Mr. Schuyler was a member of a board of three Consulting Engineers selected to report on the plans for the Los Angeles Aqueduct, bringing water from Owens River, a distance of some 250 miles. Changes in location of the aqueduct which were suggested by him and subsequently adopted at the recommendation of the Board, resulted in a saving of some 25 miles of heavy construction which would have cost several millions. This is generally regarded as the most distinguished ser-

vice he has accomplished for the public, a service meeting with fullest recognition by those familiar with the facts.

He was Consulting Engineer to Waialua Plantation, Hawaii, on the construction of the highest dam on the Islands, chiefly built by sluicing; was also Consulting Engineer for the Territorial Government of Hawaii on Nuuanu Dam, Honolulu, and for the U. S. Indian Bureau on the building of Zuni Dam, New Mexico. He was Consulting Engineer for British Columbia Electric Railway Co. and Vancouver Power Co. on dam construction, the reclamation of swamp lands, etc.

Mr. Schuyler was appointed in January, 1909, by President Roosevelt to accompany President-elect Taft to Panama as one of seven engineers to report on the Canal plans, the Gatun Dam, etc. The unanimous report of this Board was in favor of carrying out the plan adopted by Congress for a lock-canal, but recommended a modification of the height and slopes of the Gatun Dam, lowering it by twenty feet.

Of learned and technical societies, Mr. Schuyler is Past Vice-President of the American Society of Civil Engineers; member, Institution of Civil Engineers of London, England; member, Technical Society of Pacific Coast; member, Engineers and Architects Association of Southern California; member, Franklin Institute; member, American Geographical Society. He is the author of "Reservoirs for Irrigation, Water Power and Domestic Water Supply," a work on dams, of 600 quarto pages, published by John Wiley & Sons, 1908 (Revised and Enlarged). This is a standard work on this subject, being the especial authority on the use of sluicing in dam construction. Also author of numerous contributions to Engineering Societies, two of which won the Thomas Fitch Rowland Prize in the American Society of Civil Engineers. He has written various reports for the U. S. Geological Survey, published at different times in the public documents, as well as sundry reports on irrigation for the State of California.

He is a charter member of the California Club of Los Angeles, and a member of the Union League Club of Los Angeles. He came to California in 1873 from Colorado, and took up his permanent residence in Los Angeles in 1893.

He is counted one of the foremost engineers in the world.



JOSEPH SCOTT

Portrait by Steckel

SCOTT, JOSEPH, Attorney-at-Law, was born at Penrith, County of Cumberland, England, July 16, 1867. He was the son of Joseph Scott and Mary Donnelly. He married Bertha Roth, June 6, 1898, at Los Angeles, as a result of which union there are seven children—Joseph, Jr., Mary D., Alphonso C., George, Cuthbert, John Patrick and Helen.

Mr. Scott's early life was spent in England, where he acquired his education, entering St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham, England, at the age of thirteen, completing the full classical course which ended July, 1888. While a student at Ushaw, he matriculated in London University in June, 1887, in the honors division, being a gold medalist of his class.

On May 15, 1889, Mr. Scott landed in New York from England, where he took up journalistic work, which progressed in a desultory way, producing but little or no remuneration. It was during this period that his substantial qualities asserted themselves. Lacking funds and friends in New York City is a condition anything but encouraging and is bound to bring to the surface the predominating qualities of one's make-up. It was this situation that Joseph Scott, educated and unused to physical labor, faced during the latter part of 1889, when he heroically took shifting employment

at the hardest kind of manual labor. While thus retaining his independence, he was casting about for more fitting employment, which came in 1890 from St. Bonaventure's College at Allegany, N. Y., which accepted his application for the position of Senior Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, which he held until 1893, when he resigned to come to California, where he took up the study of law.

On June 30, 1893, Joseph Scott arrived in Los Angeles, and on that date Los Angeles received a man destined to become one of the most worthy citizens. He took up the study of law in the offices of Anderson & Anderson, and was admitted to the Bar in April, 1894. Through his great ability, broad personality and public-spirited sentiments, he was soon called upon to serve the city in helping to direct her civic affairs. In educational circles Mr. Scott has been a leading and most progressive factor as President of the Board of Education.

He is a fluent and easy public speaker, and his addresses are marked for their sound sense dashed with native wit.

Aside from his legal affairs, his business interests are many, but in almost every case are in lines of a productive character. He is Second Vice-President and director of the Chamber of Commerce, director of the Equitable Savings Bank, director of the California Club, Vice-President of the Southwest Museum, member of the Sunset Club, President of the Newman Club, and a member of the Celtic Club.

SEVERANCE, MADAME CAROLINE M. SEYMOUR, was born in Canandaigua, New York, January 12, 1820, her father being Orson Seymour, a bank cashier and a man of the highest repute, her mother Caroline Maria Clarke, daughter of Dr. Peter Clarke, surgeon in the army during the war of 1812, and Maria Fischer, a woman of rare executive ability.

Madame Severance's father dying when she was five years old, the family lived with the grandparents near Auburn until her marriage; her schooling being in seminaries and private schools. She graduated at the "Ricord Female Seminary," Geneva, New York, in 1836, valedictorian of her class. She married Theodor C. Severance, then a bank teller in Auburn, N. Y., in 1840. Immediately

after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Severance removed to Cleveland, O., where Mr. Severance entered the City Bank; and there their five children were born: Orson Seymour (died in infancy), James Seymour, Julia Long (Burrage), Mark Sibley, and Pierre Clarke (deceased).

In 1855 they removed to Boston, where they resided until their coming to Los Angeles in 1875. Mr. Severance died in 1892. Madame Severance's first public efforts were in Cleveland in the early 'Fifties, in presiding over and speaking at conventions in the interest of woman's suffrage, in reports and articles for the daily newspapers on that and kindred topics; and in papers and essays read before many bodies. In February, 1868, the "New England Woman's Club" was organized in Boston as a result of Madame Severance's earnest effort, this being the first "Woman's Club" in the United States, followed closely by the Sorosis of New York. She is therefore fairly entitled to the title of "Mother of women's clubs." She continued as President of the New England Woman's Club until the

family came to Los Angeles. Here she was the founder in 1878 of the "Woman's Club of Los Angeles," and President during its existence. She was founder also of its successor, the "Friday Morning Club," and its President for some time, having been now for many years its "President Emeritus." This club now numbers over 1,000 members, and is to build its second beautiful home.

In 1878 Madame Severance organized the Los Angeles "Free Kindergarten Association," of which Kate Douglas Wiggin is a graduate, having made her home with the Severances during her training. Madame Severance was also member of the "School Board of Los Angeles" during the term of Mayor Rowan.

In 1878 the preliminary meeting to consider the organization

of the "First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles" was held in the Severance library; and the same is true as to the organization of the "Fellowship" in Los Angeles by Rev. B. Fay Mills, in 1903. The first Unitarian minister in the city was Rev. John D. Wells, and with his assistance Madame Severance established the first Neighborhood "Book Club," still in existence. Some years ago a small number of advanced thinkers in Los Angeles organized for regular meetings, choosing the name of "Severance Club" in honor of Madame Severance. The "Friday Morning Club" regularly commemorates her birthday. She has written freely on many subjects, all tending toward the uplift of humanity, and has labored, to the limits of her strength, in every good cause to which her path in life has led. She says that she does not like labels lest they limit progress and alienate friends; but since thinking out the basis of intelligent belief, she has spoken of herself as a "Unitarian plus." In economics she is a Fabian Socialist, or Opportunist. Quoting her own words, she "hails cordially all the steps which lead to the 'Co-operative Commonwealth,' 'the Kingdom of Heaven on earth,' and holds stoutly to the broad creed of true patriotism:

'My country is the world—
All men my brothers—
To do good my religion.'



MME. CAROLINE M. SEYMOUR SEVERANCE

SILENT, CHARLES, Attorney-at-Law, was born in Baden, Germany, in 1843. He married first Emma Daniel at Santa Clara, California, in 1864. She dying in 1870, he married in 1872 Mary C. Tantau. There have been in all five children: Edward D., Fred C. and Elizabeth W., now the wife of Frank J. Thomas, as a result of his first marriage; and Florence and Chester of the second. The sad death of the latter by drowning at Stanford University is fresh in memory.

His father took part in the Revolution of 1848, and, like many another, was obliged to leave Germany, coming to the United States with his family and settling at Columbus, Ohio. The son came to California on borrowed money, reaching San Francisco from New York via Panama in August, 1856. Even before this he had begun to provide for himself. He found work in Drytown, Amador County, putting in his spare time at study, and attending the public school for three months. At seventeen he won by examination a teacher's certificate of the first class, and in 1862 entered the sophomore class of the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara. The failure of the business firm in which he had invested his savings compelled him to leave college after six months. When in college Governor Stanford commissioned him Second Lieutenant of a military company for war service. The Government refused to send the company East for service, and it declined to enlist in California lest it be sent to guard Indians. After leaving college, young Silent became Principal of the Santa Clara public schools, holding this position until 1866. meantime he continued his college course by night study, receiving later the degree of A. M. He also read law in spare time, and in 1866 became Deputy in the County Clerk's office at San José. He left there in 1868 and immediately became a member of a leading San José law

firm. In 1878 he was appointed one of the Judges in the Supreme Court of Arizona. Soon after, learning of his intention to resign to take up private practice, the Legislature of Arizona increased his salary by \$2,000 over that of his two associate Justices. In 1880 he resigned this office and thereafter practiced law in Tucson for three years, then returned to San José on account of his health. In 1885 he came to Los Angeles, and for many years

engaged in practice with S. O. Houghton and Alexander Campbell. He has recently retired from active practice, having long been counted as among the leaders of the Bar.

Judge Silent's business activities have been numerous. Among them may be mentioned his securing from the Legislature in 1868 a franchise for the first railroad in Santa Clara County, the road being built the next year. In 1874 he became President of the company which built the narrow-gauge railroad from Santa Cruz through the mountains to Oakland, and the section from Santa Cruz to Fulton, including wharves and



HON. CHARLES SILENT
Portrait by Marceau

street railways at Santa Cruz, was built under his superintendence. In San José he was one of the earliest in the good roads movement, which included among its results the drive to Alum Rock Park and the road to Mount Hamilton.

In Los Angeles, Judge Silent has been actively identified with most of the movements for the city's welfare. Perhaps his most important single service was in 1897, when, with Mr. Frank, he devised and carried out the plan for relieving unemployed men, which resulted in the construction of the beautiful entrance to Elysian Park. This has already been mentioned in the sketch of Mr. Frank. The labor was done under his personal supervision, and Judge Silent neglected his private business to attend to it. Similarly, he now regularly and systematically devotes both money and personal attention to assistance and relief of the Mexican laboring class in and about Los Angeles.



WM. D. STEPHENS

STEPHENS, WILLIAM DENNISON, Merchant and Banker, was born at Eaton, Preble County, Ohio, December 26, 1859, his father being Hon. Martin F. Stephens, his mother Alvira Leibee. He is married and has one daughter.

Mr. Stephens attended the public schools of his native place, graduating from the High School in 1876. Thereafter he taught school for three years, studying law and civil engineering at the same time. From 1879 until 1884 he worked as civil engineer in building various branch lines of railroads in Ohio, Iowa and Louisiana. From 1884 to 1887 he served in the operation of the New Orleans & Gulf Railroad—from local agent through all the offices to Superintendent. In 1887 he came to Los Angeles, and for a time acted as civil engineer here, but soon abandoned this profession to enter the wholesale grocery business with M. A. Newmark & Company. In 1902 he formed a co-partnership with J. E. Carr, and under the firm name of Carr & Stephens remained in the grocery business until 1909.

Mr. Stephens' public services have been of much importance. He was President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1907. Under his presidency the Chamber of Commerce made the extremely active campaign in

behalf of the Owens River water bonds, which resulted in the bond issue of \$23,500,000 being carried by a majority of ten to one. He was for years a member of the Chamber of Commerce Harbor Committee, and is now a member of the Consolidation Committee which is working to secure for Los Angeles a great harbor and free access to the sea. He was for a time a member of the Board of Education. He has been five years a Major on the staff of General Wankowski, First Brigade, California National Guard, and served in this capacity at San Francisco during the time just following the earthquake and fire. How strong a place Mr. Stephens has won in the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens was recently shown in his unanimous appointment as Mayor to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the former Mayor, previous to the recall election of March 26, 1909. Such a tribute is rarely offered to a citizen as came when every faction in the city agreed that Mr. Stephens was the right man, and the fact that there was one man on whom all could unite saved the city from possible grave complications.

He is Vice-President of the American National Bank, to which interest he devotes his principal attention, and is also director in the Park Bank of this city. He is a member of the Archæological Institute of America, Southwest Society; and of the California and Sunset Clubs. Mr. Stephens is a Thirty-third Degree Scottish Rite Mason, and Grand Commander of Knights Templars of the State of California.



MARSHALL STIMSON

Portrait by Marceau

STIMSON, MARSHALL, Attorney-at-Law, is a native of Cambridge, Mass. He was born May 21, 1876. His father was Martin W. Stimson, and his mother Ella C. Marshall. On April 27, 1904, he married Mary Gordon at Azusa, California. There are two children, Gordon and Mary.

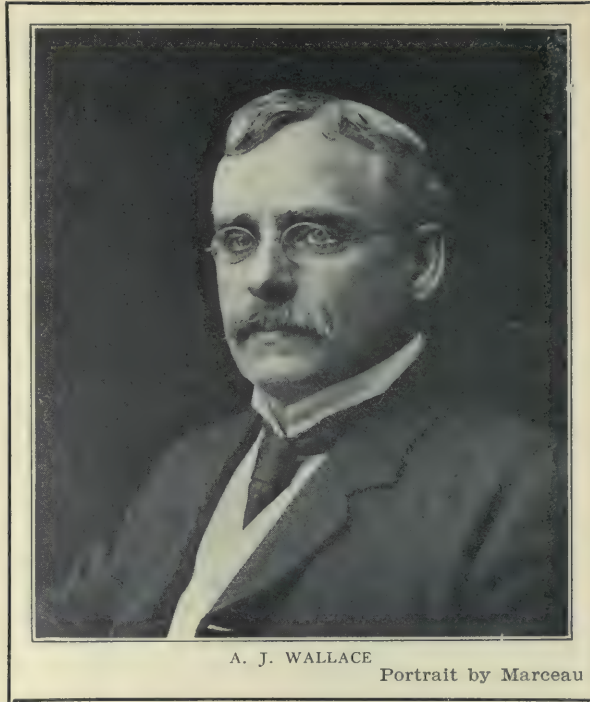
In November, 1887, Mr. Stimson came to Los Angeles from Cambridge, Mass. Here he attended the Grammar schools and graduated from the Los Angeles High School in 1896. From 1896 to 1901 he was a student at Harvard College, the years of 1898 to 1900 being devoted to study in the Law School, in which he was of the class of 1901.

Before entering Harvard, Mr. Stimson started a business career as a clerk in the Union Bank of Savings, but gave it up to attend college and study the profession he had decided upon. After graduating in law he took up practice in Boston, Mass., where he remained 1901-1903. In the latter year he returned to Los Angeles and gave considerable attention to the real estate business until 1905, when he again took up the practice of law, which he has continued to date. He is the head of the firm of Stimson & Whitlock, owners of large ranch properties in Kings and Tulare Counties, California.

Mr. Stimson, who has devoted much time in valuable services to substantial reform movements in State and civic affairs, is non-partisan in municipal, and Republican in State and national, politics. A brief list of his political connections since 1903 follows: Member, Election Committee Non-Partisan School Election, 1903; delegate, Republican City Convention, 1904; member, County Non-Partisan Committee, 1906; candidate, State Assembly, 74th District, 1906; member, Executive Committee Non-Partisan City Campaign, 1906; member, State Executive Committee, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, 1908; delegate, State Republican Convention, 1908; candidate, State Senator, 37th District, 1908. In all these Non-Partisan and Independent movements he has been an active organizer and conspicuous in campaign work.

He was a member of the Board of Governors of the City Club, 1907-08; has been one of the Executive Committee of the Municipal League since 1907; and was a Director of the Chamber of Commerce during 1908, continuing in that position this year.

He is a member of the following clubs: California Club, University Club, Union League Club, City Club (in the organization of which he was active), Westminster Gun Club, and Annandale Country Club.



A. J. WALLACE

Portrait by Marceau

WALLACE, ALBERT J., was born in Wellington County, Canada, February 11, 1853. His vigorous Scotch father was Donald Wallace, a leader in his farming community, and his mother Harriet Lasby. In 1880 he married Serena Healy, sister of Rev. Dr. E. A. Healy of the University of Southern California. She died two years later, and six years thereafter he married Alice S. Clark at Worcester, Massachusetts. Their children are: Kenneth Clark, Donald J., Helen Harriet and Katherine.

Mr. Wallace was educated in Canada at Cobourg Collegiate Institute, and finally Victoria College.

He came to the United States in 1878, locating in North Dakota, where he engaged in merchandising and banking until 1886, when he removed to Pasadena, California. In 1894, his health being poor, he made the trip from San Francisco to London, via Cape Horn, in a sailing vessel, 140 days from port to port. He has also made the trip from San Francisco to New York via Panama.

In 1898 he came to Los Angeles to live. Since that time his more important business activities have had to do with the development of high-class residence property in Los Angeles, the oil industry, and the reclamation and development of the rich San Joaquin delta

lands. He was the chief factor in developing West Adams Heights in 1901—the first high-class tract in that section of the city—at a cost approximating \$100,000. He is Vice-President of the Rindge Land & Navigation Co., the Holland Land & Water Co., and the Empire Construction Co., handling some 40,000 acres of the richest land in the State, near Stockton, and operating half a dozen dredgers. He is an officer of the Traders' Oil Co. and other producing oil companies; and one of the organizers and President of the Exchange National Bank of Long Beach.

"All business" in business affairs, Mr. Wallace's more vital interests lie in other directions. He has been since 1894 a Trustee of the University of Southern California, to which his services have been of the first importance. He is a member of the (national) Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church, which has the distribution of several million dollars annually. He is Vice-President of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. In 1907 he was sent as delegate to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Washington. At this meeting he was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the International Association, and made a notable speech in the effort to secure the next International Convention for Los Angeles.

In 1906, Mr. Wallace was elected to the City Council, having received both the Non-Partisan and Republican nominations. There he has proved himself an unflinching fighter for righteousness in municipal administration and a public servant of the first quality.

He is a member of the California, Federation, and Union League Clubs.

WATERS, RUSSELL JUDSON, President of the Citizens National Bank (Los Angeles), was born at Halifax, Vermont, June 6, 1843. His father was Luther Waters, and his mother Mary Knowlton. Mr. Waters married in 1869, as a result of which marriage there is one son, Arthur J., cashier of the Citizens National Bank, and three daughters, Mabel K., Florence L., and Myrtle A.

During his early childhood the Waters family moved to Colerain, Mass. At an early age he went to work at different times in the cotton and cutlery mills. At such times as his work would permit he attended the country schools, but was a constant student at home. At fourteen he went to Richville, N. Y., where his family had moved, and there worked on a farm, but soon returned to Massachusetts, where he took up the trade of machinist. During this varied career two facts stood out prominently: his desire to learn and his love for music, and there is ample evidence today that he mastered both.

In 1862 he entered Franklin Institute, graduating from that institution in 1864. At the age of twenty-one he joined the faculty of Franklin Institute as Professor of Latin and Mathematics, which office he held for three terms. He then moved to Chicago, and having determined on the profession of law, he entered the offices of a law firm in that city, with the result that on May 12, 1868, he was admitted to the Bar and privileged to practice in all the courts of the Commonwealth of Illinois and the Federal courts of the country. In 1886 he decided to move to California, and accepted the office of Chairman of the California-Chicago Colonization Association, under the direction of which the fair city of Redlands was laid out, the undertaking being guided by Mr. Waters. He was one of the original incorporators of Redlands, and for a year acted as its attorney.

Through his efforts the Santa Fé Railroad extended its tracks from San Bernardino to Redlands. In Redlands he was a director of the Union Bank, the First National Bank, the Crafton Water Co., the East Redlands Water Co. and the Redlands Hotel Co., which built the famous old Hotel Windsor. He was president of the Redlands Street Railway, and secured its franchise,

etc. As general manager of the Bear Valley Irrigation Co., he reduced its debts a half million dollars, leaving \$110,000 in its treasury.

In 1894 Mr. Waters removed to Los Angeles, and has become closely identified with important interests here.

In 1898 he became a candidate for Congress from the Sixth District. At the Congressional convention in Sacramento he was nominated by acclamation with no dissenting votes and carried his district by a plurality of 3542 votes.

Among his most active offices today are: President, Citizens National Bank (L. A.); President, Home Savings Bank (L. A.); President, First National Bank (Alhambra); Director, German-American Savings Bank (L. A.); Director, Citizens National Bank of Redlands; Director, First National Bank of San Jacinto; Director, American Bank and Trust Company (Pasadena); Director, Columbia Trust Company (L. A.); Director, Los Angeles Abstract and Trust Company.; President, San Jacinto Valley Water Company. (S. J.); President, California Cattle Company (L. A.); President, Columbia Commercial Company (L. A.); and President, Bay Island Club.

Mr. Waters is author of "Lyric Echoes," a book of poems, and of "El Estranjero," a story of California; the book also contains other of his writings.



HON. R. J. WATERS

WEHRLE, EDWARD FRANCIS, Lawyer, was born at Rome, Iowa. His father was John Wehrle, and his mother Mary Fehrenbach.

During 1885-86 Mr. Wehrle attended Iowa Wesleyan Academy, Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and 1886-87 Iowa Wesleyan University of the same place. The term of 1887-88 he taught in the public schools, and 1888-89 re-entered Iowa Wesleyan University. From there he went to the Iowa State University, 1889-91, graduating in the latter year with the degree



EDWARD F. WEHRLE

Portrait by Steckel

Ph. B. In 1891 he entered business in Chicago, becoming connected with Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., and then with Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co. In 1892 he became General Manager of the Pan-American Mining and Milling Co., whose mines were located at Minas Prietas, Sonora, Mexico, where he was located until 1895. In 1895 he took up the study of law at the University of Michigan, from where he graduated in the class of '97 with the degree LL. B., and came direct to Los Angeles, where he has been engaged to date in the general practice of his profession.

Mr. Wehrle is connected with many leading interests of the Southwest. Some of his offices are, Vice-President, Mansfield Land & Cattle Co., and a director in the following: Surf Land & Water Co., Jaeger Oil Burner Co., Alamo Consolidated Manufacturing Co., and Riverside Valley Land Co.

He is an active member of the Los Angeles Bar Association, and was a member of the Grievance Committee of that body for several years, and Chairman of its Committee on Admission; also member of the Board of Trustees. He is a member of the Jonathan Club, Rod and Reel Club, and Surf Gun Club. Of fraternities, the following: Phi Delta Theta (College), Phi Delta Phi (Law), and Theta Nu Epsilon (Class).

WEYSE, HENRY GUENTHER, Attorney, is a native of Los Angeles, California, having been born in this city July 27, 1863. His father was Captain Julius Guenther Weyse, and his mother Caroline A. S. Lange. He has been twice married, first at Los Angeles to Alice Wolfskill Barrows, October 3, 1888, who died November 6, 1903. His second marriage was to Ysabel Wilhelmina Wolfskill on October 19, 1908, at Santa Barbara Mission. There is one child, Mary Alice, a daughter by the first wife.

Mr. Weyse's first schooling was obtained in the public schools of Los Angeles, from 1869 to 1873, after which he attended a German private school in this city, 1873-76. In 1876 he went to Europe and entered the Gymnasium Rutheneum at Gera, Reuss, Germany, graduating September 16, 1884. Returning to the United States, he entered Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1885, graduating in 1888 with the degree of LL. B.

In 1889 he returned to Los Angeles and entered the law offices of Hon. A. W. Hutton and J. W. Swanwick. After his admission to



HENRY G. WEYSE

Portrait by Marceau

practice by the Supreme Court in the fall of that year, he established an office of his own and has since continued in active practice in Los Angeles.

Mr. Weyse was a member of the California Assembly, session of 1895.

He is a member of the California Club, University Club, and Harvard Club of Southern California.

WHITTINGTON, JOHN WILLIAM, General Agent for Southern California of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, was born in the town of Crowland, Lincolnshire, England, July 21, 1867. His father was John Whittington, and his mother Lydia Colbon. On January 15, 1895, he married Ina May Belville at Los Angeles. They have three chil-



J. W. WHITTINGTON
Portrait by Marceau

dren—Wayne Colbon, John Wentworth, and Dorothy Winifred.

Mr. Whittington was educated in the public schools of England, and in 1900 he took a special course of study at the University of Southern California.

In 1887 he entered the Secretary's department of Dr. Barnardo's Home for Destitute Waif Children in the city of London, where he gained a broad knowledge of life. He came to the United States in November, 1890, coming direct to Los Angeles, entering the employ of M. A. Newmark & Company. In 1900 he associated himself with the Los Angeles office of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J.; 1903, accepted the general agency for Southern California of the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

As President of the Los Angeles Life Underwriters' Association he managed the successful campaign to capture for Los Angeles the 1908 convention of the national body, at which he delivered the address of welcome to the visitors.

He is a director of the Bankers' Fire Insurance Company of Los Angeles; a director of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; ex-President (served two years) of Life Underwriters' Association of Los Angeles; Vice-President of the National Life Underwriters' Association, and an active member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

He is a member of the Union League, City, and Federation Clubs of Los Angeles, and of the Sierra Club of San Francisco.

WILLIS, FRANK ROMINAR, Judge of the Superior Court, is a native of North Adams, Mass., having been born there August 17, 1854. He is the son of Albert L. Willis and Laura P. White. He married Letitia G. Allin March 8, 1882, at Iowa City, Iowa. They have two sons, William H., now practicing law, and Fred A., Manager of Los Angeles Blue Print Company.

Judge Willis acquired his early education in the public schools of Iowa, later attending Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa. From there he went to the Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa, graduating in 1879 with the degree of Bachelor of Didactics. He then entered the Iowa State University at Iowa City, graduating June 21, 1881, with the degree LL. B.

He started his first law practice in Cherokee, Iowa, in 1881, and remained there till 1883, when he came to Los Angeles, arriving here December 26, since which date he has been in constant practice. During 1886-1888 he was attorney for the Public Administrator. In 1889 he established a law partnership with Col. R. B. Treat as Willis & Treat, which continued during 1890. During 1894-1902 he was Deputy District Attorney for the city of Los Angeles, and 1899-1904 City Attorney for Redondo. In 1902 the firm of Davis, Rush & Willis was formed, and continued to 1908 as one of the most active law firms in the city.

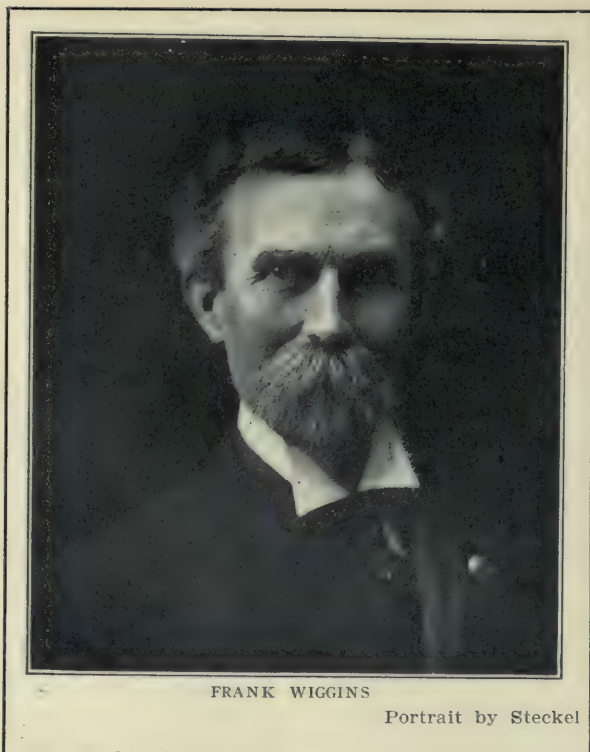


JUDGE FRANK R. WILLIS
Portrait by Marceau

At the election in 1908 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court on the Republican ticket, and took his seat on the Bench in 1909.

For the last eight years he has held the position of Instructor in Criminal Law and Procedure in the University of Southern California.

He is a member of the Union League Club, Gamut Club, Vaquero Club, and of the Los Angeles Bar Association.



FRANK WIGGINS

Portrait by Steckel

WIGGINS, FRANK, Secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, was born in Richmond, Indiana, November, 1849. He was the son of Charles O. Wiggins and Mary Marshall. His parents on both sides belonged to the Society of Friends. On May 5, 1886, he married Amanda P. Wiggins, at Los Angeles.

Mr. Wiggins was educated at Richmond in the Quaker schools.

Mr. Wiggins, Sr., was the owner of a large saddlery business, and on leaving school Frank went to work in the store and soon became general manager. He managed his father's business until 1886, when his health failed and he came to California, where the climate soon restored his strength and vigor.

Shortly after Mr. Wiggins' restoration to health, or on February 17, 1889, he became connected with the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which was then in its infancy as compared with today. His first office was in charge of exhibits, which position he filled until 1895, when the office of Superintendent was created, to which he was elected. In 1897 Mr. C. D. Willard, Secretary at that time, resigned, and Mr. Wiggins was chosen to fill his place, and since then he has filled the positions of

both Secretary and Superintendent of the Chamber

Frank Wiggins' services to Los Angeles and all Southern California have been of almost inestimable value. Under his masterly and energetic control the Chamber has grown and prospered to an enormous degree, and to an equal or greater extent have benefits been derived. Some of his more important services follow:

In 1891 he had charge of the Orange Carnival in Chicago. In 1893 he arranged and had charge of the Southern California display at the World's Fair in Chicago, and in 1894 the Midwinter Fair at Atlanta, Ga. In 1896 he managed the Los Angeles exhibit at the Fair at Omaha, Nebraska, and in 1901 at Buffalo, New York. At the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904 Mr. Wiggins and James A. Filcher were the California State Commissioners. At the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, he was State Commissioner for California, and at the Jamestown Exposition in 1907 he represented the Los Angeles County exhibit. In 1905 he established the permanent exhibit of Southern California at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Mr. Wiggins, with Mr. James A. Filcher, will be the personal representatives of the Governor of California at the Alaskan-Yukon Exposition at Seattle, Washington, in 1909.

WILLARD, CHARLES DWIGHT, Vice-President Municipal League and Secretary Jobbers' Association, was born in Bloomington, Ill., January 22, 1860, his father being Samuel Willard, D. D., LL. D. (a descendant of that Samuel Willard who was President of Harvard College from 1701 to 1707), his mother, Harriet Edgar. He married Mary McGregor, May 20, 1891, at Sierra Madre, Cal., and they have one daughter, Florence.

Mr. Willard's education was in the public and High schools of Chicago, and the University of Michigan, from which he received the degree A. B. in 1883. He took up newspaper work, first in Chicago, then in Los Angeles, coming here in 1888. Here he served on the staff of the Herald and the Times, and in 1897-9 was General Manager of the Express. In June, 1894, with Frank A. Pattee and Harry Brook, he published the first number of the Land of Sunshine magazine (now OUT WEST). In 1905, as Secretary of the Municipal League, he commenced the publication of a monthly review of municipal affairs, which still appears regularly. He has written many short stories, has done much writing on municipal affairs and cognate subjects, and is author of the following books: "A History of Los Angeles," "The Free Harbor Contest," "History of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce," and "City Government," the latter being a High School text-book.

Since 1891 Mr. Willard has devoted the larger part of his time and attention to civic affairs. In that year he became Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, so continuing until 1897. During this period its membership was built up from 150 to 1,000. He took a vigorous part in the free-harbor contest, being a leader in the organization of the Free Harbor League. He was the manager of one Fiesta and of several Citrus Fairs.

For one of the movements which laid the foundation for later efforts to establish the principle of non-partisanship in municipal politics and administration, Mr. Willard must be given a large share of the credit. In 1895, assisted by Fred Alles, and loyally backed by such splendid citizens as John S. Francis, Frank Gibson (both of whom have since "crossed the range"), Henry O'Melveny and others, he organized the League for Better City Government, which had a powerful influence on the municipal elections of that year. One of the things it did was to hold what may fairly be called the first Direct Primary

in Los Angeles—informally, to be sure, but, as the result proved, quite effectively.

By far the most important part which Mr. Willard has played in the making of Los Angeles as it is and as it is to be, has been in connection with the Municipal League, organized in 1902, of which he was the Secretary for six years, resigning on account of ill health as this goes to press. Originally a small body of the men whose eyes were most fully opened to "the connection between mis-government and sickness, wretchedness, crime, poverty and industrial disorder" (to quote the N. Y.



C. D. WILLARD

Portrait by Marceau

Independent), it has now reached a membership of 600, retaining the high character of its individual membership. It has taken an active, often a controlling, part in almost every movement for the vital betterment of the municipal administration, and has initiated a considerable percentage of them. Its latest service is at this moment fresh in the minds of all—the crystallization of public sentiment into an actual Recall campaign and the conduct of that campaign from beginning to end. To Mr. Willard's untiring zeal in the work of the Municipal League, every man who has worked with him testifies gladly.

Mr. Willard is a member of the Sunset Club (one of its founders in 1905), and of the Jonathan Club and Annandale Country Club.

WORKS, JOHN DOWNEY, lawyer, ex-Judge Superior Court of San Diego County, California, and ex-Justice Supreme Court of the State, was born in Ohio County, Indiana, March 29, 1847. His father was James Alexander Works, and his mother Phoebe Downey. He married Alice Banta on November 8, 1868, at Vevay, Indiana. There are six children, Lewis R. (who resigned the office of Assistant City Attorney on December 31, 1908), Thomas L., Ida E., Laura, Ethel and Isabel.

Judge Works as a boy attended the public schools of Indiana, and at the same time took special instruction in Latin. In September, 1863, he enlisted as a private in the 10th Indiana Cavalry, and served till the end of the Civil War. He then took up the study of law with his uncle, Alexander Downey, well remembered as Dean of the Law School of Asbury University, and a Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He was admitted to the Bar of Indiana in 1868, and practiced with his father under the firm name of Works & Works. He was a member of the Lower House of the Indiana Legislature for one term. In 1883 ill-health caused him to remove to San Diego, California, where he arrived on April 18th of that year. In that city his practice was carried on under the following firm names: Works & Titus; Wellborn & Works; Works, Gibson & Titus; and Works & Works, his partner in the last named firm being his son, Lewis R. On February 1, 1896, Judge Works removed to Los Angeles, and here continued practice in partnership with Bradner W. Lee as Works & Lee, which firm was followed by Works, Lee & Works. When this firm was discontinued he practiced for one year alone. When his son resigned as Assistant City Attorney he re-entered the offices of his father, and the business is now conducted as John D. Works & Lewis R. Works.

In 1886 Judge Works was, on the recommendation of the Bar of San Diego, appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and at the later election was elected to that position without opposition. At the end of one year he resigned and entered into partnership with Col. Olin Wellborn, now Judge of the U. S. District Court in Los Angeles. In 1888 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of the

State of California, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Justice McKinstry. At the end of the term (1891) he declined a re-nomination and returned to the practice of his profession.

Judge Works has done much writing, especially in the lines of his profession. While in Indiana he wrote "Indiana Practice and Pleading," which is still in general use in that State after more than twenty-five years. After coming to California he wrote "Courts and Their Jurisdiction," and a brochure on "Water and Water Rights." He has written many magazine articles on various subjects. For a short



HON. JOHN D. WORKS
Portrait by Marceau

time he was editor of the "Encyclopædia of Evidence," and wrote several important articles for the work. Lack of time to devote to it caused him to resign.

In civic policies and politics Judge Works has always stood with and made a strong fight for the clean and better side, his most recent activity in that direction being as Chairman of the citizens' meetings of the Municipal League.

He belongs to Stanton Post, G. A. R., of Los Angeles, and is an active member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

He is President of the following companies: Magnetic Equipment Co., Acme Magnetic Traction Co., Mines Operating Co., and Anti-Friction Journal Box Co.



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Ben White is the well known real estate broker, member of Los Angeles Realty Board, with offices at 304 Bryson Block, Los Angeles. He buys, sells and exchanges real estate, and makes this ranch his home during the summer, together with his wife and three children, Dorothea, Bennie and Clarence.

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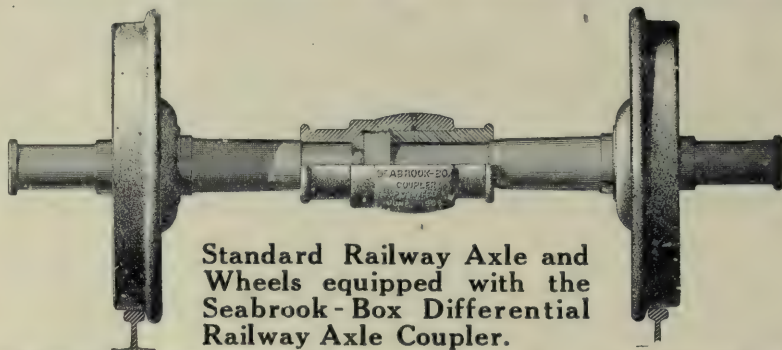
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I have been interested for some time in watching the progress of this invention, as I fully believe it will entirely revolutionize railroad business. I have been watching, with interest, the equipping of one of the large Santa Fe oil cars with this device, and have received numerous reports regarding same, all of which are very favorable. Any invention that tends to reduce the drawbar pull, and that will enable the truck to round a curve without binding or friction, or that will enable a locomotive to pull a greater tonnage than at present, is bound to be a success. All of these things are proven facts in your invention, and I cannot possibly see any way in which a failure can be made.

I think so highly of your invention that I have, as you know, instructed you to proceed with the equipping of one of our heavy electric cars with your device. I believe that in the case of two motor equipments on electric cars this will work to the railroad's advantage. First, in the doing away with the screeching of the wheels against the rails while rounding curves; secondly, it will do away with the necessity of using so much grease and oil on the curves; thirdly, owing to the greater ease with which a load can be handled on straight tracks and on curves, it will necessarily reduce the lubrication bills, also the power bills, and the wear and tear on the cars and track. In fact, I cannot speak too highly of this invention. I wish you every possible success.

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Yours very truly,

A. B. MERRIHEW, Manager.

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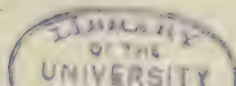
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MAY, 1909

Seaward Suburbs

Vol. XXX, No. 5

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THE WORLD

BACK OF US
IN FRONT



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OF THE OLD
PACIFIC
AND THE NEW

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\$3 A
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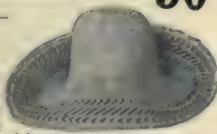
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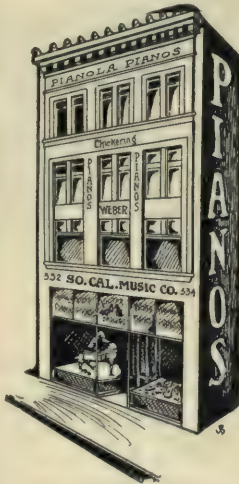
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—Photo by Carter H. Harrison, Jr.
A SCENE FROM A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE ON HOTEL REDONDO GROUNDS
Miss Dorothy Woolacott as Pharaoh's Daughter.



Vol. XXX No. 5

MAY, 1909

THE SEAWARD SUBURBS OF LOS ANGELES

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM



HE beach towns? They're pretty much alike, I guess. See one and you've seen 'em all!" This remark drifted to my ears among the wind-blown fragments of small talk on a crowded trolley car, bound at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour for the west beaches. A rather doleful prospect, that, for an impressionistic sketch of the cities and resorts fringing the coast directly about our city.

"Can it be possible," I thought, "that from Port Los Angeles on the west to Balboa on the southeast, such depressing uniformity prevails as to justify that remark!" And yet I had heard something of the sort before.

But there is such a vast difference in even the sound of the names and the ideas which they suggest—Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey and Redondo, Avalon, San Pedro, Long Beach, Naples and Newport, musical names, all, with the lure of the sea in their cadences—that I was led to hope for an equal variety of charm in the places themselves.

Perhaps the trolley-tripper might be mistaken. Perhaps he was one of those who have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, tongues but they—No, I can't say that; for of such are the most glib and ready talkers. Perhaps he thought he was seeing things when he was merely looking at them. Perhaps—but at that moment my musings were interrupted by the conductor, who said brusquely, "Here's where you get off. This car goes back to Loss."

The good salt breath of the sea and its hoarse but hearty voice, like that of some jovial old sailor-man, came up to us as we stood on the cliffs north of Santa Monica. The wind was blowing half a gale, and the ocean responded to it with big swinging breakers on the beach and white-caps as far as the purple horizon. Below us to the north wound Santa Monica Cañon, and a trail led from the point on which we stood down into this camper's retreat. Over

and beyond the ravine were the green mountain-slopes running down to the sea. Between their base and the narrow beach we knew that we should find the little settlement of Port Los Angeles, where the long wharf extends in a double curve almost a mile into the Pacific.

The trail was so precipitous that we could barely keep our foothold on its gravelly incline, but somehow we slipped and slid down to the bed of the creek, passing through fields waist-deep with blossoms, delicate as those of the peach or cherry. It would have taxed the skill of a painter to reproduce the tints of the spring sunshine on this meadow, it was so bright and yet so exquisitely hued, lavender, pale canary yellow, pink—a thousand variations of these



BOULEVARD ON THE BLUFF, SANTA MONICA

colors, ranging from pure white to reddish violet. It seems a barbarous thing to call such dainty blossoms by names which suggest the kitchen on wash day, but as wild-mustard, wild-radish, wild-turnip they are known. They really deserve a more graceful appellation—something suggestive of the dawn of an April morning. When the naming of flowers is assigned to poets, such brutalities will cease; then we will hear no more of “cabbage” rose and “dog” violet.

It was Easter Sunday, and we had Easter weather. The town had flocked to the hills and beaches. We could see below us little groups of picnickers unpacking their lunch-baskets in the nooks of the cañon, and on the strand a half dozen Mexican laborers had

stripped to their underwear and were bathing in the surf, their brown, wet backs glistening in the sun. We passed over the board that spans the creek, where it meets the boisterous welcome of the tide, and around the bluffs came suddenly upon the little village of Port Los Angeles, a row of fisher-huts facing the sea, a number of dismantled street-cars in which hung nets and rope and brine-stained jackets, while between the street and the water extended racks of drying fish and a few skiffs, beached and bottom upward.

We walked the length of the wharf, built in the sinuous form of a "line of beauty," and at the seaward end, under the huge coal-bunkers found the inevitable Sunday anglers. But work-a-day fishermen were not lacking; squat, heavy-featured Japanese, bare of



THE OCEAN PARK BATH HOUSE

—Photo by de Haaf.

foot and broad of sole, were spreading their nets on the planks, and on both sides of the wharf rode scores of their small craft.

Some of the fisher-folk had just come in with their sea-harvest, and were cleaning their nets of the undesirable small-fry which they threw' overboard. As the pigeons of Saint Mark flutter and feed about the Venetian visitors, so a cloud of gulls beat the air with their snowy, black-tipped wings as they circled around the boatmen, and our ears were filled with the clamor of their plaintive cries and the noise of incessant splashing as they swooped with hungry beaks upon their booty.

Quite as unintelligible were the cries of the Japanese themselves, laughing and shouting to each other, and as the eye traveled to the hamlet nestling under the bluffs the whole scene with its brown-skinned, shock-headed islanders in the foreground, the dripping

nets with bright fishes tangled in their meshes, all assumed a foreign and delightful aspect. The little vignette (to describe it properly would require an etcher's needle) had that piquancy of detail which we always associate with something very far away, something on the other side of the world.

As we made our way back toward the fishing village, we paused to look down at the broad masses of kelp, floating submerged and forming wave-wrought decorations on the surface of the water. They were graceful designs always, and they were constantly changing to something new and yet more beautiful, ever varying arrangements of the sprays of sea-foliage, tinted with amber, old-gold and russet. Between the masses swarmed innumerable little fish, armies of them, the legions moving with precision, all in the green uniform



PARK AVENUE, OCEAN PARK

that blended with the color of the water but was constantly brightened by quick flashes like shifting sunlight on rifles and side-arms. But a sea-gull charged them with a mighty swoop and put to flight the entire army. *Sauve qui peut!*

A stroll through Port Los Angeles reveals little more than we saw from the distance—a line of huts and wheelless trolley cars occupied by the oriental and Italian fisher-folk. The outlook from the main and only street has for a foreground sand and the keels of skiffs, racks full of leathery-looking curcd fish, and nets of the same golden shade of brown which nature has given to the people who mend them. The Japanese hereabout have none of the smartness of dress which characterizes the race in the city, but they are infinitely better to look upon as they go about their work in a careless garb suggesting the Old World in draping and color.

In passing through the settlement we caught an occasional glimpse of dusky interiors which we would have liked to explore. From narrow courts glimmer the reflections of light that is caught by the silvery scales of herring and smelt; for there the fish are cleaned by the busy fingers of the women. Slant-eyed girls tend babies in the doorways, and moon-faced toddlers tumble about in the sand. Apparently among the Nipponese the stork is no rare or unwelcome visitor.

Thus we found our first beach-town—a tiny fragment of Elsewhere, just twenty miles from Los Angeles.

For the next stage of our journey we boarded a car of the branch



ON THE MIDWAY, VENICE

—Photo by Garrison.

line running between the breakers and the bluffs, at one point passing the incline, guarded with a rustic rail, which leads to the strip of park along the brow of the cliff. It was by the broad, tree-lined boulevard behind this park, where the homes of the favored Santa Monicans overlook the sea, that we had reached Port Los Angeles. A ride of about a quarter of an hour now brought us to a far different scene from the primitive collection of huts we had just left behind. As the car emerged from a short curving tunnel, and, stopping with an air of finality, reversed the trolley, we found ourselves facing the luxurious summer hotel at Santa Monica, North Beach, a pleasant, generously-planned structure, overgrown with climbing roses and surrounded by broad, daisy-studded lawns.

This was the first of the summer resorts which invite visitors to

the west and south beaches, a half hundred miles of coast extending from Port Los Angeles to Balboa and all within easy reach of the city by steam or electricity. What other metropolis is so fortunate as to have such a vast playground, approximately fifty miles of strand, readily accessible at so slight expenditure of time and money!

From Santa Monica to Ocean Park and Venice the charming seaside homes form one continuous settlement, divided only by arbitrary lines. Moreover, the town, or group of towns, is substantial and appeals to the home-seeker as well as the summer-resident. In fact, this applies to all the communities whose delightfully suggestive names I have mentioned. They extend several blocks up from the strand, and among the countless artistic bunga-



—Photo by de Haaf.
CANOE TILTING CONTEST ON VENICE LAGOON

lows are many dwellings of a more pretentious character. Modern and progressive, they afford all the conveniences demanded by the city dwellers of the Twentieth Century.

There is a novel arrangement of the short thoroughfares running down to the promenade which lends an individual character to these beaches. The rows of diminutive cottages seem fitted for play-housekeeping, they are so trim and tidy, their architecture is so coquettish—low pitched roofs and deep piazzas, made “comfy” with hammocks and easy chairs and cheerful by canaries in gilt cages—and their little gardens, overgrown with plants native to the sand, are so bright with flowers that it seems as if these retreats were especially designed for newly-married couples. They remind you of David Copperfield and Dora—but there are so many children

playing about the front steps that the theory is promptly exploded. On many of these avenues of doll-houses there is no way for vehicles except in the rear, the flower-plots running to the edge of a single broad cement walk—a plan for home streets which makes for safety and cleanliness.

But all these details can be observed in a rapid flight through the resorts in the trolley car which links them. What the pleasure-seeker observes is what we saw from the two-mile promenade extending along high-water mark. From this parade one pleasure-pier after another runs out into the sea at frequent intervals, and still their number is increasing. Yet all of them vary more or less.



WINDWARD AVENUE, VENICE

—Photo by de Haaf.

On Bristol Pier, for instance, is a palatial banquet-hall, where the thunder of the surf below merely forms an accompaniment to the table music. At Ocean Park the horse-shoe pier is flanked by a big auditorium and dancing pavilion, while the one at Venice is a veritable Midway.

For it is as a show-place that the latter resort is differentiated from all the other beach towns. While plunges, band-stands and dancing pavilions are common to all, they are merely incidental features of many of our coast suburbs, but at Venice "*A Good, Good Time*" is the town motto—or should be. Hence it is the most popular of the beaches, catering to the pleasure-seekers exclusively.

The name suggests the idea of the founder—to create a “Venice of America”—and this ambitious undertaking is successful to a quite remarkable degree, although the plans have not yet been fully carried out.

The approach to the pier from the Los Angeles-Pacific station is by the broad, smooth Windward Avenue, flanked by reproductions of Venetian architecture. The footway is reminiscent of the arcades about the square of Saint Mark’s, and if one cannot experience the pleasure of looking from the pointed windows of the Palace of the Doges, the next best thing is to take an outside room at one of the hotels which occupy these structures.

At the inland end of the avenue, the former sandy wastes are intersected by canals. The graceful bridges which span them lead



GRAND CAÑAL, VENICE

—Photo by de Haaf.

to many beautiful homes, while along one of the lagoons is a colony of summer residents, housed in tiny cottages, the simple lines of which are softened by garlands of climbing plants. Gondolas and motor-boats ply upon the pleasant water-ways between banks glorified by masses of bloom. The color of this brilliant little flower (one of the *mesambryanthemums*) is best indicated by the phrase, “Amethyst Sea Moss,” a name so pretty and descriptive that one might feel sure it could not be the correct one.

Minarets, domes and towers of fanciful design give a light and festive appearance to that part of the town built around the broad basin at the end of Windward Avenue. Here are a score of amusement places, and about this miniature Coney Island a Lilliputian train steams with much fuss and fury, whistling and shrieking over

the bridges as it carries its passengers on a circular tour of the neighborhood. It is rumored that a certain great railroad magnate has his eye on this system, which has as yet maintained its independence, refusing to be merged with the transportation trust.

The Natatorium at Venice is a splendid structure on the beach, and a novel feature is the row of plate-glass windows in its front through which the swimmers disporting themselves in the tank can be observed from the promenade.

The pleasure-pier, with its many attractions for amusement-seekers, has one feature at least that is unique. The good ship *Cabrillo* represents in its architecture an ancient galleon of Spain



HOTEL REDONDO, REDONDO BEACH

—Photo by Lemon.

with a lofty poop and three masts, and, although not actually afloat but securely built on piles, it appears to be moored to the wharf. Tables are spread in the broad, low-decked cabin, and as you overlook the water, nothing is easier than to imagine yourself a becalmed voyager.

The most noteworthy addition to the show-places on the pier is the Aquarium, said to be the largest in the West. Nature-lovers can spend a half day or more in front of the glass tanks wondering at the perfection of hideousness achieved by the sea monsters of the southern coast. The octopus is here, the so-called devil-crab, many varieties of shark, and the grotesque rock sculpins, which bear so strong a resemblance to the mottled, barnacled, moss-grown

boulders they prowl about, that at first glance one can hardly tell which is which.

Another far more beautiful example of protective imitation is found in the kelp-fish, which in the Aquarium as in their native waters swim among the floating golden sprays of sea-weed. In form, color and size the little creatures resemble perfectly the slender, graceful leaves of the kelp, and even their motion is like the waving of marine foliage.

Several unfamiliar varieties of fish are represented, some of the specimens being astonishingly gorgeous, such as that importation from Santa Catalina, clad in broad bands of the black and orange of Princeton, while the glittering king-fish, the blue-eyed perch, the



A VIEW FROM HOTEL REDONDO

—Photo by Lemon.

sea-hares and the flower-like sea-anemones are all strange or beautiful. In the central enclosure a young sea-lion incessantly clamors for a fish-dinner, his appetite whetted by so many dainties in sight but out of reach.

Quite a creditable museum is connected with the aquarium. It contains Indian work, ollas, arrow-heads and stone implements and other relics from the cliff dwellings in various parts of the Southwest.

But the time to see Venice is by night, and, for choice, a Saturday or Sunday night. Then the crowds of pleasure-seekers from Los Angeles and adjoining beaches stroll under the illuminated arcades and along the gaily lighted promenade up and down the strand, young men and girls for the most part arrayed in their holiday

finery. The atmosphere of careless, irresponsible youth dominates Venice at such times—youth, free for a day at least from the treadmill, forgetful of the dull routine of week days—youth, come into its inheritance if for only a little while. To court and coquette, to make a brave display of the beauty which so seldom outlasts the twenties, to be decked out for once in the bright garments which show it to best advantage, to eat and drink of the daintiest, to spend money like princes, heedless of the dull and tedious hours in which it was earned, to dance far into the night until under the spell of music and the rhythm of waltzing feet the every-day of life is a vanished spectre—that is the way of Youth in its holiday mood—that is what the founder of Venice surely had in mind when he planned this city of pleasure.

As the late car speeds homeward, the traveler, looking back with regretful glance, receives a final impression lovely enough to entice



NEW BATH HOUSE, REDONDO

—Photo by Lemon.

him thither again, even from the other side of the continent. The glittering piers reach out to embrace the dusky sea like jeweled arms, while in the foreground rise illuminated turrets and minarets of some magic city, the pavilion and the golden galleon radiantly outlined upon the black sky. The distant strains of the waltz, the hiss and crash of the surf, are mingled and blent with the strident song of the trolley as we say "good-night" to Venice.

The next morning found us making lively progress along the dunes toward Redondo. From Playa del Rey, the next link in the chain of our seaward suburbs, we had another glimpse of Venice in the morning haze, delicate and graceful as the pencil sketch of a master. It lay a couple of miles distant across the lowlands where occasional placid inlets and limpid pools mirrored the blue, and, with their fringes of low-growing yellow flowers, resembled broad sapphires set in plates of gold.

This begemmed pathway invites to the little city of delight, but

our car unceremoniously turned its back upon it all and once more we were speeding southward between the surf and the sand-hills. Of the resorts between Venice and Redondo there is not very much to say, but that little is pleasant. Groups of shore homes, and once in a while a pleasure-pier, break the monotony of the dunes, and at Hermosa we are in a thriving little town, separated from Redondo only by a sign-board which marks the city limits.

Along the strand runs a board walk connecting the two communities, and on this beach the breakers wash up moonstones, jasper and sardonyx so plentifully that the name Moonstone Beach has been applied to it.

Until I had tried for myself I had no idea that it was such a fascinating occupation to stretch in the sun and rake over the



THE REDONDO POWER PLANT

—Photo by Lemon.

pebbles with a bit of driftwood, searching for the semi-precious stones, which, pretty as they are, seem so very much prettier when they are found like treasure than when they are bought at a jeweler's.

The three of us spent a pleasant hour (and I am ashamed to say how much more than an hour) in this way and secured a double handful of specimens, "beach opals" as they are called, which lie before me as I write. Some of them are quite regular in shape, with a dash of fire in their pearly centers, and are worthy, even without further polish, of a setting. Others have possibilities which the wheel of the lapidary may develop. We were not alone in our search, and on holidays the shingle is lined with visitors gathering the lovely playthings.

From the landward side of the board walk, an unbroken line of



—Photo by Lemon.

INTERIOR OF POWER PLANT AT REDONDO

cottages and bungalows overlooks the surf, but as we proceeded toward Redondo it became quite evident that this was no mere resort. The huge concrete plant of the Pacific Light and Power Company which looms up so grandly is the largest west of Chicago and stands for efficiency, force, light—in a word, for the mechanical age in which we live. It supplies the greater part of the electric energy for the interurban railways radiating from Los Angeles, and although to the average æsthete the appearance of a power-plant in a landscape is violently repulsive, the thing has a beauty and dignity of its own. It is a beauty somewhat akin to that of a feudal stronghold, built with no regard for aught save utility, in that it expresses unconquerable strength. If we have not yet learned to see romance in the life which it represents, it is because we have not the right perspective. Our grandchildren will see it with clearer eyes.

Some day an inspired painter will come forward to show the

world what composition can be made from unyielding, square-set structures, towering stacks and clouds of steam and smoke flung by Titans into the face of heaven.

That is one side of Redondo—the industrial city, the seaport doing an immense lumber business and the principal supply port for the Standard Oil Company in this part of the State; a busy town of mills and car shops, and wharves where call the big vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The other side of Redondo—the city of homes and schools, of recreation and social functions—is equally well represented.

There is a certain aspect of permanence even in the amusement places of this beach. The auditorium is a massive and imposing edifice in the Mission style, which is saved from mere heaviness by



BAY ISLAND, NEWPORT
Madam Modjeska's House is in the Center.

the arcades extending along its front. Beside it stands the Casino, which suggests an old English inn, a ponderous structure with dormer windows and a large quaintly designed chimney projecting from its sloping roof. Beyond this is the new plunge, now being erected, which promises to lend a lighter and more graceful character to the water-front, although it is to be no less substantial than the other buildings.

But the crowning charm of the place is the garden on the bluffs that forms a superb setting for Hotel Redondo. The banks are a blaze of amethystine color, the same lovely little flower which beautifies the canals at Venice being used here with dazzling effect. One approach to the hotel is past the canvas colony hidden in a grove that overlooks the sea, and the unconventional arrangement of these airy summer habitations reminds one more of an impromptu forest camp than of a tent-city.

The elaborate landscape gardening about Hotel Redondo, luxuriant and semi-tropical as would be expected in Southern California, becomes the background for an outdoor stage, when private theatricals are given. These entertainments are a picturesque feature of social life at this resort.

Behind the hotel is the Esplanade, a boulevard extending between square after square of mansions made homelike with lawns and flowers. Indeed, the air of Redondo is heavy with fragrance, not only from these home gardens but from the acres of sweet peas and carnations which in this neighborhood are cultivated for the market.

Clifton-by-the-Sea is a wealthy suburb of Redondo, fairly well described by its name. The bluffs south of the hotel are vantage points overlooking the half-moon of seascape that extends from



EAST NEWPORT

the Santa Monica Mountains on the north to Point Vincent on the southwest. If the foot-loose wanderer ever is tempted to relinquish even a part of his freedom by setting his house upon immovable foundations in the ground and saying, "This spot is my home—not any more the whole big round world!" it would be on some such height as this, between the mountains and the sea, with the feverish life of a metropolis near enough to make the solitude sweeter, with unceasing Songs in Many Keys rising, now stormy, now tranquil, from the strand.

At such places, and at the happy moment when sun and sky, the winds, the earth and the ocean all work together to produce a perfect harmony, I can feel the temptation very strongly indeed.

Then I appreciate the mental processes of Riley, a canary we used to have, who sometimes escaped from his cage, and, after

swift, joyous flights about the garden, would return and look wistfully, with head cocked to one side, at the familiar gilt door so invitingly open, at the fair water, the cube of sugar, the crisp lettuce and the seeds which his soul loved. Riley's eyes were bright and expressive. Quite plainly he would ask himself, "Is it worth while to stray around like a common sparrow? After all, there's no place like home!" At last he would chance it, hop inside doubtfully and make for the hemp-seed, which was bad for his constitution, but tasted good. The gilt bars promptly snapped shut. Riley's holiday was over. Wanderer, take warning!

At Clifton-by-the-Sea we had reached the last link in the chain of suburbs on the surf west of Los Angeles. Beyond us rose the hills which jutted into the sea as rugged promontories bearing the



NEWPORT BEACH

names of Point Vincent and, behind it, not visible from there, Point Firmin. To visit the corresponding chain of south beaches we returned to Los Angeles and thence took a fresh start to the most southerly, Balboa, forty miles from the city. Our plan was to travel leisurely from town to town along the water, northward to Long Beach and San Pedro.

Balboa, East Newport and Newport, formerly independent settlements, are now merged into one incorporated city of the sixth class. As a retreat for a quiet summer vacation it ranks in the first class.

The greater number of the homes are built on a tongue of land stretched between the Pacific and Newport Bay. Across the bay to the south is the sightly Hotel del Mar, which from a commanding situation on the mesa overlooks seven miles of still water and the islands rising a few feet above high tide.

It is the placid, land-locked bay, as yet undeveloped for commerce but undoubtedly of great future importance, that gives Newport a character of its own. The islands, of which there are about half a score, afford secluded home-sites and are being rapidly colonized. On one of these, the tiny spot of ground known as Bay Island, was the last home of Madame Modjeska. A foot-bridge connects the islet with the little city, and leads directly to an enclosed square of shrubs and flowers, a miniature park, upon which the dozen or so houses turn their backs, but not with rudeness, for the rear entrances are as inviting as the front doors overlooking the water. In one of these comfortable but quite unpretentious homes this distinguished artist and greatly beloved woman spent the last year of her life, and it was pleasant to hear from the lips of



ROCKY POINT, NEWPORT

her neighbors how unassuming and gracious was her manner, how kindly and generous her character.

To have risen so high in the esteem of the great public and yet to have remained unspoiled by its flattery is a twofold victory. The love of her townsfolk, it seems to me, may add lustre even to the fame of our great tragedienne.

There are many charming bits around Newport—the still water and the ocean beaches, the fishing-boats and the outspread nets in the sun, the ever-present cloud of gulls, the pier with its fringe of anglers, the tumbled, jagged rocks to the south forever buffeted by the breakers, and, least regarded of all yet perfect in grace and beauty, the modest creeping plants that trail upon the dunes and smile at the sun with a million flower faces.

As our trolley car, crossing the Southern Pacific tracks, left New-

port behind, we proceeded northward along six miles of such flower-festooned hummocks to Huntington Beach.

This little city, built on higher ground than its neighbors, presents a dignified appearance—in very truth, it is not only a watering-place but a permanent and settled community whose existence is justified by the highly developed region round about. The adjacent peat-land is especially adapted to the production of sugar-beets and celery. The latter succulent relish for Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys goes from here to grace holiday feasts all over the United States. The industries of Huntington Beach likewise take their character from the soil—a peat-fuel works and two plants which



HOTEL NAPOLI, NAPLES

utilize the superior tile-clay found on the mesa. A new branch of the Pacific Electric road to Santa Ana, which is to be in operation this summer, will afford a more direct outlet for the products of this vicinity.

The homes set high above the water do not give the impression of being mere summer houses, but would do credit to the residence districts of our large cities, while Huntington Inn, the principal hotel, expresses that informality and comfort so readily suggested by the old English style of its architecture.

Once more the trolley carried us northward past miles and miles of dunes and marshes, the bright blue sea to the left of us and to the right the reedy places which are the haunt of water-fowl.

A number of gun-clubs heréabout show that their presence is not ignored.

Presently we passed the palm-bordered squares of Bay City, with its prosperous new homes on a tract of rising ground. It overlooks from its superior position the communities across the lagoon, Alamitos, Belmont Heights and Naples, the latter a very elaborately planned millionaire colony.

At Naples the preliminary work has been unusually thorough. The lowlands have been filled and the canals deepened and straightened and permanently walled with cement, while staircases at frequent intervals lead from the water to the broad walks above. The building restrictions are such that every house erected will be a

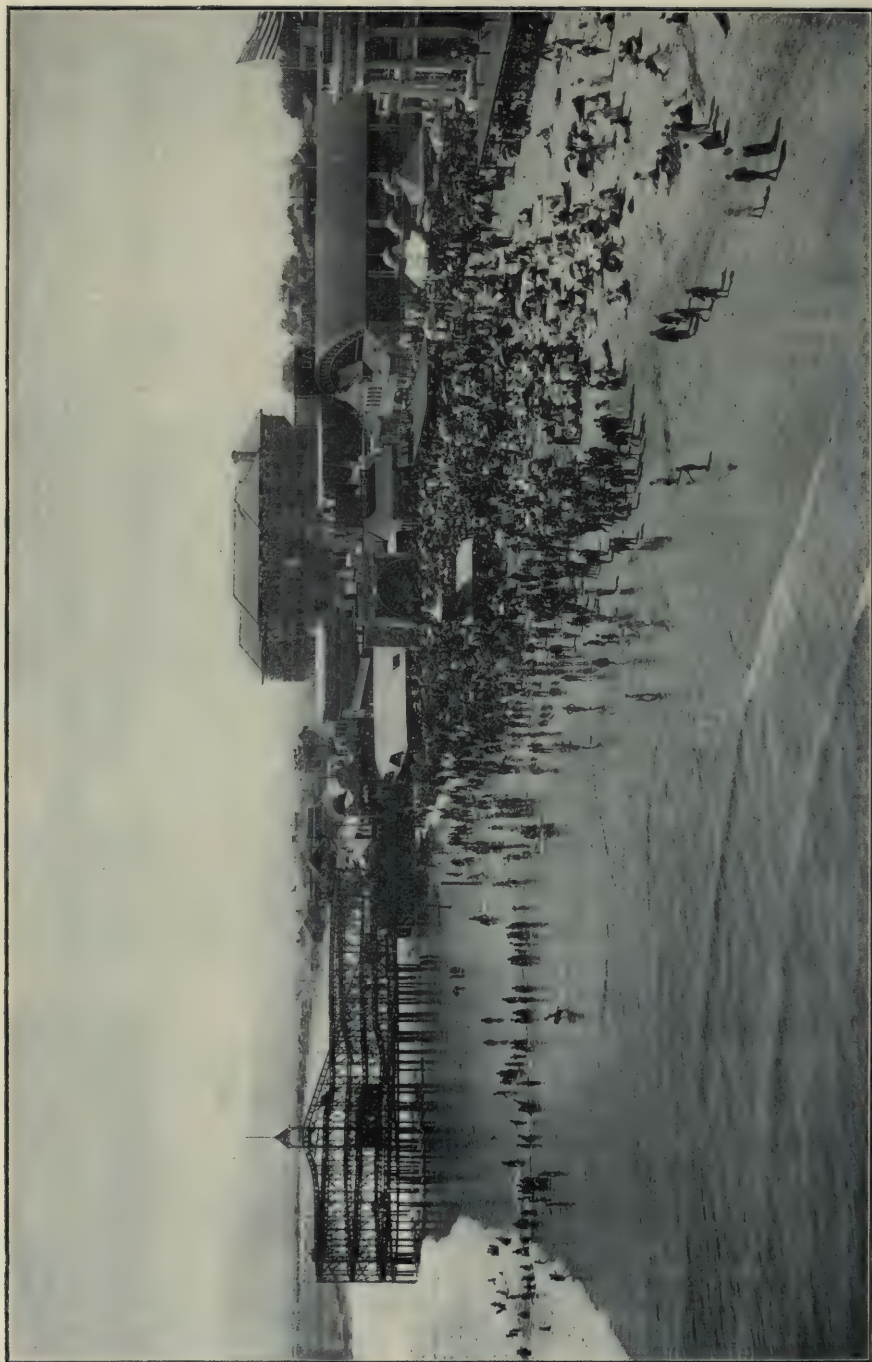


WATCHING A SWIMMING CONTEST AT NAPLES

distinct improvement to the appearance of the colony, and a pleasing color-scheme is given to the whole by the use of light tints on the walls and red-tiled roofs. The houses are all large and ornate, and the hotel is of a graceful and airy design.

As the plans of the founders call for enduring construction, they cannot be carried out over night, but already a foundation rises above the lagoons for a pavilion which will reproduce the Palace of the Doges, not in exposition style, with mere lath-and-plaster counterfeit, but of costly material.

On the long stretches of unruffled waterways float canoes, motor-boats and gondolas, and a swift gasoline launch ferries the visitor without charge from shore to shore. Availing ourselves of this, we crossed to Alamitos. From the pavilion and pier of the pleasantly situated resort extends a scattering line of picturesque sea-cottages,



A HOLIDAY CROWD AT LONG BEACH

—Photo by Bacon.

among them a row of street-cars, minus wheels and trolleys, rebuilt as summer camps.

We had the pleasure of making this part of the journey on a pair of prancing ponies that trotted and galloped alternately on the wet, hard-packed sand—a perfect speedway, that, miles in length, extends between the breakers and the fringe of kelp marking the limit of the last high-tide.

Presently the flat lands become gradually higher and a couple of miles inland the rising ground culminates on the summit of Signal Hill, an historic landmark now crowned by the white walls of a villa.

But our course lay along the sand, and as it was low-tide we skirted the little promontory known hereabout by the altogether



HOTEL VIRGINIA, LONG BEACH

disproportionate name of Devil's Gate, and from there we spurred for a few miles along the base of golden-hued bluffs.

On these heights are the most beautiful homes in Long Beach, very few of them ostentatious, but all suggestive of comfort and the true home feeling. Many of them are connected with the beach by private stairways, and those on the edge of the cliff look over the Pacific, although some, loath to turn their backs upon the boulevard and park just beyond, are constrained to take a leaf from Pilgrim's Progress and emulate Mr. Facing-both-ways.

The most striking of these show-places is a big, generous mansion, which has borrowed its color from the glinting yellow of the bluffs. Its roof of green tiles rises above terraced gardens, which, supported by massive concrete bulwarks, slope grandly down to the sea. Most of the homes along the heights owe much of their beauty to the

gardens surrounding them, the foliage of acacias and palms gaining a peculiar charm in juxtaposition with the barren sand and the unbroken Pacific horizon.

Thus our brisk little ponies carried us over one of the prettiest stages of our beach journey, now wetting their hoofs in the wave-lets that ran up the gently sloping sand, and again stretching their dainty legs at a gallop, stimulated, no doubt, like their riders, by the keen salt air in the nostrils.

Presently houses began to appear upon the beach itself, and where the precipitous banks set farther back from high-water mark, a broad promenade has been built, whose many incandescent clusters have



IN THE HOTEL VICTORIA, LONG BEACH

conferred upon it a descriptive name—"Walk of a Thousand Lights."

From this point the seashore apartments and villas extend to Pine Avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the city. The street is continued by a double-decked pier well out to sea, the upper or promenade deck being on a level with the avenue, and the lower with the beach.

At the shore end of the pier, and accessible from both decks, is the auditorium, well known among Chautauquans. It is a noted convention hall.

The sea end of the pier is equally well known among fisher-folk and is usually lined with contemplative anglers. This kind of fishing is the delight of old men in particular, and every corner of our country has sent representatives to nod in the sun and exchange

piscatorial reminiscences when the biting is slow. In fact, Long Beach has made special provision for old people, as it is a noted health-resort.

The sun-parlor on the upper pier, for instance, is a retreat for elderly ladies, who bring their sewing and knitting and spend the whole day in a glass-enclosed hall with its prospect over the waves. I am glad to be able to say that this is one little nook where the automatic piano has not penetrated, where neither penny-arcade nor side-show, neither phonograph nor souvenir-counter disturb with their cheap commercialism. It is just a place where a quiet person can rest with a book or a friendly gossip, and enjoy the ocean-view without any frills or fixin's.

Along the Pike, however, an amusement-place extending westward from the auditorium, ample allowance has been made for visit-



ON THE BEACH AT LONG BEACH

—Photo by Bacon.

ors who want plenty of noisy fun for their money. It is the most substantial of the pleasure-places in the beach-towns, and among its numerous concessions includes a theater with a creditable stock company which aspires to everything but Hamlet.

In connection with the commodious bath-house are unusual facilities for surf-bathing, and one feature which deserves mention is a life-saving device now being installed. It consists of a thirty-foot tower built above high-water mark and connected by a taut cable with a pile driven into the ocean-bed well beyond the rollers. Heretofore the difficulty in rescuing a person overcome by the surf has been the time required to get a boat over the breakers, or, in case it is a swimmer who goes to the rescue, in reaching the victim before the life-saver himself is exhausted. The new apparatus saves precious time; for the life-saver can mount the tower and in a frac-

tion of a minute be carried on a little trolley along the cable to a point opposite the drowning person, thus reaching him fresh and well able to assist. Indeed, it is not even necessary to swim ashore, as he can bear his charge to the cable and be hauled back to the tower.

The Pike leads along the strand directly to the tennis-court of the Hotel Virginia. This edifice of reinforced concrete rises like a castle from the sand, so imposing and massive is its design. It differs from the average beach-hotel, being as solidly built as a fortress and as richly furnished as a palace. The world-famous hostelries of Pasadena have a rival in the Virginia.

But the strand is not the only part of Long Beach worth con-



A LONG BEACH HOME

—Photo by Wertz.

sidering. The city, which claims a population of 20,000, extends a couple of miles inland and has without doubt a great future as an industrial and commercial center, though it is as a home-place that Long Beach deserves the most praise.

The interests of the house-holder receive more attention from the municipal authorities than in most communities. The saloon and its attendant evils are barred by law, and as an additional safeguard the deeds to practically all of the real estate contain a clause to the effect that no liquor may be sold on the property. And the law is enforced. This has been widely advertised, and has been one of the main factors in the growth of our most important seaward tributary.

Even the casual visitor who notes the wide, well-paved streets and the equally well-kept alleys (a significant detail, to my mind!), the large number of rose-embowered dwellings, the substantial schools.

and churches, the new library, which would be the pride of a city twice the size—even the passing stranger realizes that here no interest is more highly regarded than the home. As a direct result of this the business-houses and banks are flourishing, and they show it.

It is a clean town. There is not a nook or corner in Long Beach of which the citizen need be ashamed, no district that he must carefully avoid by a circuit when driving about town with a new arrival.

Resuming our journey along the water-front from the Hotel Virginia toward San Pedro, we pass the apartments, cottages and tents that line the strand as far as Seaside.

Here the workings of a gigantic plan of harbor-development are



THE LONG BEACH PIER

in evidence. A new bascule bridge, the only one of its kind in the West and said to be the largest single-span draw-bridge in the world, has recently been opened for use by the Salt Lake Railroad. It gives access from the sea to the inner harbor, now being dredged, and the Craig Ship Building plant, fully equipped for handling large contracts, has already been installed.

The comments of a mere layman, a traveler for the pleasure of traveling, would be superfluous, and would fail to do justice to the ambitious project, now well under way, of creating a seaport where before was only a dreary marsh intersected by shallow inlets. Authorities far more competent have described this enterprise at length, but even the passerby cannot fail to be impressed with its magnitude and importance.

Long Beach, Terminal Island, Wilmington and San Pedro seem

destined to expand until the entire basin will be surrounded by one of the maritime cities of the world, and if the scheme of consolidating Los Angeles and San Pedro be carried out, the great Southwest will have a seaport metropolis befitting its wealth and resources.

With the building of a modern city a certain picturesque nook is doomed to obliteration, and, before it is quite swallowed up, I should like to describe at more length than the business-man would deem warrantable the little fishing-village of East San Pedro. This is another of the rare settlements characterized by some of the Old



A HOME GARDEN AT LONG BEACH

—Photo by Wertz.

World charm, that may be summed up in the artist's word, sketchability.

From a sandspit opposite San Pedro proper a breakwater runs out to the wave-bitten rock known as Dead Man's Island, a name which would have enchanted Robert Louis Stevenson for the suggestion of buried gold, buccaneers and the other elements of his *Treasure Island*. I think the town itself would have delighted our romancer no less. It is composed for the most part of cabins built on piles and apparently very insecurely upheld by these supports, which are honeycombed and eaten thin by the teredo. A fire that must have devastated the place has added the sinister element of charred timbers and scorched walls, but the shanties built since the conflagration are apparently as decrepit as the survivors. They all

appear as old as buildings of their hap-hazard construction could possibly be.

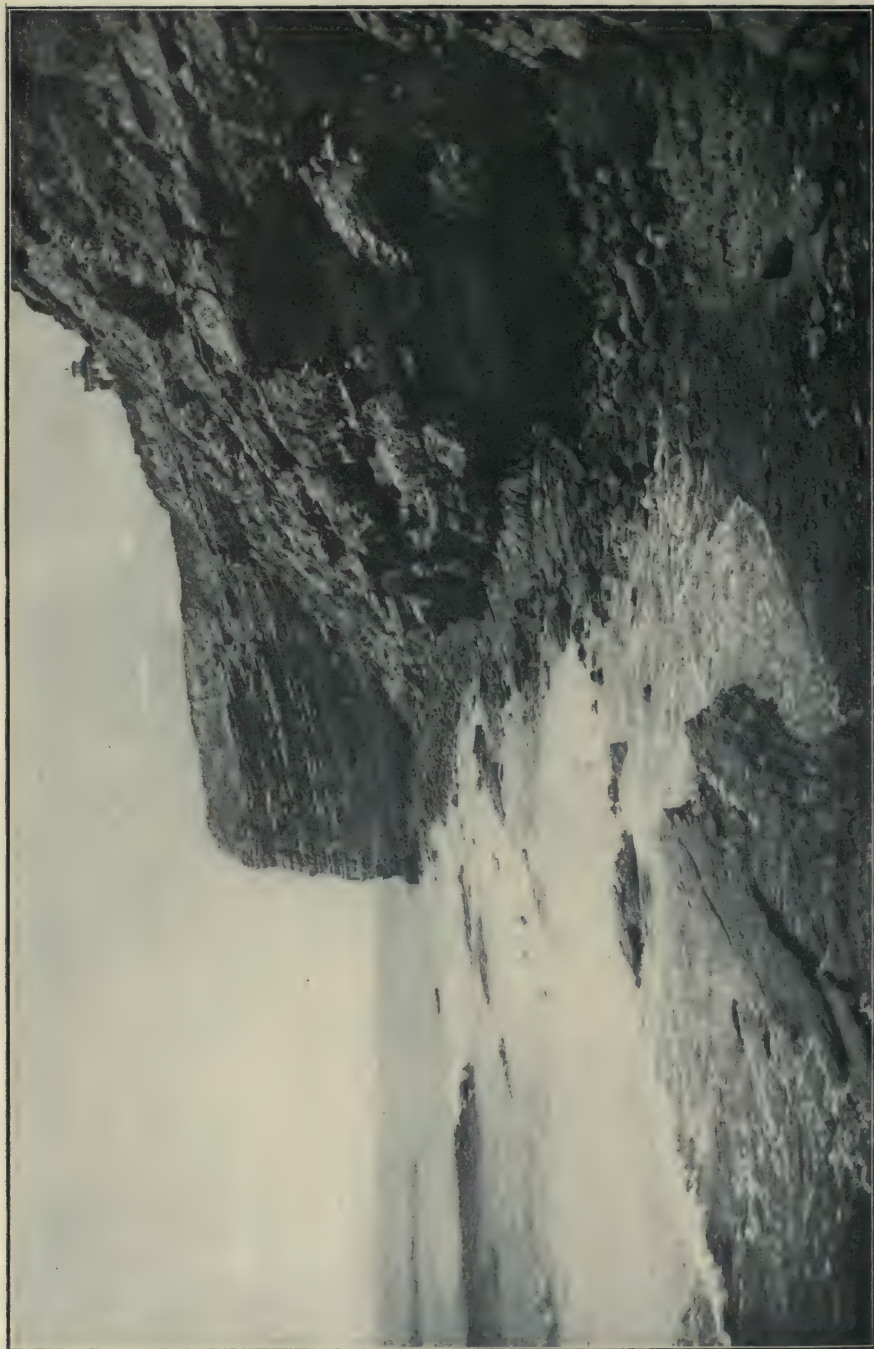
Many of them are mere odds and ends of flotsam and jetsam which almost might have been thrown together by the waves. Fragments of dismantled vessels, scraps of wreckage and all kinds of ocean spoils are crudely assembled to form the appropriate home of the seiners and boatmen. One fair-sized craft has been beached entire, and with its nose high above United States Avenue stands among slightly more conventional neighbors with a superior air, just as in a staid and respectable community of villagers some retired old vagabond of the sea might take credit to himself for his discreditable and adventurous past. It is not unusual for such an ex-sea dog



HUNTINGTON INN, HUNTINGTON BEACH

to become the bright and shining light of the village church; so here the settled voyager becomes the most substantial house, the house of God, in fact, and bears the new name of Bethel—not any more the flippant “Polly Ann,” or “Nancy Lee,” or whatever it may have been called before it became the Seaman’s Institute.

I mentioned United States Avenue, a name which presents to the mind’s eye a vista of monumental structures, a boulevard gay with equipages and leading to the dome of some stately capitol. In East San Pedro, however, it is different. The avenue consists of the curving breakwater, and the jagged stones of its construction protrude their corners through the paving of sand and shells like the brown nose of sea-lions, thrust up through waves. It is rough walking and impossible driving—thank God, no motoring at all!—but



POINT FIRMIN

that is so much the better, for there would be hardly room for two vehicles to pass.

It is a very pleasant walk between the closely-built double row of unpainted shacks, with here a lattice enclosing a bright garden all in boxes, there a group of bronzed fishermen, bare-legged or high-booted, mending their nets, again a glimpse of some boat-builder's shop where a skiff is being repaired. The sidewalk (it would be an injustice to omit mentioning that there *is* a sidewalk) is of so varied construction as to meet all tastes. Part of the way it is a platform built below the level of the street; farther on it compensates for this by running six feet in the air, a single narrow plank, quite easy balancing for an able seaman; later on it comes to earth again and



—Photo by Scott.

AT WORK ON THE SAN PEDRO BREAKWATER

consists of bags of sand; finally the bags disappear and the sand alone suffices.

It must be pleasant to live in a home whose front door is on the land and from whose back door you can fish, gossip with sailor-men or even embark for foreign parts, and when I think of the happy lot of small boys fortunate enough to be reared in such a spot, my heart swells within me, while at the same time I cannot but regret my own wasted youth.

On the wharf, separated by a strip of water from these back doors, the engines and freight-trains go pounding and screeching; lumber-carriers from the northern ports constantly discharge their clean, pleasant-smelling cargoes, and the business of the great world goes on with much fuss and importance but a few feet removed from the sun-steeped, drowsy settlement. I shall always remember East

San Pedro for its quaint suggestion of some amphibious creature sprawling and basking in the shallows with its bulk while resting its fore-paws on the bank.

A tub of a ferry-boat takes us to the other side of the channel before we are quite ready to go, as is the way of ferry-boats, transporting us to the very busy and business-like city of San Pedro.

The docks are lined with deep-sea freighters, and their dull red brothers of the land run on shining parallels of steel to carry their cargoes all over the continent. It is a scene of constant bustle and activity, yet it is but a hint of the great commercial future of this port.

The park rises abruptly from the railroad right-of-way on the



BASCULE BRIDGE RAISED, SAN PEDRO

water-front, affording a vantage point wherefrom one gets a fair idea of the stupendous undertaking now being carried out. Looking over the crowd of masts and spars at your feet, you see to the left the inner harbor with the dredger constantly deepening it as you watch. This leads the eye to the flourishing town of Wilmington and south by the way we have come toward Long Beach and its harbor, eventually to be connected with that of San Pedro.

The long sandy point of Terminal Island separates the quiet haven from the outer harbor which is the work of the Federal Government. From our view-point on the bluffs we could see to the right the curved bulwark of the breakwater extending two miles or more into the Pacific, an example of how efficiently a big enterprise can

be conducted by the Nation, a greater incentive to patriotism than the battleship anchored in its shelter.

The breakwater is now almost completed, and even as we turn our eyes seaward the steam crane can be seen lifting a gigantic rock from a flat-car and placing it on the precise spot where it should rest, quite as deftly as a housewife would thread a needle.

From the park, too, one gets a fair idea of San Pedro, with its business centered near the wharves in the lower part of town and its residences on the hills that rise behind it. The stretch of turf and flowers on which we stand is flanked at the lower end by the City Hall and at the upper by the Library, both attractive in their



BASCULE BRIDGE LOWERED

—Photos by Bacon.

architecture and advantageously situated to display it. A trolley-line leads along the cliffs to Point Firmin, passing through the high pleasant neighborhoods where are the schools, the churches and the better class of homes.

Thus we arrived at the promontory, only a few miles from Redondo, the last of the west-beach towns which we previously visited and separated from it by the gently-rising hills.

Point Firmin, a bold and rugged cliff surmounted by the lighthouse, forms the most romantic landscape of our beach journey. Here the surf wrestles continually with the unyielding rock, seeking to overwhelm it, foaming, writhing, and clutching at the knees of its immovable opponent.

From this eminence we can look over twenty-five miles of sea to the island of Santa Catalina, a submerged mountain raising its bold peaks from the water. The long purple outline dips toward the western half so that the untrained eye often sees a pair of islands, but in reality the two divisions are connected by an isthmus where a tiny settlement is built. The resort which concerns us, however, is on the eastern end of the island and its lure has gone about the world in the rhythm of its magic name, Avalon.

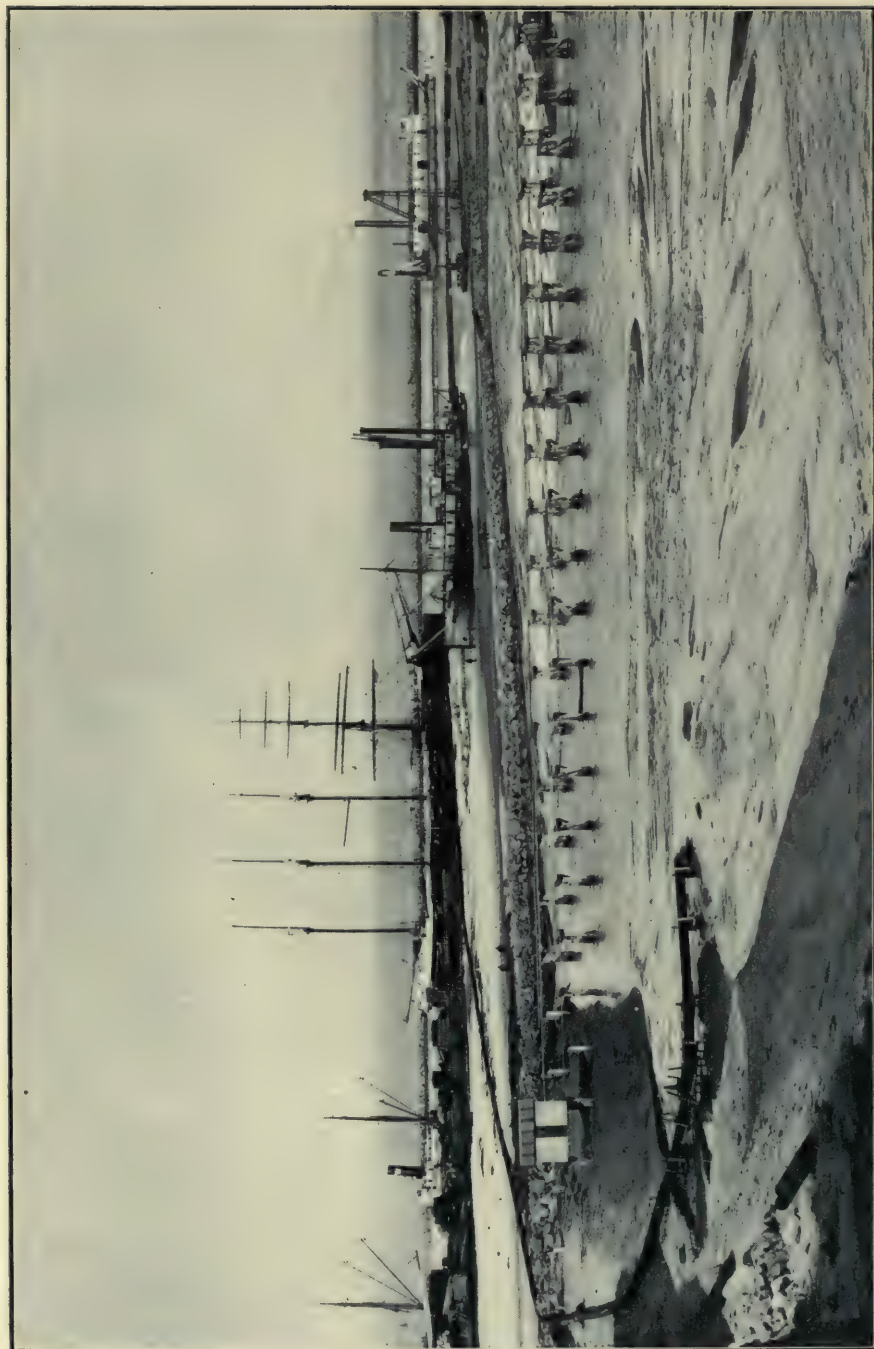
Tomorrow morning the big steamer, now approaching on its daily return voyage from that fairy port, shall take us thither, and mean-



ON THE SAN PEDRO WHARVES

while, to prevent that condition of mind and body which makes the enjoyment of anything whatsoever an impossibility, the *mal de mer* (lovely name of an unlovely seizure), we shall do well to betake us to the nearest purveyor of chewing-gum. Three large packages of it will be all the lunch we need to take.

Probably no two visitors to Avalon carry away the same impression; for the resort, nestling on a diminutive crescent of harbor in a breach of the hills, makes appeal to a wide range of sentiments. It is most famous, of course, as the happy hunting ground of the killer of big fish, and photographs of apparently puny bipeds, armed



LOOKING ACROSS THE CHANNEL, SAN PEDRO



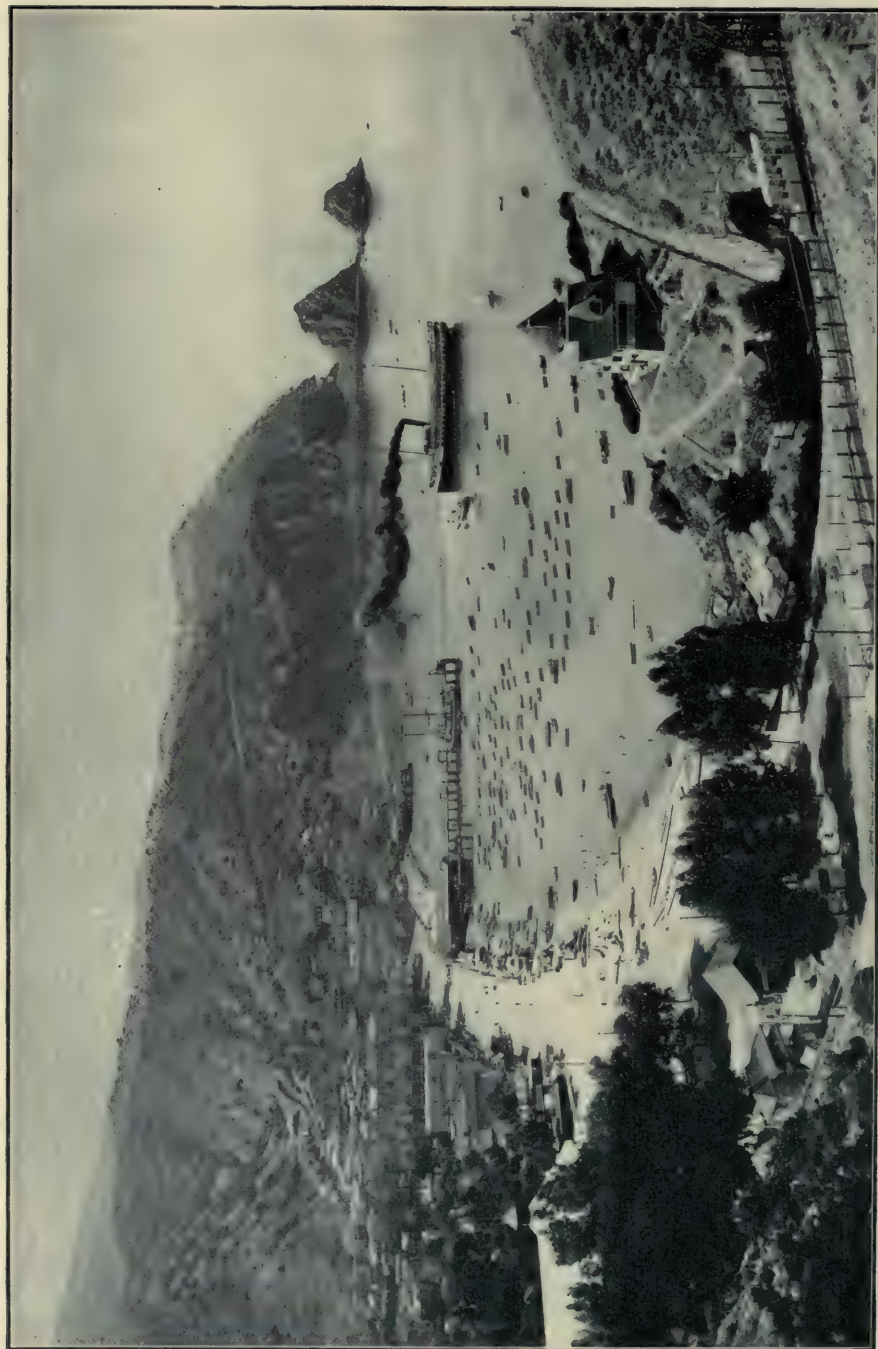
A BIT OF EAST SAN PEDRO

with whip-like rods and standing proudly beside gibbeted monsters of the deep, have carried the fame of Santa Catalina to the corners of the earth. Amateur killers of beasts come here for the pleasurable excitement of shooting wild goats from the cliffs, for these agile little creatures are seen clambering along the sheer mountain-sides. There is a tradition that they are the descendants of a herd of domestic goats brought here in early times by Spanish explorers.

To the student of human nature there is a great variety of types from every land, while for the nature-lover (a term which for some reason does not embrace the student of human psychology) may be found many a page written in nature's script. Wild flowers, ferns, cacti, rock formations and the exhumed remains of the races which



THE MAIN AVENUE OF EAST SAN PEDRO



AVALON BAY, SANTA CATALINA

—Photo by Putnam & Valentine.

formerly inhabited the island, all these things attract different classes of visitors. The tourist who knows Europe will find a certain foreign charm in the winding streets, narrow, precipitous and even paintable.

Dwellings of very unconventional architecture rise along the hill-streets, one scrambling on the other's shoulders and clutching at the heels of his neighbor above. One could hardly make a sketch here without introducing a boat, even if he were dabbling with landscape; for at every turn of the road may be found an old skiff, some of them undergoing repair, some of them merely abandoned, and others adapted to ornamental garden purposes, being filled with earth and planted with flowers.



THE ISLAND VILLA ANNEX, CATALINA

Lovers of camp-life will find comfortable tents and bungalows, some of them elaborate and highly artistic, while the Hotel Metropole satisfies those who do not care to leave luxury behind on the mainland.

The improvements now being constructed include a free camping-ground adjacent to the golf-links—these links, by the way, are famous among devotees of the game—a modern plunge, a pleasure-pier, and an amphitheater somewhat similar to the one in Berkeley.

But of all the visitors to Avalon, the man who can "see color" has far and away the best of it. He will find unspeakable delight in the ever-changing aspects of the sea. I write these words while lounging on the turf which extends to a certain secluded beach like a tiny new moon. On the clean, bright shingle the surf is making music with countless white fingers, and as the breezes run across the

water with an undulating movement like winds in a wheat-field, it seems as if the waves must wash up sapphires, amethysts, turquoise and jade—no less than these would reflect the fleeting hues of the surface before me. The little bay seems as if it must be the birth-place of gems. The sun-scorched promontories that close it in are fringed with moss, a glistening golden setting for this jewel inlet.

Here I was interrupted by a terrific snort, and the shiny brown head of a seal rose almost at our feet and said something that sounded like, "Come on in, the water's fine!"

There are plenty of seals about Catalina besides the pet of the beach, a huge old fellow named Ben, who is so child-like, in spite of his thirty-odd years of experience, that he will come barking and



SEAL ROCKS, CATALINA —Photo by Ironmonger.

plunging through the shallows if one throws a big stone into the water. Of course he is hoping it will be a fish, and frequent disappointments have not soured him. On the contrary, the occasions when some philanthropist does give him food in place of a stone have left old Ben with the firm belief that the queer, flipperless human creatures are his friends.

In the aquarium a great variety of the fish native to these waters may be studied, and this is especially valuable before taking a trip in the glass-bottomed boats. An hour spent there helped us to identify most of the habitants which we were presently to see in the privacy of their homes.

An excursion to the marine garden in the little side-wheel steamer is by all odds the pleasantest part of the trip to the island. The boats are constructed with deep, black-painted casements looking



ON CATALINA ISLAND

—Photo by Baker.



"OLD BEN," SANTA CATALINA

—Photo by Edholm.

down into the water, and the panes of perfectly clear glass, of more than an inch thickness, are below the surface so that passengers can see through these windows into fairyland.

On the gently sloping bottom at the landing-place nothing was visible except the clear green of the water itself and the smooth sand, but a few turns of the wheels carried us over enchanted gardens. First appeared the amber streamers of kelp, graceful leaves that grow from strands eighty to one hundred feet in length. Then, as the sea-bottom became more rugged, the caves and grottoes appeared, fringed with an amazing variety of submarine ferns and

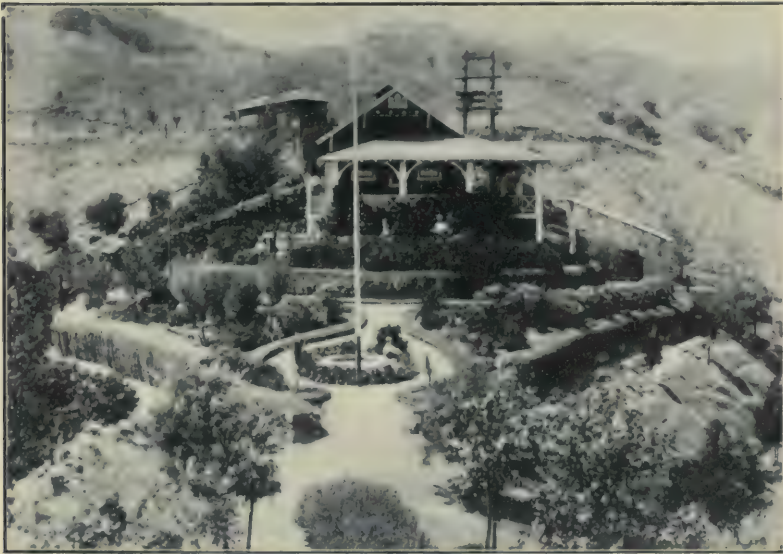


ARCH ROCK, CATALINA

—Photo by Reyes.

flowers, where played and poised and darted whole tribes of fish, silvery, blue, mottled and golden. The brightest of these is the salt-water gold-fish, a gorgeous lazy creature (like an overfed mandarin), which we saw in great numbers—a foot long some of them.

Gazing into the depths is like looking into the heart of an opal, translucent, milky, shadowy, but lighted with gleams of fire and strange, vivid, flitting colors. The waving masses of the sea-violet, the coral moss, the spikey sea-urchin clung to the rocks, while abalone shells lay empty far below us, throwing their pale lustre through the water. Troops of tiny fish sped by, and larger ones could be seen deliberately moving in and out among the aisles of their mysterious forest. With varying deeps and shallows, the



ON CATALINA ISLAND

—Photo by Baker.

ever-changing hues of the water ranged from dusky purple to pure, sun-shot green, and occasionally a rosary of pearly bubbles was flung across the under surface of the glass. All these lovely things are seen as one sees the landscapes in a passing dream, something too wonderful and beautiful to exist in the everyday world we inhabit.

In voyaging over these wonder-gardens we felt the desire to strip and plunge into the opalescent waters; they looked so cool and inviting. It seems quite a natural thing, after seeing the submarine wanderers so unconcernedly moving about with gently waving fins among the groves and grottoes, to believe that we could follow them without any effort. One is half convinced that mermaids really exist, or at the very least that they *should* exist. One is absolutely certain

that it would be pleasant to go courting down there in the dusky purple lover's nooks. Oh, that I had fins like a fish! Then would I swim away and be at rest.

It is with regret and longing that we leave this island of faerie. The steamer whistles imperatively, however, and we must embark. Once more we steer through the cobalt seas and gradually the rugged outlines of the Catalina peaks become soft and pearly in the afternoon haze. All too soon they lie far behind us, gray, mysterious, ethereal. It is the atmosphere of an old, old tale heard for the first time by a child—a page from the wonderful book of reality that has the glamor of the unreal and fanciful. As a foot-note to this page



SUGAR LOAF PEAK, CATALINA ISLAND —Photo by Baker.

a flying fish leaps out of the water and skims across the blue surface, a flight of half a hundred feet, just to bid us good-bye.

Then we go forward to watch for the first appearance of the mainland. Presently the hills above San Pedro are penciled in the gray horizon with a delicate, almost imperceptible outline, like a sketch in pastel, and very gradually, as we gaze, more and more detail is drawn in the picture and Point Firmin becomes visible with its light-house on the bluff. The breakwater appears and a schooner under full sail making for the shelter of its long outstretched arm.

Beyond the point of the breakwater we can see the panorama of the south beaches unroll, the shipping at San Pedro, the drifts of smoke, the skeleton of the bascule bridge, the huge mass of Hotel Virginia and the piers and pavilions at Alamitos and Newport.

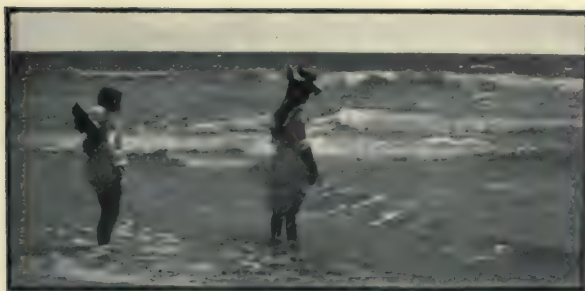


INTERIOR OF BATH HOUSE, VENICE —Photo by de Haaf.

And thus ends our little jaunt through the beach-towns about Los Angeles.

It is hard to imagine any other city so blessed with pleasant shore retreats, all quite near to the metropolis and each so alluring in its own way that the only wonder is how the Angeleño ever stays in his office long enough to attend to business. I doubt that these ideal conditions can be duplicated on the Pacific Coast, and as that voyager on many seas, Robert Louis of beloved memory, has phrased it with Western directness, "There is no place but the Pacific Coast to hear eternal roaring surf. * * * The Pacific licks all other oceans out of hand."

Los Angeles.



THE FABULOUS

By R. C. PITZER.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOOMERS.



MACDONALD was in a garrulous mood. He sat cross-legged on the ground, his back against a granite boulder, narrating stories; and as he talked, one lean hand nervously fluttered from his white goatee to his long, grizzled hair. His prospecting partner, "Creede," broad-shouldered and heavy-jawed, lounged on the opposite side of the camp-fire. Their visitors were seated on blankets and pack-boxes close to the blaze. Luke Winne, with ornamental yellow boots, new corduroys, and gleaming red silk neckerchief that sufficiently betrayed his mountain immaturity, sat on a rotted stump and listened with eager attention. Dusk had gathered in the long, straight cañon; below, the lights of Kettleton unblinkingly outlined the town, and up and down the gulch, as far as Winne could see, red camp-fires jumped and glowed where the "booming" prospectors were encamped.

"He's down in Kettleton now," Mac was saying, "but I don't reckon he'll follow us over the Sawtooth—hey, boys? You should 've seen that game-warden git up and git. You c'u'd have played pinochle on his coat tail."

"He was goin' to do wonders if he caught anybody killin' a deer out of season," Creede chimed in. "An' he came up here to our camp to kind a spy around an' see if he c'u'd pinch somebody. Said his name was Steve Turner. We invited him to have supper. There were a couple of experts in camp above us then—"Whiskers" an' "Burro" we called 'em—an' Whiskers an' Mac went out to get some deer-meat on purpose to bluff Mr. Warden. The rest of us didn't sabe what was up. I was some puzzled myself, them feedin' venison careless that way, and Tracey was sure guessin'; hey, Tracey?"

The young man addressed took a pipe from his mouth and remniscently laughed. "The warden is one of those fat-and-forty chaps," he said; "la-de-da-dy, like our young friend in the red flag—no offense, Winne, you'll get over such things—and he thought he looked like a prospector. Said he represented an Eastern firm, and intended to buy up every good-looking claim in the district. We had supper, but Mac and Whiskers wouldn't let any of us eat the venison; we were wise that something was going to drop. Mr. Warden waded into that meat like a coyote; got just about ready to arrest the bunch of us, and then Mac fished out of the pot a burro's hoof."

"A what?" Luke asked in disbelief.

"Burro's hoof. Whiskers furnished a burro, and they'd been feeding that to the warden. He's sick in bed down at the hotel."

The listening prospectors laughed boisterously.

"Wasn't Pickett's gang in on that?" some one inquired.

"Yeh," said Mac; "a fat gazabo named Pickett was camped here then. Him and his two Arizony pardners hit the trail this morning, along with Whiskers and his outfit. They're all dam' fools. They'll get up in the snow, where their burros can't find nothin' to eat, an' they'll fool along there a couple of days and lose half their stock, and by-m-bye they'll get over the Range into Saw Valley. What good'll that do 'em? They'll get the trail all clear an' smooth for us, an' we can pike over in a day without stoppin'. We'll hit the Valley an' pass them pioneers like a jack-rabbit goes past a fox-hole. I thought Whiskers an' Pickett both had more sense. They're old-timers."

"Don't know Whiskers," said the inquirer, "but Pickett ain't a fool, let me tell you—and he ain't a prospector, neither."

Creede sat up with a jerk. "Crooked?" he asked.

"Keep an eye on his bunch if you meet up with them, that's all. I helped lynch one of Pickett's side-trotters down in Arizony ten years ago. We couldn't prove nothin' on Pickett, so we ran him out of the country."

"They were an ugly-looking bunch," Tracey reflected. "And that reminds me, boys. There's going to be lots of our stock lost this summer, for I hear that Little Paradise was seen over near Buster. If he's up this way, it's to get a bunch of stock, and a few sacks of gold-dust on the side. There will be three or four thousand men wandering around in the Liver Ridge country this summer, and it stands to reason that the wolves will follow."

"But you don't have outlaws at this late date?" Luke Winne inquired.

"Call 'em criminals," Tracey smiled, "and you'll find them anywhere, Winne. But there are a few old-time rustler gangs around yet, as far as that goes, and any number of gun-men. We're all civilized in town, but on the trail a chap has to take care of himself. Never bark at anybody, however, and you won't get bitten."

"I'm learning something every minute," Luke reflected. "I didn't understand, until I came in on the train this morning, just what a gold boom meant. There must be four hundred men camped along Little Kettle Creek here, and the papers say that there are as many more in Buster, Winnacosta, Fryingpan, and other towns on the edge of the Liver Ridge district. Everybody seems to have the gold fever."

"Oh, about half of these guys," Creede disparaged, "re plumb tenderfeet, no good at all—Easterners, an' city miners, an' gophers, who've stuck to one or two claims an' burrowed down to fire without findin' nothin'. Plumb mules, I call 'em. But there'll be a big bunch of us prospectors an' experts gettin' next."

Luke smiled to himself.

"Don't grin," Tracey admonished, rather sharply. "Creede's right. Whiskers is a Heidelberg man, mining engineer, and general main-guy. He draws a salary of something like twenty thousand a year from merry England; and if he speaks the word, his people will put a million in machinery here before next year's done. You can't tell about men. Whiskers knocks around just like Mac or me, saddle-horses, burros, and a pal or two; though he does spread on the agony by lugging a Chinese cook behind him."

"Tracey pulls pritty good wages, himself," Creede said. "Who are you representin' this time, Trace?"

The young man leaned back on his elbows and resumed his pipe. "Going in on my own hook," he answered. "A fellow has to do something for himself sooner or later. The Liver Ridge gold is good enough for me."

The men laughed. "Come down!" Mac advised. "Can't fool us, man. You're representin' them Jew hydraulic people that own Gough Park. Seen you in the city last winter chewin' the rag with Beaky-Nose himself. Didn't know him, boys," he continued, turning to the group. "I'd been prospectin' in the deserts, and I sure was a curio when I went out into civilization. Hiked to Denver to get some assays on—but that's my secret. Anyhow, I was wanderin' around, makin' them citizens turn and rubber and foller my heels like as if I was a ten-cent giant. An' all of a sudden I ran slap into Tracey and Mr. Beaky-Nose Zogbaum. Tracey had to hit me on the back before I knew him. Say, you'd 'a' died! Smooth shave, an' silk hat, an' p'inted shoes, an'—"

"Never you mind," Tracey interrupted; "don't throw 'em in my face, Mac."

"The Gough Hydraulic Company?" another man eagerly put in. "Say, my name's Kingsley; I'm a pocket-hunter. How about me? Know anything about this Liver Ridge country, Mr. Man?"

"What every one knows. Porphyry formation, free-milling ore, low grade—so far the strikes assay from four to ten dollars a ton. Nothing for people like Mac and Creede, though they're butting in. It'll take fortunes to open the mines."

"But I reckon fortunes 'll buy whatever we find," Creede interpolated.

"Didn't mean lode-minin'," Kingsley pursued. "I'm a placer

man. I hears of this porphyry, an' I says to myself, W'y, that's rotten stuff—it disintegrates easy—cricks 're bound to be lousy with gold. So I comes along to do some placer-prospectin' an' find a few pockets. Ever heard' of placer-workin's up here?"

"Where've you been raised, never to 've heard of the Fabulous Mine?" Macdonald scoffed.

Luke Winne, who had been leaning forward, eagerly listening to the strange conversation, started at the name and drew back with an odd, shrinking movement.

"Fabulous?" Kingsley shouted. "What! Not the old Musgrove find? Lord! is that up here? I've heard of that f'r thirty years. Didn't know it was in this district. No wonder there's a boom on, an' no wonder this hydraulic man's goin' in. The Fabulous! Everybody knows of that, fr'm Yucatan to Vancouver."

"Well," Mac said, "it's located somewheres between Saw Valley an' Pactolus City. Pactolus was settled last fall, you know; it's right in the heart of the Liver Ridge Hills. The Fabulous is somewheres there."

"Isn't it rather odd that no one has ever found it?" Luke asked; and, despite himself, he heard his own voice trembling. He cleared his throat. "Thirty years is a long time for a mine to be lost."

"Quien sabe?" Mac grunted. "Right man hasn't come along yet, maybe. Maybe he's a-settin' by this fire now. Maybe he won't be born f'r fifty years. Them fools fixed things by lynchin' Dan Musgrove's son for liftin' horses."

Tracey looked up with interest. "How was that, Mac?" he asked. "You're an old-timer. You should remember. It all happened before my day."

Mac cleared his throat and charged his pipe, preparatory to narration. "I ain't goin' to give too many perticulars," he said; "Creede an' me's got a hunch that we'll be the lucky ones to find it, an' there's a certain hunk o' land that seems the likeliest location. Outside of that, the thing happened about this way:

"Dan'l K. Musgrove an' his son were up here prospectin' the district thirty 'r more years ago. There'd been some placer excitement west, over in the old Leather Pants diggings, but there had never been much doin' around in these parts. It were a pritty fair cattle country, though, an' several new ranches were started over the Range in Saw Valley. Ain't none left but one; all moved south to the Lava River. Anyhow, there was cow ranches here a-plenty, and the Musgroves got pritty well acquainted. People were kind-a leery of them fr'm the first, howsumever; there were heaps of rustlers around, and the Musgroves were suspicioned of bein' in cahoots with the thieves; sabe?

"Along one summer came old Musgrove to the Downing Ranch, at the west end of Saw Valley, and he stayed over night. Downing told me about it afterward. The old man were loaded with gold—plumb loaded; had about twenty thousand dollars in dust that him an' his boy dug out somewheres. Of course, he wouldn't tell nobody where the mine was, and the next mornin' he saddled up an' rode on to Buster, where he was intendin' to provision f'r the winter. Young Musgrove were left behind in the hills, to kind of keep guard over the Fabulous.

"'Bout then along came the Stafford gang, an' rustled all of Downing's horses. Downing and his men saddled an' rid out into the Liver Ridge, follerin' Stafford's trail, and one mornin' they came down sudden on young Musgrove's camp. Rustlers had stayed there all night, an' left a couple of Downing's horses with the kid. It were a sure thing that the Musgroves had been spies for Stafford, so the cowboys hooked on to that kid and carried him along with them. Stafford got away, but they had one of his people, anyhow, and they took him back to the Downing Ranch an' lynched him. Pinned a paper on him tellin' horse-thieves to beware.

"In the excitement of fightin' rustlers, everybody clean forgot about old Musgrove's mine; but after the son were fixed, they began to recollect, an' they searched the body. It had about five thousand in dust on it. Say, did them cow-men stampede f'r Musgrove's camp? I guess yes. But they didn't find nothin'. Ten years later old Downing an' me went over that ground ag'in; no go. Downing hunted till he died, an' I reckon his ghost's busy prospectin' yet. I figure that the kid camped a mile 'r two away from the diggings, so's nobody wouldn't drop in sudden an' appropriate things. Where they made their mistake, gents, was in bein' crooked; if they hadn't gone up against the rustlers, they'd be rich people today. That neighborhood was sure plowed by the punchers, but nothin' weren't ever discovered, though Downing's foreman, Jakie Scammel, lit on to a pocket gulch an' pulled out a few thousand. But that weren't the Fabulous."

"Scammel?" Luke breathed. "Was Jake Scammel Downing's foreman then? Did he have anything to do with lynching Orin Musgrove?"

"Who? Oh, the kid. Was that his name? Yep; I reckon Jake were there with both feet. I was over in Californy then, but I got here a few years later. Jake was a lanky boy, but he certainly knew cattle. I hear he's foreman of the Downing place yet; that's the only cattle ranch left in the Valley. It comes pritty near ownin' all the grass."

"What became of old Musgrove?" Kingsley interestedly inquired.

"He was the feller to've lynched, not the son. Any boy's likely to go wrong—I did, myself—that's nothin'; it's the pap, that set his son to spyin', who ought to've been lynched. An' anyhow, he had the secret of the mine. What was to prevent somebody makin' him tell where it was located?"

"Your morals are rather mixed, Kingsley," Tracey laughed; "and you are rather vague, Mac. You've tangled the story so that I, for one, don't know whether the punchers got after the Musgroves for stealing horses or for finding a rich mine? They seemed to be doubtful themselves. A horse-thief was legitimate prey, perhaps. Did Musgrove get away?"

"He came back in a month 'r so with a pack-train loaded f'r the winter. Boys took him out to the lynching tree. Tried to make him own up that he was a rustler. He wouldn't say nothin'. I reckon they tried to make him tell where the Fabulous was, too, but if they were figurin' on that they got left. His kid's death broke him all up. They didn't get a fair chance at him before he went loco, so they let him go. Found his bones in the hills a year or two later."

"It was an outrage!" Luke heatedly exclaimed, as he came into the firelight. "If Jake Scammel had anything to do with all that, I'm shot if I—that is, I don't think he did. But these cowboys weren't a bit better than the men they hunted or the lad they murdered. Orin and Mr. Musgrove were thieves, no doubt, or spies of thieves; but what were the men who tried to get their claim? If the unwritten law of the country sentenced them, did it prohibit their relatives from inheriting the mine?"

"Know Scammel?" Tracey casually inquired.

Luke grew red, and retreated to his stump. "I've heard of him," he stammered; "I—had a little—correspondence with him. I expect to see him this spring."

Tracey clasped his hands behind his head, and stared at the stars. "The fact remains that the Fabulous was never found," he continued, lazily. "Funny nobody thought of the Musgroves having relatives. That idea is an inspiration; patent it—and find the relatives, Winne. Maybe they corresponded with Musgrove."

"Oh, I don't reckon they had any folks," Mac put in. "Nobody showed up to claim the five thou. found on the kid. Don't know what Musgrove did with his wad; it wasn't left in Buster, anyhow. Maybe he blew it in. If there had been any folks, they'd have come hiking after the dust."

"Unless they were ashamed of their horse-thieving relatives," Tracey yawned; "and then, too, they may have received that twenty thousand; who knows? Well, it's getting time to go by-bye." He

stood and stretched himself. "You're staying in town, aren't you?" he inquired of Winne.

"Yes," Luke returned, obviously eager for a change of subject; "at the Overland Hotel. You're there, too? I'll walk back with you."

"When 're you goin' to hit the trail, Trace?" Creede asked.

"Tomorrow. I'm all outfitted. My animals are over in the Elephant Corral. I've found a mule-skinner to go along with me."

"Humph," Mac grunted; "a Kettleton duck, I guess? Them tenderfeet 're no good on a prospectin' hike. They kin pack an' cook, maybe, but that's all."

"If I find this chap doing anything else, he will walk home," Tracey grinned. "I'm the prospector, Uncle. Coming, Winne? So long, boys. See you in Pactolus, perhaps."

Luke fell in beside the engineer, and with a chorus of farewells they left the camp-fire.

Through the bottom of Little Kettle Gulch, the rocky road skirted the creek, now suddenly rising over some ridge, now running aside into a dense clump of pines. In the open the world was vague and starlighted, and the white way and flickering waters were ghostly seen; but among the trees the night was black. A low wind whistled through spruce needles, the creek continuously babbled and gurgled to itself, and, now and again, a burro's bell clanged. Behind them red fires flickered and waned, and overhead the clear sky pulsed.

"Oh, God!" Tracey cried, stretching his arms in front of him, "it's good to be out in it all again. Smell the pines and the smoke, Winne!—Ouch!" He stubbed his toe on a boulder. "Been used to paved streets all winter. Getting effeminate and moony, I guess. By George! I forgot to tell the boys to drift into town in the morning." He stopped and stared over his shoulder. "I've half a notion to go back and post them."

"To be in town?" Luke inquired. "Is something going to happen?"

"Search me. I thought maybe their presence in a bunch might have a good moral influence. Fact is, I wandered up tonight almost on purpose to get them together. Heard the story of that idiot game-warden, didn't you? He's staying at the Overland. I didn't have anything to do with the trick Mac and Whiskers played on him, but I was one of the spectators, and, to tell the truth, I guyed him a good deal. He's pretty sore on me. Swears now that it was deer, after all, and not burro; and he has threatened to arrest me for breaking the game laws. He's afraid to bother Mac. Judge Walters warned me. I'm ready to hit the trail in the morning, and I don't want any locoed official butting in and delaying me."

"You can easily prove it was a burro that was killed."

"Yes, prove it next month down in the capital. But if he gets funny there will be doin's, that's all. I'd be safe anywhere but in Kettleton. There's a good deal of ill-feeling between the town-people and the boomers; they've had several scraps. Maybe you've noticed?"

"I've been here only a day," Luke reminded him. "Your ways are all strange and marvelous."

"Scammel will initiate you," Tracey returned, dryly.

"But I—of course he's not—that is, I know of him; merely wrote to him about the district and the chances. I want to take a flyer at prospecting."

"Uh-huh, all presupposed. I wish you luck. But I might as well hint that there are other people hunting the Fabulous. Mac and Creede, for instance."

"And yourself?"

"I'm hunting any old thing. A free-lance, as you might say."

"Know anything of Jake Scammel? Know him personally, I mean?"

"No; merely heard of him as Downing's foreman." Tracey stopped as they reached the bleak outskirts of Kettleton. "I'm going over to the Corral," he said, "and see to it that my boxes are packed tonight. I've got to light out before the warden gets up, or I'll find myself in hot water. By-bye, Winne; be good. Maybe we'll foregather somewhere in the Liver Ridge. By the way," he added, looking back, "if you're in with Scammel you'll get a chance to know Coon Downing. She's interesting."

"I don't know Scammel yet," Luke denied. "But who's Coon Downing?"

Tracey laughed as he turned away; the laughter mocked, and was his only answer. Night closed behind him, and Luke stood alone in the road.

"Coon," he said aloud; "odd name—very odd. Coon! Something pleasant about it, too. Who in the world is Coon Downing?"

CHAPTER II.

THE OVERLAND BAR.

Despite the crowd of strangers in Kettleton, the bar-room of the Overland Hotel was drowsy and dull. A small group was gathered about the faro table, and several townsmen gossiped over the bar; but Luke, on entering, found none of the crowded boisterousness presumably typical of the West.

At Luke's entrance, a tall, stout man in faded black, with a celluloid collar sawing at his red neck, detached himself from the faro group and came forward.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, amiably. "Going in with the boom, eh? Let me introduce myself; Walters—Judge Samuel Walters, Justice of the Peace here in Kettleton. I own the Elephant Corral," he added. "You're a mining man?"

The implied compliment pleased the tenderfoot. "Not yet," he answered, "though I mean to be. I'm from Chicago—Luke Rookwood Winne."

"Glad to meet you." The Judge had a hearty hand-clasp. "Come over and drink. I know several Chicago men hereabouts. Thompson, over yonder, is from your town. I'll call him."

Luke glanced at the blank face indicated. "Never mind," he objected. "You say you own the Elephant Corral?"

Walters nodded. "And the stock thereof," he added, oratorically. "Not that brand, Jimmie. The one under the counter. Think I'm drunk?"

The saloon man grinned as he put a bottle and glasses on the bar. "Can't fool the Judge on whisky," he confided to Luke, "unless he's been drinkin' like a nigger."

"I'm not an expert," Walters supplemented, "but I know the difference between rye and burnt-sugar and pepper. Here's how, Mr. Winne. By the way, you've just come in, haven't you? How about your outfit? Maybe I can be of help?"

"I bought a saddle and pack-outfit in Denver," Luke replied, "and about everything a chap there told me I'd be likely to need. My boxes are over at the depot now."

Walters' face fell a trifle. "Glad to hear it," he said; "shows your good sense. Prices are out of sight in Kettleton. But I don't suppose you have burros and a horse boxed up?"

"No; I must buy animals."

"Sorry to hear it. Have another drink. Don't be afraid of it, man; it's good ten-year-old Kentucky rye; can't fool me on that. Sorry to hear it," he repeated. "Stock is sky-high. Clark, of the Stage Corral, has a herd of unbroken range broncos—measly animals; measly, sir. A monkey couldn't stick on one. They're man-killers—and he wants absurd prices for them. His cheapest unbroken cayuse is forty dollars! Think of it, sir! Now, I have a few left—gentle isn't the name. Guaranteed fit for ladies. Well-broken animals—considering—very well broken, Mr. Winne. I can let you have one for fifty dollars, cash, that would do for a child."

"But it happens that I can ride a horse."

"Certainly! Of course! Anybody can see that. This one isn't a burro—lively, full of play, but not mean, not measly, not a man-killer, like Clark's flesh-eaters. It's a pinto. I'll have to show it to you in the morning. As for burros, Clark's are all New Mexican jinnies—little, pipe-legged brutes without any meat to 'em,

but I've got a bunch of good mountain jacks, old packers that can follow any deer-trail in the hills, and won't balk at water. You'd have trouble with Clark's jinnies the minute you hit a creek—you'd have to carry 'em over—but my jacks would swim a sea, Mr. Winne. I'll have to show them to you in the morning. And Clark wants ten dollars a head for his miserable apologies of burros! Why, I'll give you three meaty old trail-broken jacks for forty-five."

"I'll come over in the morning and look at them," Luke said, amusedly; "but I'm not going to buy anything until I see an acquaintance of mine. I expect to meet him here—Jake Scammel, foreman of the Downing Ranch."

Walters poised his glass in mid-air and stared. "Well!" he said, softly. "Oh, if you're a friend of Mrs. Downing's foreman, that alters the matter. Jake's one of us. I'll knock off about half to a friend of Jake."

Winne laughed loudly, and Walters cackled with him. "I'm glad to meet you, Judge," said the Chicagoan, "and I believe we can do business. Now you are getting down to my pocket-book. Fifty dollars is about my limit if I keep car-fare home in case I find nothing worth while. But they told me in Denver that I could buy a bronco for five or ten dollars, and burros for less."

"Circumstances alter cases. Last spring I'd have sold the burros at one and two dollars a head, and any range cayuse in my herd for five. This spring I expect to make a fortune and retire. The gold mines aren't all in the ground. Your health, Mr. Winne. Oh, take a good, stiff, man-sized drink! And you know Jake Scammel?"

"Yes and no. I've had some correspondence with him. He's coming over to meet me in a day or two. We're thinking of going into cahoots, as you people say. Probably we will prospect the Liver Ridge together this summer."

"Jakie's a fine man," Walters recommended. "He's bossed things for Mrs. Downing ever since her old man went over the Range. Maybe Scammel don't say much, maybe he's called Dumb Jacob because that's his nature, but you can depend on him. He's hard, hard' as granite, and maybe he don't forgive an injury; I don't, myself. But he's honest. There's only one weak spot in his make-up—that's the Fabulous. Ever heard of it? Well, he's got a mania for that mine; been hunting it ever since the Musgroves' day. He'll never find it. Why? Because it doesn't exist."

"It doesn't exist?" Luke echoed.

"Not a grain of it, sir."

"But the gold? Orin had five thousand in dust; Mr. Musgrove had twenty thousand. That surely came from somewhere."

"From the Leather Pants country, mostly. It was all placer work over there in those days. The Stafford road-agents held up coaches

and miners and looted caches time and again; must have lifted over a hundred thousand in gold dust. This money of the Musgroves' was just their share of the loot; understand? The mine was merely a blind, to explain their possession of a fortune. Good scheme, but they slipped up on it. No, sir; don't go hunting the Fabulous, for that's just what it is—fabulous. The Musgroves were thieves, as everybody knows, and their mine was a division of the Stafford gang's loot. That's my theory."

Luke stared at the ceiling, a troubled frown on his face. "It's not impossible," he finally rejoined; "not at all impossible. I guess they were a pretty bad lot. And Dan was smart. He might have thought of just such a scheme."

"Sure. He intended to pull his freight and be respectable, sir. More than one road-agent successfully worked the same dodge. No; you stick to lode prospecting. That's my disinterested advice. And now about those burros—"

There was a sudden commotion near the faro table, the dealer's droning voice stopped, and two men stood out, loudly wrangling. They were big, brawny fellows, looking more like cow-punchers than prospectors, though their bow-legs were in laced boots and corduroys. Not a half-dozen hot words were spoken when a revolver flashed and the crowd scattered in a panic.

"Easy!" sharply came from the open doorway. "Drop it!"

A shriveled little man fairly jumped into the room. "Here," he snapped, "get out of this, you dam' fools! Hike, now, pretty pronto, or I'll make air-holes. Hike!" His voice rose almost to a scream; two heavy revolvers sprang into sight, and the quarrel-ing gamblers turned and ran for it, tramping into the night and silently disappearing.

As they vanished through the doorway, a babel of voices broke out, and the little man stood in the center of the floor, striking his high-heeled saddle-boots on the boards, and cursing—shrilling such a stream of gorgeous and startling blasphemies that his words awed the room into comparative silence.

The proprietor rushed forward and caught the weazen peace-maker's hand. "I'm obliged to you, sir," he said, heartily. "There's lots of money behind that faro table. Maybe they was just drunk, but I'm certainly obliged. Have something?"

"What was it all about?" Luke asked his companion. "What caused the quarrel? Would they have shot each other?"

Judge Walters shrugged his fat shoulders, and, without replying, elbowed through the little crowd until he reached the melodramatic newcomer's side. Luke followed with gaping interest.

"Quarrel, nothing!" said a bystander. "Him in the long hair

said t'other in the beard tromped his corns. An' then they went to it. Half a second more an' the faro dealer 'u'd 'a' been shot out, an' them men 'u'd 'a' hiked with the money of this shebang. Them was crooks."

"I think so myself," said the little fellow. He spoke jerkily, with an extreme nervousness, his words hurrying after each other in a confusing race of sound. "Probably hold-ups. Black-hearted rogues, black-hearted. I came to the door just in time, damn them; wish I'd shot them. Bad rubbish, very bad rubbish. Damn them! They haven't the minds of burros! Trying to hold up the Overland Bar! Why, rats! Where's their brains? Prospectors camped up and down the creek; town full of 'em; sheriff with a bunch of special deputies keeping order, and half a dozen officials in town. Damn fools, I say; they'd have been riddled. Never heard of such a bare-faced proceeding. Lord of heaven!—why, they ought to have been shot!"

"Correct, sir," said Walters, pompously extending his hand. "Let me thank you in behalf of the town. Jimmie, set out my favorite brand—the one under the counter, you rascal; not that one."

The farce of the bottles was repeated. "Can't fool the Jedge on liquors, pardner," the bartender said; and Walters accepted the soft impeachment with smiling complacency.

The stranger lifted his glass. "How!" he nodded, and tossed it down. Then he coughed. "Say, Jim, if that's your name," he said, "let's have the other bottle. My stomach's too blamed plebeian to relish this stuff."

"A man of learning, sir!" the Judge cried. "Doubly pleased to meet up with you! It is rather patrician, but only a talented taste would have discovered it. Shake, sir!—And punching cattle, too!"

"Mighty handy with your guns, pardner," another admirer chimed in. "Where ch'you keep them? I don't see no signs."

The stranger tapped his trouser-legs. "Glad to have been of service, gents," he said. "And now, what's the news of the boom? I've ridden over the Divide to learn."

"You must be from the Downing Ranch?"

"Yes, of course; punching cows under Jake Scammel. Name's Josephus. Our herd just came up the valley last week; first bunch in from winter quarters. Give me news."

News was forthcoming in shrill clattering, and Luke took the opportunity to study Josephus at leisure. The man's constitutional nervousness was even more apparent when he listened than when he spoke. He fingered his beak of a nose or pulled at his clerkly mustache, his long white fingers drummed on the bar, and, now and then, his head flew back with a bird-like jerk. His thin smile was peculiarly winning, despite an exposure of yellow teeth, but

the deadly, expressionless eyes never laughed; steel-blue, filmy and fascinating, they studied the room from under lowered lashes, and flashed from face to face.

"Going in?" he suddenly demanded of Luke.

"I think so; it depends on your foreman, Mr. Scammel. I'm waiting to meet him."

"That's why Dow was coming over, then."

"Dow?"

"Bug Dow Scammel, Jake's son-of-a-gun. I heard something of his coming in a day or so; he's probably behind me now. I left yesterday morning—came over the cut-off trail past Hell's Door. Going to buy something from him?"

"No."

"I see. Say, boys, wasn't there a fellow named Clayton here a couple of days ago? Mining engineer, representing the London Imperial Mines and Lands Company? I've got a claim I'd like to have him see. Know anything about him? Heard from him since he trailed out?"

"You mean Whiskers?" said a voice in the doorway. "No, he's pulled his freight. Waded into the mud this morning. You're just in from Pactolus, eh? What's the news?" Tracey was on the threshold, and, as he spoke, he interestedly came forward to interview the stranger. "Is the snow off enough to let us do any prospecting? Oh, is that you, Johnson?" He stopped in the middle of the room.

"Name's Josephus," said the cowboy, indifferently. He glanced over his shoulder at Tracey, and resumed his lounging attitude on the bar. But his nervousness had suddenly vanished completely. There was no movement to his figure, and his eyes narrowed into slits.

"Oh, no, you were with Pickett," Tracey persisted. "Pickett, a black-beard called Walt, and you, were camped just above MacDonald's. You hit the trail with the Whiskers outfit."

"Case of mistaken identity," Josephus responded; he spoke slowly and clearly, with a slight lisp, heretofore unnoticeable. "I'm one of Mrs. Downing's ranch-hands. Drink, boys?"

Tracey stared until a thought flashed across his face, and the puzzled expression changed to one of illumination. "Odd business," he dryly commented, and ranged himself beside Luke at the bar. "Say, Winne," he said, under his breath, "remember what Kingsley said about Pickett being crooked? This chap was with Pickett."

"It must be a mistake," Luke returned as lowly. "There was a quarrel at the faro table—two men drew revolvers—the natives

think it was only a fake fight and that the men intended to shoot up the place and get away with the money. Anyhow, this chap, Josephus, came along in the nick of time and ordered them out at the point of his revolvers. It was quite bravely done."

Tracey whistled. "Sheriff Kedge and a posse have just ridden in," he half whispered. "They were over Buster way after somebody. Didn't get him. They came to the corral as I left. Maybe that explains. Johnson took this method of stopping the raid and of warning his pals while there was yet time."

"He wouldn't stay here. The off'cers would be sure to see him."

"But not necessarily know him. I'm positive he's Johnson. Probably it was a scheme to hold up the place; Kedge's coming knocked it on the head, and Johnson warned his men to get out. Now he's staying to ward off suspicion. He'll flit in a minute; see if he doesn't. It's not my funeral, or I'd butt in. I wouldn't wonder if those other two gazaboos were Walt and Pickett!" Tracey's face fell as he glanced toward a side door. "If there isn't the game-warden!" he grunted. "Here's trouble for me. I should have had sense enough to keep away from the bar."

A fat, florid man, dressed somewhat in Winne's urban roughing-it costume, came, wagging a stout finger.

"I know you," he said, raucously. "You've been killing and eating deer, my man. Deer in the spring—doe, at that. I have evidence."

"You had a stomachful, but I didn't notice that you kept it." Tracey laughed. "Get in front of me," he whispered, "and I'll make a break for it."

"None of that!" the warden sharply ordered. "Get back there, young man. Boys, I arrest this fellow." His eyes fell on Josephus, where that worthy was edging down the room. "And that one!" he shrilled. "I'd know him in hell. He was with this fellow and he ate deer. Stop, you! I arrest—"

In that low-ceiled room the explosions were deafening; they followed with Gatling rapidity, six spurts of fire and smashing crashes, and the darkness and smoke clung everywhere. As the lights were shot out, the warden's raucous voice changed to a shrill treble of childish babbling.

"Take it easy, take it easy!" the barkeeper bellowed. "Nothin' but the game-warden an' a deer-killer, gents. Take it easy!" A match flickered behind the bar, and a candle dimly lighted the room.

Luke stood up from where he had been crouching, and looked about. Hats were plentiful, but the place was empty save for himself, Jimmie, the bartender, and the fat warden, swimming on the floor and screeching.

"Here, git up!" Jimmie commanded, climbing over the bar and catching the warden by an arm. "Holy Moses! what a bunch of meat! You'd bring a heap of cash in the stock-yards. Shut up, baby boy, shut up! Hush, hush! He's done gone!"

The warden lifted a twitching face. "He tried to murder me," he whined. "I'm going to see the governor."

"Sure, best thing you can do; go back home," Jimmie agreed.

Men came running, and in a moment the room was crowded. Judge Walters' voice rose above the babble in explanatory garrulity. In a moment he elbowed his way to Luke's side.

"Tracey was right!" he cried in triumph. "I thought so from the first. Tracey identified him, you remember. Johnson—we must remember that name, sir. I believe he's a professional deer-killer."

"But what has become of Tracey?" Luke inquired. "I hope he won't get in trouble."

"He? Trouble? Don't fret, my boy. He's probably over at my corral, throwing packs on his burros."

"Isn't the sheriff there?"

Judge Walters laughed. "You don't suppose he'd interfere, do you? Not for killing burros; we all know the truth of that. He may ride after Johnson, though, if he thinks him a professional law-breaker. And the way the fellow shot up the room looks bad."

"Now, what's the trouble?" a voice bellowed in the doorway. "Burn it all, boys; can't you have a little fun without raisin' Sam Hill an' me? Buck up, now; buck up, an' go home, or I'll pinch the lot of you. Vamós!"

Luke obediently wormed his way through the crowd to a side door leading into the hotel office. But at the threshold he suddenly stopped, frowning and distraught. "Funny thing," he said aloud. He went on, took a lamp from the desk, and, unmindful of the uproar, climbed to his room. There he sat in a long muse.

"Called himself Johnson and Josephus," he reflected; "was here in Kettleton yesterday morning and the night before, and, presumably, the preceding day at least. How could he know that Jake Scammel's son was coming to meet me? I didn't know that Scammel had a son."

Some one went past in the hall, and Luke opened his door and looked out. A chambermaid was going downstairs.

"Say," Luke called; "excuse me, but do you know Dow Scammel? I'm expecting him."

The girl turned. "Oh, yes, sir," she said; "he's here now. He came in from the Valley right after supper. I'll tell him you want to see him."

"No matter," Luke cried after her; "I'll meet him in the morning. That explains," he added to himself; "and yet, it's confoundedly odd."

[To be continued.]

SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COURT OF SPAIN



H! I KNOW that the children will enjoy it *so much*," Mrs. Dean fervently assured their mother. "And we really need them. And just think!—the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America doesn't come every year! They won't be able to take part in its celebration again soon. Oh! do say they may come back for this! Don't you want to come, Isabel? Just in the afternoons, you know. There won't be any lessons—just practice for the entertainment. You'll have such a good time—and children learn *so much* in that way, too, and so pleasantly!" This last remark was, of course, addressed pleadingly to Isabel's mother again.

Isabel and Johnny had grown tired of school soon after the excitement of the Fourth-of-July celebration was over, and their mother had taken them from their classes with a joy as great as the reluctance with which she had allowed them to go at first. But after three months of quiet at home, Isabel would have been ready for school again—plain school—and preparation for another celebration!—how could she not wish to have a part in it?

"Oh! please—" she was beginning, when her mother said decidedly:

"They used to get very tired. Three miles a day is a long walk for such small children."

"Oh! but they played so hard at recess! Don't you think so? You just think about it," she added persuasively. "And now, Mrs. Thorne, I wonder whether you have any jewelry or lace or any very gay blankets—for the Indians, you know—that you could let me have? Queen Isabella must have lace for her head, and so must her court ladies. And we're to have a tableau representing Isabella offering her jewels to Columbus, so we shall need a number of chains to hang from the jewel-caskets that are to be standing open on the table before the Queen. Oh! and *have* you a jewel casket?"

"Jewel caskets!"—"Indians!"—"Court ladies!"—"Lace head-dresses!"—"The Queen!"—Isabel's head was whirling with the blissful excitement that these magic words suggested, even before her mother opened a very precious treasure-box and took from it various things that the small girl had been allowed to see only on rare occasions when she was very good. There came out some old-fashioned jewelry, among other things a large round pin of "brilliants" that Mrs. Dean declared would be the very thing to adorn the Queen's crown. There came out laces, the very touch

of which always gave Isabel strange, faint impressions of forgotten splendor, and set her dreaming of splendors that were yet to come to her some day. (Her mother had worn these laces when she was a young lady!) And there was a very gay striped shawl of a pattern that had been the extreme of fashion in Mrs. Thorne's girlhood. *That* was "too fine and beautiful for the Indians," Mrs. Dean declared, "but just the thing for a table-covering at the royal court of Spain."

What small girl would not have been wild with enthusiasm over the entertainment by the time that box was rifled and Mrs. Dean was ready to return to the camp bearing a large, neatly-wrapped bundle of that precious finery? And Mrs. Dean knew her time. She paused at the very door and turned once again to the child's mother.

"Now, *mayn't* Isabel come? Don't you *want* to come, Isabel?"

"Oh! *Mama!*" Isabel's soul was in her eyes.

"I suppose she must go—if Johnny will go, too," returned Mrs. Thorne.

"He *will*," Isabel returned confidently, and Mrs. Dean, with a glance at her determined face, said that she thought, too, that Johnny would go.

And so it was that Isabel and Johnny were behind the scenes and on the stage on the great night. Ah! It was exciting! How festive the school-house was, with its gay decorations, its rows on rows of chairs, and, most important of all, its stage, whose heavy muslin curtains were beautifully, if somewhat promiscuously, stenciled with ships and Indians, and with a portrait of the great Columbus himself! And after the people had assembled, what thrills of nervousness and delight went blissfully chasing each other up one's spine as one hurried to be ready for the next thing!

There were, first, songs and "pieces," but these were as nothing to what was to follow. Everybody was anxious for the time when the full blaze of glory from the Court of Spain would burst upon the eyes of the wondering audience. And the series of tableaux was announced at last.

Then what a scurrying there was to arrange that stage! The double throne—manufactured from condensed-milk cases, it must be confessed—was brought on in a very shattered condition and had to be propped up before it could be covered with the shawls and lace curtains that converted it into such a glorious bit of furniture. The table was brought on and covered gaily with Mrs. Thorne's shawl, and on it were placed the three plush boxes that served for jewel-caskets. From these boxes three or four watch-chains and a string of gold beads dangled magnificently.

Isabel was being dressed for a court lady while the stage was undergoing this transformation, and by the time it was ready, she was ready too, a lace curtain fastened gracefully on her head, where it pulled her hair—but what of that?

"Are you ready?—are we all ready?" Mrs. Dean was saying in an excited whisper, pushing a child or two out of the dressing-room on to the stage, where a strong white light was already beginning to flare strangely. "Are we ready?"

And Genevieve's voice was lifted up in answer:

"Oh! *Mama!* Abbie's got white slippers! And she's *only* a *Court lady!*—And *I'm Queen!*—And I *haven't* got any! If any—Boo-o-hoo-oo!—If *anybody* has white slippers, the *Queen* ought to have white slippers!"

A woman who was helping the Court of Spain to dress pounced upon Abbie.

"Honey, give 'em to her! They're too big for you, anyhow. And we can't have a fracas *now!* Give 'em to her!"

"I will *not!*" Abbie began to wail, too. "I will *not!* Just because she's Queen, she *can't* have every *last thing!* I *won't!* I *won't!* They're mine! I *will not!*"

"Children! This is awful!" cried Mrs. Dean, distractedly. "Lovey! Abbie's slippers don't show a bit, her dress is so long! And see your *beautiful* dress and crown!"

The Court of Spain dried its eyes and stampeded on to the stage. The King and Queen, magnificently dressed in gold-paper crowns and gorgeous purple robes, were seated on their shaky throne. The court ladies and gentlemen clustered near. Columbus stood before them all, clothed in a wondrous suit of red and gold, and pointing far away to the West, where America was to be discovered. The watch-chains and the gold beads hanging from the jewel-caskets put on an obliging glow under the strange wavering light. The curtains were drawn back.

"Isabella offering her jewels to Columbus!" announced a stentorian voice. The crowd was at last admiring the Court of Spain!

Yes, the first tableau was a great success. Off with the throne. (But be careful not to break it. It must be used again.) On with the sea!—yes—the sea! Who ever would have thought that gray cotton batting ruffled into ridges would have made one so very "life-like"? On with the rocks and trees of this stony shore!

"What a pity that the ship didn't get here in time! Jimmie, don't draw the curtain very far on that side. Maybe the people will think the ship is really there, but hid by the curtain. All ready?"

"Columbus Takes Possession of the Land for the King and Queen of Spain!"

The strange light is flaming again. The curtains are drawn. Isabella and Genevieve, standing in the door of the dressing-room, gaze out on the wild scene. Here is the forest behind whose trees the Indians are hiding and whence they peer curiously at the strange beings who come to kneel on the shore and to kiss the earth where they plant the flag of Spain. There is the stormy gray sea. How perfect!

The curtain closes.

"Genevieve! Isabel! I was in the audience this time, and you almost spoiled this tableau! You could be seen as plainly! You oughtn't to have stood in the door! Just think of Isabella and a court lady appearing on the wild shores—Yes! yes!—right here! The throne must go on again. Careful!"

"I don't care! We saw it! And I'd like to know who had a better right to see than the Queen! And they knew we didn't belong, so what did it matter?" So, whispering, the Queen and the court lady take their old places, the one on the throne, the other at its side. They gaze again at Columbus Returned to Spain. At the side of the great navigator stands Johnny Thorne—otherwise an Indian—so wrapped in a wide striped scarf that he is unable to move. But who is supposed to move in a tableau, anyway? To him Columbus points with one expressive hand. In the other he holds, as representing the wealth of the New World, his father's second-best watch-chain!

Great applause. The wonderful series of tableaux is over. The King gives a delighted squirm on his throne. There is a tremendous crash! The Spanish monarchs roll together on the floor at the feet of the giggling Court. And Isabel finds that her lace curtain is lying behind her on the floor!

"Do you suppose it was off all the time? Do you suppose so?"

Well, it can't be helped now! The stage must be cleared again. There are most important things still before us.

More songs, more "pieces," more applause, and the children depart, still wrapped in the lingering glories of regal splendor.

Isabel spent that night with Genevieve, who went home in the highest spirits.

"And, Isabel, *didn't* I look beautiful! I didn't know I was so beautiful. Haven't I fine eyes for a Spanish Queen? Oh! I think I look so—*royal*! But a Queen must be charming, of course! And my clothes made part of it. But *didn't* you think I was beautiful, Isabel?"

"My name is almost like Queen Isabella's," answered the Court Lady with apparent irrelevance, as she watched, with an unaccountably burning heart, the Queen, again in her regal robes and parading before the glass. "And I'm *tired*, Genevieve. Let's not stay up any more."

Maxton, Arizona.

PIMA MYTHS

By FRANK RUSSELL.



THE traditions of the Pimas are kept by those who show special aptitude in remembering them and who gradually become recognized as the tribal historians. To them the boys are regularly sent that they may listen for four nights to the narrative of how the world was made and peopled; whence the Pimas came and how they struggled with demons, monsters, and savage enemies. These tales are not usually told in the presence of the women, and consequently they know only imperfect fragments of them.

The myths are not related in the summer because of the fear of being bitten by rattlesnakes, which of course hibernate. No information was obtainable that the Pimas believe that the snakes then carry venom, nor why the snakes should bite those who disregard the tabu. The Pimas do not hesitate to kill rattlesnakes except in certain cases.

THE CREATION MYTH.

In the beginning there was nothing where now are earth, sun, moon, stars, and all that we see. Ages long the darkness was gathering, until it formed a great mass in which developed the spirit of Earth Doctor, who, like the fluffy wisp of cotton that floats upon the wind, drifted to and fro without support or place to fix himself. Conscious of his power, he determined to try to build an abiding place, so he took from his breast a little dust and flattened it into a cake. Then he thought within himself, "Come forth, some kind of plant," and there appeared the creosote bush. Placing this in front of him, he saw it turn over as soon as his grasp upon it relaxed. Advancing toward it, he again set it upright, and again it fell. A third and yet a fourth time he placed it, and then it remained standing. When the flat dust cake was still he danced upon it, singing:

Earth Magician shapes this world.
Behold what he can do!
Round and smooth he molds it.
Behold what he can do!

Earth Magician makes the mountains.
Heed what he has to say!
He it is that makes the mesas.
Heed what he has to say!

Earth Magician shapes this world;
Earth Magician makes its mountains;
Makes all larger, larger, larger.
Into the earth the magician glances;
Into its mountains he may see.

These myths are reprinted by permission from Mr. Russell's superb and scholarly study of the Pima Indians, appearing as part of the Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Next Earth Doctor created some black insects, *tcotcik tâtâny*, which made black gum on the creosote bush. Then he made *hiapitc*, the termite, which worked upon and increased the small beginning until it grew to the proportions of our present earth. As he sang and danced the wonderful world developed, and then he made a sky to cover it, that was shaped like the round house of the Pimas. But the earth shook and stretched so that it was unfit for habitation. So Earth Doctor made a gray spider, which he commanded to spin a web around the unconnected edges of earth and sky. When this was done the earth grew firm and solid.

All that we now see upon the land—water, mountains, trees, grass, and weeds—was made, and then he made a dish, poured water into it, and the water became ice. Taking this block of ice he threw it toward the north, where it fell at the place where earth and sky forever meet. At once the ice shone forth as the brilliant disk we now know as the sun. For a certain distance the sun rose into the sky and then fell back again. Earth Doctor took it and threw it toward the west, where earth and sky are sewn together, and again it rose and slid back into the ground. And in the south it behaved in a similar manner, but when he threw it to the east it rose higher and higher, until it reached the zenith, and then went on to sink in the west, and thus it has continued to do until this day. As the evening glow grew dim the darkness fell in inky blackness. So Earth Doctor poured more water into the dish and it became ice, and he sang:

I have made the sun!
I have made the sun!
Hurling it high
In the four directions.
To the east I threw it
To run its appointed course.

Then to the north he threw the ice until it dropped at the edge where the earth and sky are woven together. It became the shining circle which we call the moon. The moon rose in the sky, but soon fell back as the sun had done, so he threw it to the west, and then to the south, and finally to the east before it rose and pursued its course across the sky as it does to the present time.

Then he sang:

I have made the moon!
I have made the moon!
Hurling it high
In the four directions.
To the east I threw it
To run its appointed course.

Earth Doctor saw that while the moon was yet above the horizon there was sufficient light, but when it disappeared the darkness was intense, so he took some of the water in his mouth and blew it into the sky in a spray, which formed the stars, but the night was still dark. Then he took his magic crystal and, after breaking it, threw it also into the sky to form the larger stars, so the darkness was less intense. Then he sang:

I have made the stars!
I have made the stars!
Above the earth I threw them.
All things above I've made
And placed them to illumine.

Next he took his walking stick, and placing ashes on the end he drew it across the sky to form the milky way.

When the earth was thus prepared for habitation, Earth Doctor created all manner of birds and creeping things. Next he formed images of clay, which he commanded to become animate human beings, and they obeyed him. For a time they increased and overspread the earth until it became so populous that food became scarce and there was not sufficient water to supply their needs. Of sickness and death they knew nothing, and their numbers grew apace. Hungering, they began to kill one another and to eat human flesh. Earth Doctor pitied them in their extremity, but could devise no plan for relieving their distress, except to destroy all, and this he at length felt forced to do.

Earth Doctor said: "I shall unite earth and sky; the earth shall be as a female and the sky as a male, and from their union shall be born one who will be a helper to me. Let the sun be joined with the moon, also even as man is wedded to woman, and their offspring shall be a helper to me." Then he caught the hook of his staff into the sky and pulled it down, crushing to death the people and all other living things. Thrusting his stick through the earth, Earth Doctor went through the hole and came out alone on the other side. He called upon the sun and moon to come forth from the wreck of world and sky, and they obeyed him. But there was no sky for them to travel through, no stars nor milky way, so he created all these anew. Then he called for the offspring of earth and sky, but there was no response. Then he created a race of men, as he had done before; these were the *Rsâsanatc*.

Out in the west beneath the *toahafs* bush the moon gave birth to Coyote and then went down. Coyote grew apace, and when large and strong he came to the land where lived the Pima nation.

After a time the earth gave birth to one who was afterwards known as *Itany* and later as *Siuvuhû*, Elder Brother. He came to

Earth Doctor and spoke roughly to him, and Earth Doctor trembled before his power. The people increased in numbers, but Elder Brother shortened their lives, and they did not overrun the earth as they had done before. But this did not satisfy Elder Brother, who announced to Earth Doctor that he would destroy the latter's people, and this is how he accomplished the second destruction of the world.

Elder Brother created a handsome youth, whom he directed to go among the Pimas, where he should wed whomsoever he wished.

He must live with her until his first child was born, then leave her and go to another, and so on until his purpose was accomplished. His first wife gave birth to a child four months after marriage and conception. The youth then went and took a second wife, to whom a child was born in less time than the first. The period was yet shorter in the case of the third wife, and with her successors it grew shorter still, until at last the child was born from the young man at the time of the marriage. This was the child that caused the flood which destroyed the people and fulfilled the plans of Elder Brother. Several years were necessary to accomplish these things, and during this time the people were amazed and frightened at the signs of Elder Brother's power and at the deeds of his agent. At the time of the commencement of these strange events Elder Brother began to make a jar or olla of some substance, either bush or gum. When this should be finished the flood would come. How? This is the way in which it came: The handsome young man, whom Elder Brother sent about among the people to marry and beget children in so short a period of time, came at last to the home of Vakolo Makai, South Doctor, who lived somewhere in the south, and who had power similar to that of Elder Brother. South Doctor was noted for his knowledge of all things and his skill in reading signs. He declared that he would put an end to Elder Brother's schemes. One day South Doctor asked his beautiful young daughter why she cried all the time. She replied that she was afraid of the handsome young man who went about marrying the young women and begetting sons and daughters. Her father told her that it was her duty to marry the young man in order that a divine plan might be accomplished. But she continued crying, so her father told her to fetch some of the topmost thorns of a cholla cactus. When she had obeyed him he placed the thorns upon her, telling her not to be afraid of the young man, but that when he came she should take good care of his bow, arrows, shield, war club, spear, or any other weapon he might bring. At this the maiden dried her tears and awaited with pleasure the bridegroom's coming. When he came she took his bow and arrows and carefully put them in a safe place. After exchanging good wishes for health and happiness, they went to the dwelling prepared for them. Soon the screams of a child aroused old South Doctor and

his wife, who came running, desirous of seeing their grandchild. The old woman took up the babe and tried to present it to her daughter, but she refused to accept it, saying, "I am not the mother. He gave birth to the child. Give it to him." So the young man took the child away and returned to Elder Brother, but as he was very much ashamed of himself, he did not bring the baby, but left it by the wayside. Elder Brother knew what was happening, for he was finishing his olla. As the youth approached he asked, "How does it happen that you come alone and do not bring the young child that is born of you? Go bring it hither, and we will take care of it. We have been outwitted and our plan defeated, but that is the best we can do." The young man went after the child, the screams of which shook the earth and could be heard for a great distance. Earth Doctor then called his people together and told them there would be a great flood. After describing the calamity that would befall them, he sang:

Weep, my unfortunate people!
 All this you will see take place.
 Weep, my unfortunate people!
 For the waters will overwhelm the land.
 Weep, my unhappy relatives!
 You will learn all.
 Weep, my unfortunate relatives!
 You will learn all.
 The waters will overwhelm the mountains.

He thrust his staff into the ground, and with it bored a hole quite through to the other side of the earth. Some of the people went into the hole, while others appealed to Elder Brother. Their appeals were not heeded, but Coyote asked his assistance, and he was told to find a big log and sit upon it. This would carry him safely on the surface of the water along with the driftwood. Elder Brother got into his olla and closed the opening by which he entered, singing in the meantime:

Black house! Black house! Hold me safely in;
 Black house! Black house! Hold me safely in,
 As I journey to and fro, to and fro.

As he was borne along by the flood he sang:

Running water, running water, herein resounding,
 As on the clouds I am carried to the sky.
 Running water, running water, herein roaring,
 As on the clouds I am carried to the sky.

When he finally emerged from the olla he sang:

Here I come forth! Here I come forth!
 With magic powers I emerge.
 Here I come forth! Here I come forth!
 With magic powers I emerge.

I stand alone! Alone!
 Who will accompany me?
 My staff and my crystal
 They shall bide with me.

The young man went to the place where he had left the child and found that its tears were welling up in a great torrent that cut a gorge before it. He bent over the child to take it up, but at that moment they both became birds and flew above the earth over which the floods were spreading. It is said that five birds in all were saved from all those that had been previously known. These were Koli-vitcûkam' Hikivik (flicker), Vipisimal, Kisopi, and Nyui (vulture). They clung by their beaks to the sky to keep themselves above the waters, but the tail of the flicker was washed by the waves, and that is why it is stiff to this day. Finally, as they were threatened with destruction, the god Vikarskam took pity on them and gave them power to make "nests of down" from their own breasts which floated on the surface of the waters and so enabled them to survive the flood. If anyone harms the little Vipisimal to this day the flood may come again. Accidental injuries to the bird must be atoned for; if it be killed, its tail feathers must be kept for a time to avert disaster; if it is found lying dead, it must be buried and appropriate gifts must be placed upon its grave.

When the child had been taken from them, South Doctor called the people to him and announced that a flood was coming to destroy the earth and all things thereon. Then he sang:

The waters dissolve the land.
 The waters dissolve the land.
 The mighty magician tests his strength.
 The waters dissolve the mountain.
 The waters dissolve the mountain.
 Nasi foresees what is coming.

Some of the people came to him and were saved from the flood by passing through to the other side of the earth by means of the hole which he had made with his cane. He told the others to go with him to Earth Doctor and hear what he might say to them. Earth Doctor told them that they were too late in coming, that he had already sent all that he could save to the other side of the earth. However, there was yet hope for them if they would climb to the summit of the Crooked mountain. He gave power to South Doctor and directed him to aid the people to the extent of his ability, so the latter conducted the people to the top of the Crooked mountain, and as they went away Earth Doctor sang:

Haiya! Haiya! Flood! Flood! Hai-ya!
 See the doom awaiting them!
 Haiya! Haiya! Flood! Flood! Hai-ya!
 Here are my doomed people before me.

As the flood rose toward the top of the mountain, South Doctor sang a song which caused the mountain itself to rise higher and ever higher above the waters which raced toward them as if on the level plain. These are the words that lifted the mountain upward:

On the Crooked mountain I am standing,
Trying to disperse the waters.
On the Crooked mountain I am standing,
Trying to disperse the waters.

When he ceased singing he traced a line around the mountain and this marked the limit of the flood for a time, but it soon rose again and threatened to overflow the summit. Again South Doctor sang:

On the Crooked mountain top I'm standing,
Trying to disperse the waters.
On the Crooked mountain top I'm standing,
Trying to disperse the waters.

Four times he sang and raised the mountain above the rising waters and then declared that he could do so no more, for his power was exhausted. He could do but one more thing for them, and holding his magic crystal in his left hand he sang:

Powerless! Powerless!
Powerless is my magic crystal!
Powerless! Powerless!
I shall become as stone.

Then he smote with his right hand and the thunder peal rang in all directions. He threw his staff into the water and it cracked with a loud noise. Turning, he saw a dog near him, and this animal he sent to see how high the tide had risen. The dog turned toward the people and said, "It is very near the top." When the anxious watchers heard the voice they were transfixed in stone; and there to this day we see them as they were gathered in groups, some of the men talking, some of the women cooking, and some crying.

Coyote was carried southward by the drifting log to the place where all the driftwood of the flood was collected. To this day the place is referred to as Driftwood mountain, though its exact location is not known. Coyote came out of the drift after the water had fallen.

Earth Doctor escaped destruction by inclosing himself in his reed staff, which floated upon the surface of the water. We do not know what adventures befell him, but suppose that his staff came to rest somewhere in the east, as he is next heard from in that quarter.

Elder Brother was rolled along on the ground under the waters in his olla and finally came to rest beyond Sonoita, near the mouth of the Colorado river. The olla, now called Black mountain, may be seen there to this day. It is black because the gum from which the

vessel was made was of that color. After the waters disappeared Elder Brother came out and went about until he had visited nearly all parts of the land. At length he met Coyote and Earth Doctor. Each claimed to have been the first to appear after the flood, but finally Elder Brother was admitted to have been the first, and he became the ruler of the world, and is accepted as such by many to this day. Elder Brother on becoming the chief ruler told his subordinates to search for the center of the land, which is known as hik, navel. He sent Earth Doctor to the east and Coyote to the west. The latter returned first, and a long time afterwards Earth Doctor came in. They all went some distance east and again the messengers were sent out—Coyote east and Earth Doctor west. This time Earth Doctor returned first, so they all journeyed yet farther east before sending out the messengers. Coyote was sent west this time and again returned first. Then all moved east a little farther, and from that point both returned at the same time, so they knew they were at the middle of the land.

This is the song that Elder Brother sang when they reached the middle:

Here I have come to the center of the earth;
Here I have come to the center of the earth.
I see the central mountain;
I see the central mountain.

He then bent down and scratched his head. The lice that dropped became ants, which dried up that particular spot in a very short time, for the earth had been everywhere wet and muddy. Then they all sat down to create the various animals that had lived before the flood. Elder Brother sat facing the west, for, said he, "I came out upon the earth in the west and I am going to face that way." Coyote sat facing the south, for "I came out in the south and I am to face that way." Earth Doctor seated himself facing the east, for, said he, "I came out in the east and I am going to face that way." Each agreed not to look at what the others were making nor to tell what he was doing until all was finished, and then all that they had made should be showed at once. A moment later Elder Brother said he was ready and asked the others to show what they had made. So Coyote and Earth Doctor brought their work before him. Coyote had made all the web-footed animals, snakes, and birds. Earth Doctor had made creatures resembling human beings, but they were deformed—some having but one leg, others immense ears, some with imperforate bodies, others with flames of fire in their knees.

Elder Brother told Coyote to throw the animals which he had created into the water. He told Earth Doctor to place his creatures in the west. Both obeyed. After throwing his beings into the west Earth Doctor sank into the earth, but while his body was yet half-

way down Elder Brother jumped and tried to grasp it. He was not successful, and Earth Doctor disappeared. Elder Brother in trying to hold Earth Doctor got his hands covered with dirt and blood, like those of a man killing an animal. He shook his hands and the blood sprinkled over all the earth. That is what causes all kinds of sickness among us now, for the diseases were scattered over the land and in the water.

Elder Brother and Coyote were left in possession of the land. After the images which the former had made had been kept for four days, one of the Apache group (they were divided into equal groups) came to life and said, "It's very cold," and began to sway its body back and forth. Earth Doctor said, "Oh, I didn't think you would be the first to awake!" and he was so angry he took all the Apaches up in his hand and threw them over the mountain. That made them angry, and that is why they have always been so fierce.

These were the Indian people of which there were four tribes: The Wā-aki-Ap, the Apaches, the Maricopas, and, lastly, the Pimas, though they were given superior qualities—such as a knowledge of the seasons, the power to bring down rain from the sky, the ability to cure sickness, and the like.

These people occupied this country from that time forward and multiplied in numbers. The Yumas and Maricopas were at first united, but the Maricopas left the Yumas and joined the Pimas, finally settling in the Salt River valley, where they formed permanent settlements. They tried to build canals, but were not successful, on account of the hard rocks and soil.

The Maricopas asked Elder Brother for advice or assistance. He caused the ground to become soft for a while, but it hardened again, and upon being appealed to a second time he said he could do no more for them, but told them to go and see Toakoa-atam Aks, White-eater-old-woman, Elder Brother's sister, who also had great power. She finished all the work in a single night, but Elder Brother refused to do anything more for the people. From that time on he began to do mischief, such as marrying the young women and then deserting them for others. The people began to be jealous of him and planned to destroy him.

For a time after the creation of the four tribes of men and the animals they were confined in a great house together. Rattlesnake was there, and was known as Mâ'ik Sol'atc, Soft Child. The people liked to hear him rattle, and little rest or peace could he obtain because of their continual prodding and scratching. Unable to endure it longer, he went at last to Elder Brother to ask help of him. Elder Brother took pity upon him and pulled a hair from his own lip to cut in short pieces to serve as teeth for Soft Child. "Now," said he, "if anyone bothers you again, bite him." In the evening Tâ-âpi,

Rabbit, came to Soft Child as he sat at the door and scratched him as he had so often done before. Soft Child raised his head and bit his tormentor as Elder Brother had instructed him to do. Feeling the bite, Rabbit scratched Soft Child again, and again was bitten; then he ran about telling that Soft Child was angry and had bitten him twice. Again he went to him and again he was bitten twice. During the night his body swelled and the fever came upon him. All through the dark hours he suffered and throughout the next day; often he called to those around him to prepare a place that might give him rest. No bed that they could make brought any ease to his stricken frame. He asked for sea sand that he might lie upon it and cool his fevered body. Coyote was sent to the sea to fetch the cooling sand, but it gave no relief. Rabbit asked for a shade of bushes that the cooling breeze might blow beneath them upon him, but this, too, failed to help him. The traveling shade likewise brought no relief. His agony increased until death came to give him peace.

For this first loss of life the people blamed Elder Brother, because he had given Soft Child the teeth that made him a menace to all who approached him. The disposal of Rabbit's body formed a serious problem to the tribes, for they feared the interference of Coyote. Said one, "If we bury him Coyote will surely dig him out." "If we hide him," said another, "Coyote will surely find him." "If we put him in a tree," said a third, "Coyote will surely climb up." Finally the Maricopas proposed that he be burned, and in order to get Coyote out of the way during the ceremony he was sent to Sun to get some fire, for he always kept the flame lighted in his house.

As soon as Coyote had gone the people called upon Blue Fly to help them, and this is how the first fire drill was made. Taking a stick like an arrow, he twirled it to and fro between his hands, the lower end resting in a socket at the margin of a flat stick that lay upon the ground. Soon smoke ascended, and the first fire began to glow. Gathering fuel, they proceeded to burn the corpse.

When Coyote left them he was suspicious of their intentions, and said to himself, "I think they have some purpose in sending me away." So he looked back frequently as he went along, and soon saw the smoke ascending. With excited heart he turned and ran back as fast as he could go. When he made his appearance the people formed a circle and tried to shut him away from the burning body. "Let me see my brother! Let me see with one eye!" he cried as he rolled upon the ground. No one would listen to him, so he ran round and round the circle seeking an opening. There was a weak spot in the cordon where two short men were standing, and he jumped over their heads, bit out the heart of the burning body, and ran away with it. The people pursued, but Coyote outstripped them. South of the Sierra Estrella Coyote stopped and laid the heart upon

the an bush, but the people came up and he fled again. To this day that halting place is called Anûkam Tcukwoanyik, Place of the Up-rooted An Bush. Near Kihâtoak' he stopped again upon a mountain to eat the heart, but he saw that it was covered with ashes, so he shook it and the ashes fell and covered the mountain, so that it is white to this day, and is called Gray mountain. Again the people overtook Coyote, and he ran northward across the Gila, where he ate the heart, and as he did so the grease fell upon every stone of the mountain, which accounts for its appearance and the name it bears to this day—Mo'hatûk, Greasy mountain. From that place Coyote ran to live in the sea in the south.

[To be continued]

FLOWERS OF THE FOOT-HILLS

By ALICE STOCKTON



HERE is a little trail in the foot-hills that I shall always pleasantly remember, for I have spent happy, though solitary, hours wandering through its shady length. In the autumn the path is carpeted with dry brown leaves, and only the pine-trees look green. The red manzanita berries are drying, but sweet yet to the taste, and the fruit of the buckeye is falling to the ground. There is a feeling of winter cold in the air, and a moaning sound can be heard—you cannot tell whence it comes. It is the wind-spirit whispering of winter to the pines.

Occasionally a bird's nest, gray and empty, can be seen perched in some forked branch. But the little truants have departed for warmer climes, to be seen no more till spring. It is lonesome in the woodland path in winter.

But in the spring—it is then that one should come. Everywhere life is "thrilling over hill and valley," and the little foot-hill blue-bells peep out almost as soon as those in the valley. These are the tiny harbingers of many beautiful things to come.

The "stars-of-Bethlehem" grow everywhere on the sunny hill-sides, yellow as the buttercups beside them. Now and then peeps out a pansy, "sober, steadfast and demure."

The air is perfumed with a thousand scents. Sweetest of all, perhaps, are the mignonettes; while the soft wind often brings a breath of violets. The wild lilacs, a mass of foamy white or delicate lavender, are very fragrant.

The "cat's-ears," dainty, shy bells of pink, nod from the shadow of the oak tree. They love the shade, these little flowers, and fade quickly in the sunshine. The proud Mariposa lily gives quite friendly welcome, and the snow flowers, even, dare to creep down so far sometimes, blooming in delicate crimson beauty.

The manzanita grows everywhere in the foot-hills, and one can gather clusters of the little bells, so waxen pink and white. But nothing can equal the wild rose, fair vagrant of the hills. It climbs over the gray, cold rocks, warming them in a glory of saucy pink blossoms.

Above, the sweet-scented buckeye trees, decked in white blooms, try to rival the gay flowers at their feet. There are many wild violets, blue and white, and pansies—"that's for thoughts."

There are other friends, too. Sometimes a big gray squirrel will come out to sit in the sun; then, spying you, he runs back, with scurry and rush, to his tree. And off in the brushes some saucy quail cry out, "Come right here!" "Come right here!" Or a wild bee comes buzzing up to steal honey from the manzanita bells. "Oh, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow, you've powdered your legs with gold." Somewhere a lark sings his tuneful note over and over, trying to drown the mourning of the doves.

Above and beyond this sunny retreat, with its birds and flowers; above the hills and their "utmost purple rim," is the snow. The mantle of the lonely peaks is made of "ermine too dear for an earl." Although the snowy peaks are so far away, and often hidden from sight, yet they, too, are friends. Is not the tender sunshine falling as lovingly on them?

As I walked through the woods one day, I thought of Thoreau's description of solitude, and it seemed appropriate to the scene, for there can be no solitude in a place like this. One can gain inspiration here, if anywhere, for "it is easy now for the heart to be true"; and for a little while, perhaps, one can feel the joy of living. It is long since I was there, but I shall go back again some day when it is spring.

Fresno, Cal.

ARIZONA

By MARGARET ERWIN.

THEY call it the country God forgot,—
 Some who live in the East,
 Who live in a city-encircled spot
 And know it not in the least.
 Who know not the mountains, the sky, the air,
 The joy of the silent land,
 The feel of the desert stretches bare,
 The sun on the gleaming sand.
 They've never seen the after-glow
 When the sun goes down to rest.
 But we who love it feel and know
 It's the country God loved best.

Tucson, Arizona.

BEYOND THE FIRE-BREAK

By FLORENCE ESTELLE BROOKS



HE blistering rays of a mid-August afternoon sun beat upon the narrow trail zigzagging down the mountain side. The heat-waves striking against the rocks at the girl's side quivered and danced, and, putting out a hand, she touched the wall inquisitively.

"Goodness, Bert," she exclaimed; "just touch that rock! It's fairly sizzling!"

"I should say it was," assented her brother, complying. "If you'd started early this morning, as I wanted you to, we'd 'a' been over the worst of the trail before the sun got hot."

"Well, I just couldn't get away then, so there's no use talking about it."

"You might have taken that short trail back there that I wanted you to take. If you had, we'd 'a' got down ever so much sooner," continued the boy.

"But you know, Bert, what generally happens to people who take cut-off trails they know nothing about."

"But that one looked well-traveled—anyone could see that. And it led right down in the bottom of the cañon where it's cool and shady, and here it's roasting hot." And he mopped his face discontentedly with a handkerchief that was none too clean. "That's the way I'd go if I was alone, Janet."

Though but two years the elder, the girl, being more level-headed and cautious, hesitated a moment, then:

"But if we go back to the other trail, we'll have to pass that horrid place again, where the trail's so narrow it makes me dizzy."

"Don't look down, then. If you'd do as I tell you, and keep your eyes on the ground just in front of your feet, you wouldn't get dizzy."

"Even if I did, I'd know there was a precipice hundreds of feet deep waiting right at my side to swallow me up if I made a mis-step."

"Oh ho," laughed the boy; "you girls beat all for getting scared at nothing. Why, I'd run along it for a cent."

His sister looked down into the depths of the green cañon winding tortuously below them, but remained undecided.

"We must be half-way down," she finally said.

"Pshaw! we haven't come more'n three miles."

"Well, I'm dead tired already, and this sun will finish me."

"Come on back, then, to the other trail."

And without waiting for her reply, he turned, and was already on the back trail. He forged on ahead till, coming to a place

where the rock jutted out over an abyss, he paused, and looked back at his sister.

"Now do just as I told you, and you'll get along all right," he warned. "There, see, just ahead is the place where we go down to the other trail," pointing. "Now look out, Sis, that you don't slip. Go slow, and dig your heels in the ground."

Nevertheless, the descent soon became a scramble, till at last, reaching the bottom of the cañon, they found a stream of clear, cold water rushing madly over great boulders, and by its side wound a trail which looked as though little traveled.

"There, if we follow that down stream we'll get out all right," asserted the boy, with the wisdom of sixteen years. "Don't you remember what that man up at camp said about all these cañons coming out on the same side of the mountains?"

"That may be true, yet it may take us out a long way from Pasadena. But go on, or it'll be dark before we get out anywhere."

Soon, however, she stopped short and stood sniffing the air.

"What's the matter?" the boy asked.

"Why, smoke—can't you smell it?"

"Of course. It's someone's camp-fire."

After a while she stopped again and sniffed the air suspiciously.

"It is getting awful strong," admitted the boy, watching her.

"We must be coming near the camp," said Janet.

But as they went on she became more and more uneasy.

"You know, Bert, this is the worst month for fires in the mountains, and you remember we saw smoke way off down the cañon when we were up on that first trail."

"Yes, but it was only a camp-fire. Gee whiz! how the wind does blow down here in the bottom of the cañon! I guess we'd better hurry, anyway."

They were walking directly in the face of the smoke-laden wind, and it was not long before Janet stopped short, exclaiming:

"I'm sure that's a forest fire, and not many miles away, either."

Just then a deer tore blindly past, scarce taking the trouble to turn aside.

"There, that settles it! It is a forest fire!" cried Janet. "We've got to get back just as quick as we can."

"What shall we do?" asked her brother, with white face.

"It wouldn't be any use going up the cañon, for the wind will carry the fire right after us."

Then with one accord they turned and scrambled directly up the steep side of the cañon. Step by step they fought their way, helping themselves by grasping the manzanita and other shrubs upon its side, till, suddenly, Janet made a mis-step, and, screaming out in agony, sank down upon the ground.

"What is it? What's the matter?" exclaimed her brother, hurrying to her side.

"I—I've hurt my foot," and she shut her eyes.

"Can't you walk—can't you even stand on it?"

Making a careful examination of the injury, she said:

"It isn't broken, but it hurts so to touch it that I'm sure it's sprained. Oh, Bert, what shall we do now?"

"Would you be afraid to stay here alone while I go back to the camp for help?"

"Of course I'd be afraid; but there's nothing else to be done. Can you remember this place?"

"Yes. When I strike the upper trail again I'll fix a little pile of stones for a mark."

As the moments passed, Janet became more and more worried. Several small animals tore wildly up the trail, blind with fear. The girl tried to bear her weight upon the injured limb, but was forced to desist with a groan. She now noticed a peculiar sighing of the wind in the tops of the tall pine and spruce trees, and the smoke smell became stronger. Looking up, she saw that the sky, instead of being deeply blue, was filled with haze, and that birds fluttered by, always in the same direction.

"I wonder how near the fire is," she thought. "It must be coming this way fast."

After a little the wind veered slightly so she could see, as well as smell, smoke. High up above the tree-tops it rolled in great billowy waves. Just as breathing began to be uncomfortable, she heard a great crashing of underbrush down below her, and a greater fear gripped her heart, not knowing what manner of animal might appear. Suddenly a man, urging a tired horse, broke through the underbrush.

"Stop! oh, stop!" cried Janet, waving a hand wildly.

He pulled up his mount with such suddenness as to bring it upon its haunches, and springing from the saddle, hurried up to her.

"My God!" he cried. "Is it you, Janet? What are you doing here?"

"I've hurt my foot, and am waiting for Bert to bring help," was her reply, after a prolonged stare of amazement, which his appearance justified. His face was streaked and begrimed with smoke and dust, his "chaps" burnt and blackened, and his clothing in rags.

"Don't you know this whole side of the mountain is afire?"

"Yes, that's what we were afraid of. We were hurrying up to the other trail; but now—"

"Now," he interrupted roughly, "you'll go with me. Every second's delay increases your danger."

"But I can't walk; I can't even stand."

For answer he stooped and gathered her into his arms; then, stumbling and swaying under her weight over the rough ground, carried her down to his horse, which, though trained to stand anywhere and under all circumstances, now whinnied with joy upon seeing its master.

"I know you ride, but are you used to a man's saddle?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I've learned to ride one since coming to California; but your poor horse can't carry me as well as his pack."

"It's very light," he assured her, "and you don't weigh as much as I. Put your good foot in the stirrup. It'll help steady you, and I'll walk on the other side."

Soon the trail ceased to be discernible to Janet, and she wondered how her companion could find it, till, watching, she saw the trees were blazed.

"But you," she said, turning to her guide, "why are you here, and dressed in that fashion?"

"I'm a forest ranger."

"A forest ranger," she repeated; "how strange!" And she let her eyes roam over the stalwart, sun-browned figure stalking beside her.

"No stranger than that you, Miss McRae"—she winced—"whom I saw last in Central Park, New York City, should be discovered sitting alone in a California cañon."

Instantly the girl noted it was no longer "Janet," and her pride took alarm.

"But I've explained why I'm here, Mr. Hilton," she reminded him coldly.

He made no reply, but devoted his attention to urging the horse onward, and she, forcing herself to an indifference she did not feel, looked passively before her. At last, her attention being directed to the rustling of leaves overhead and the increased difficulty of breathing, she asked:

"Isn't the fire much closer?"

"Yes, it's within five miles of here. The supervisor has every ranger and ranchman he could get out fighting it. If they can't head it off, it'll be here in half an hour's time; but I think they'll be able to manage it."

"Have you been fighting it long?" was her next question, seeing how tired and worn he looked.

"Since early this morning. Some fool tourist didn't take the trouble to make sure of his fire being entirely out before leaving it, and the wind coming up, as it does after early morning, the mischief was done."

"And where were you going when I stopped you?"

"To the cabin. The forest supervisor sent me there to rest till

evening, as I've been out on the range for a week, and he saw I'm used up."

"I hope you won't think me too inquisitive, but what cabin do you mean?" asked the girl.

"The rangers' cabin. We're quite near it now; but I don't like the way that smoke is blowing. It looks as if their back-firing hadn't done any good."

"You don't think we're in immediate danger, do you?" and she turned a white face upon him.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I'd feel better if I'd got you across the fire-break."

His hesitancy of speech sent a shiver of apprehension over her. She had read of the horrors of forest fires, and now looked with gathering fear at the swaying tree-tops.

"There, we'll be able to see the fire-break when we've made the next turn," said Hilton.

Suddenly the cañon became much narrower and the stream in its bottom deeper and swifter. The crooked arms of numerous sycamores reached from side to side, while a tangle of sweet-bay, wild cherry and manzanita trees made travel very difficult.

"We turn here," announced Hilton, "and take a short cut by a blind trail up the side of this branch cañon. It'll bring us out above the fire-break, but'll be pretty tough riding for you." He smiled apologetically.

"But you didn't say we were in danger," the girl reminded him.

"Well, I didn't want to frighten you any more than I had to, but—we are."

Clinging to the high pommel of the Mexican saddle, she was obliged to duck her head repeatedly to avoid being struck in the face by the low branches. Her short khaki dress skirt and leggings protected her lower limbs. The poor horse carrying her panted and sweat, his head dropped low, and Hilton urged him with low words of endearment.

"Oh, if I could but walk!" cried Janet. "I do so hate to be a burden."

From the muscle-play of Hilton's jaw she knew he was gritting his teeth, though he remained silent. His touch was tender as he lifted her from the horse, carried her to the tiny porch of the roughly-built cabin, and set her down, then turned to his jaded beast. She watched as he took the end of a rope in his hand, and with one pull loosened the pack, the various articles falling with a clash to the ground.

"That's what we call the 'diamond hitch,'" he informed her, seeing her look of amazement.

Turning, she let her curious eyes roam over the small, square, log cabin. Its walls and rough, heavy door were almost covered with names carved with more or less ingenuity. Suddenly the blood rushed in a flood to her cheeks, upon discovering a true lover's knot containing the names—"Janet" and "Jim."

"Oh," she whispered, "I wonder if—" and hearing his step, she turned guiltily away, then forced herself to ask innocently:

"Where is the fire-break?"

"You've been looking over it ever since you sat there," and he laughed. "Don't you see that cleared space down in front and over

there? That's it, and it means weeks of hard work for us rangers."

"How do you know the fire can never jump over it?"

"Because we know exactly which way the wind-currents run. You see these cañons act like flues. But how does your foot feel now? Hadn't you better let me see it?"

"Oh, no. It's very much better, and I don't think it's even sprained. What do you keep in that box?" And she pointed to one hanging from the porch roof, its sides of wire screening.

"That's our larder," and he laughed. "It looks rather empty just now—just a piece of bacon."

He seemed uneasy, and she would have quickly understood the reason had she followed him 'round behind the cabin. Here he sniffed the air repeatedly, and watched the waves of denser smoke roll over the tree-tops across the cañon.

"If it gets into the west cañon, it'll be all day with us," he muttered, "unless some of the boys are sent on here."

But, reappearing before her, he laughed reassuringly as he said:

"You can see I'm not very often called upon to do the honors of host, for I never thought to invite you inside."

Slipping his hand into a crack between the logs, he drew out a key and unlocked the door.

"Will you enter my palatial dwelling?" he invited, with a laugh and a sweep of his arm.

Janet arose, and leaning on the wall, hobbled inside.

"Why, how cozy!" she cried, dropping into the great rocking-chair. Her eyes, wandering curiously over the rough log walls, saw they were adorned with pictures cut from magazines. A wide bunk was built at one side of the square room, while at another, beneath the tiny-paned window, was a rough desk. Books and magazines lay scattered everywhere, and leaning against the wall were several rifles.

Bringing her eyes back to her companion, she said:

"I wish Bert knew I was safe."

"Which camp has he gone to?" Hilton asked quickly.

"Compton's."

"I'll 'phone them you're all right."

"How stupid of me, not thinking of that, when I saw the wires," laughing shamefacedly.

Then after a little she asked:

"But you haven't told me how you happened to become a ranger. I completely lost track of you, after—"

"I intended you should," he interrupted rudely, seating himself upon the door-step.

She bit her lip with vexation, resolving to remain silent.

"I thought I'd like the life," he resumed, "and I've been here over a year."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and hastened outside, crying:

"There come the boys! I guess the supervisor thinks we'd better prepare for the worst."

Stopping the crowd of rangers and ranchmen which suddenly swarmed about the cabin, he whispered a few words in the ear of the foremost.

"So, that's the way you're restin', Jim," and the man winked good-naturedly.

Hilton turned his back in anger upon the speaker.

"She'll be here in this cañon inside half an hour, unless we can turn her by felling a few of those pines down at the foot," the man called after him.

Entering the cabin, he found Janet gazing white-faced from the tiny window.

"I ought to go and help them," he said. "Would you be afraid to stay here alone?"

"Oh, no; but who are those men?"

"Rangers, ranchmen and everyone our super' could impress to help. They came here to fell some trees across the cañon, to narrow the fire-front if it comes. If you don't mind, I'll go help."

Not long afterwards, as she stood with clasped hands listening nervously to the crashing of trees, she heard the men shouting, and Hilton appeared suddenly before her.

"The fire's started in at the foot of this cañon," he said, "but don't be frightened, for we're holding it in check all right. The fire-break was intended to save this cabin, and it'll do it."

"But you won't leave me alone again," she pled.

"No, if that's your wish; but there was a time when you ordered me from your presence."

"Oh, why do you remind me of that!" cried the girl, and her brown eyes flashed.

He remained silent, but stood with folded arms watching the great rolls and puffs of smoke now carrying flying leaves and sometimes sparks. Crash after crash resounded as forest monarchs dipped their lordly heads in the dust, and there began to be heard a distinct roaring sound. Soon was mingled with this the snapping, crackling sound of resinous sap burning. The wind came in gusts harder than ever, carrying the line of fire across the cañon on with the rapidity of a race-horse.

Watching it, Janet's face grew whiter and her heart fainter, till, in spite of herself, she was forced to ask:

"Oh, do you think it will jump over the fire-break?"

"No; the boys are holding it off. You're safe."

"And you also," she added with heightened color.

"It doesn't matter about me," he said dispassionately.

"It matters to me—Jim!"

He whirled and looked at the girl's down-dropped head.

"What do you mean? For God's sake, don't trifle now, Janet. We may be nearer death than you think."

"It does matter to me—it always mattered, but I was too proud to admit it," the girl whispered.

In a flash he was upon his knees at her side, crushing her hands in his own.

"Do you mean that? Oh, Janet, can you mean that?"

For answer, she withdrew her hands, and placing them upon his shoulders, laid her lips upon his.

The next instant a great shout rang out from the fire-fighters, and the two inside the cabin knew the danger was over, and a new life had begun for them.

Pasadena



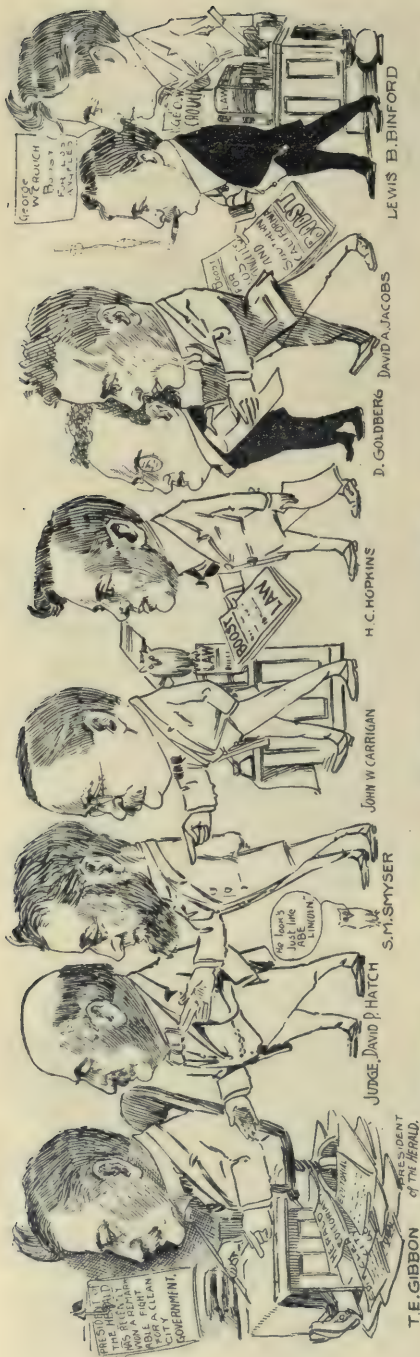
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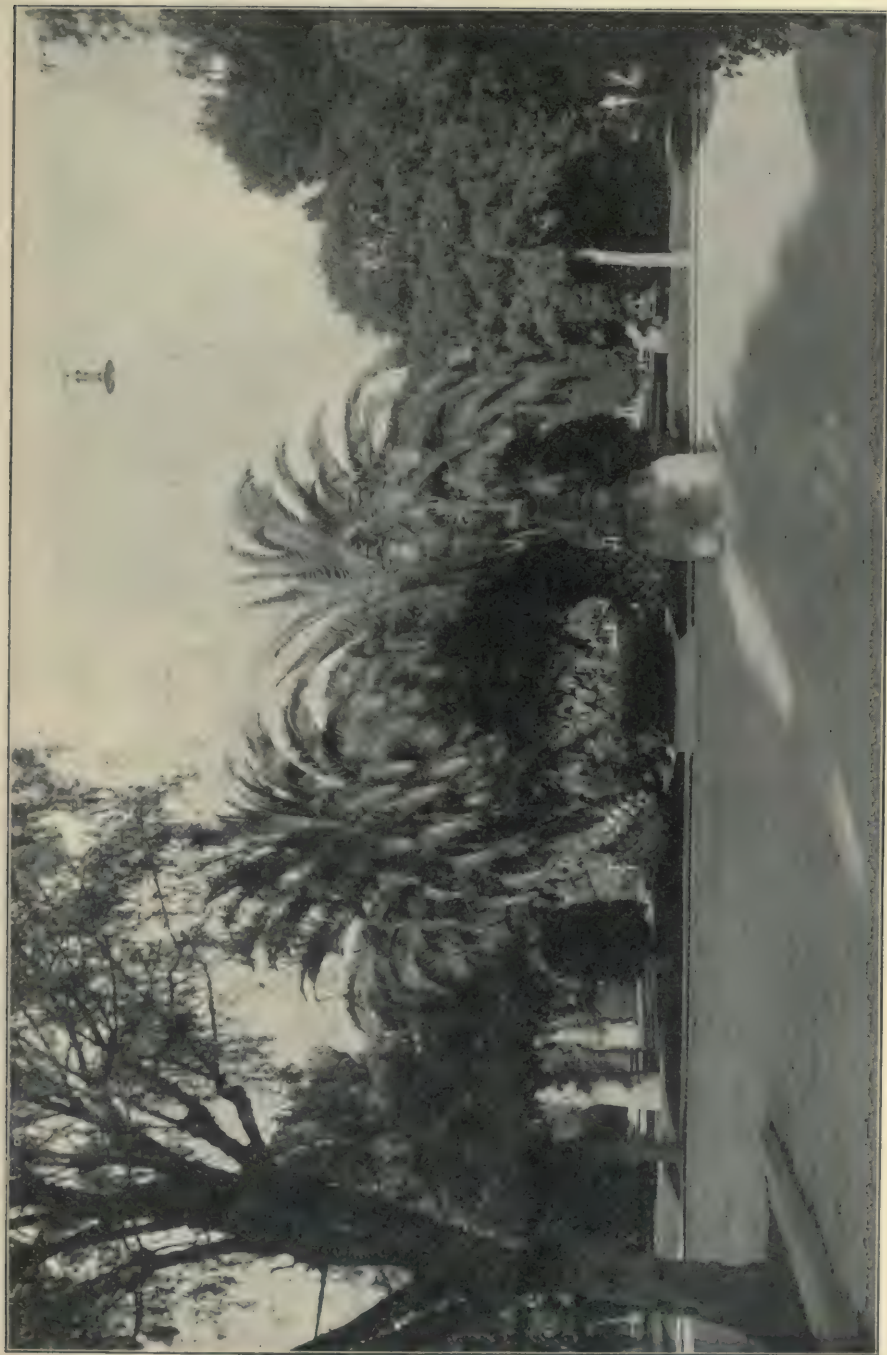
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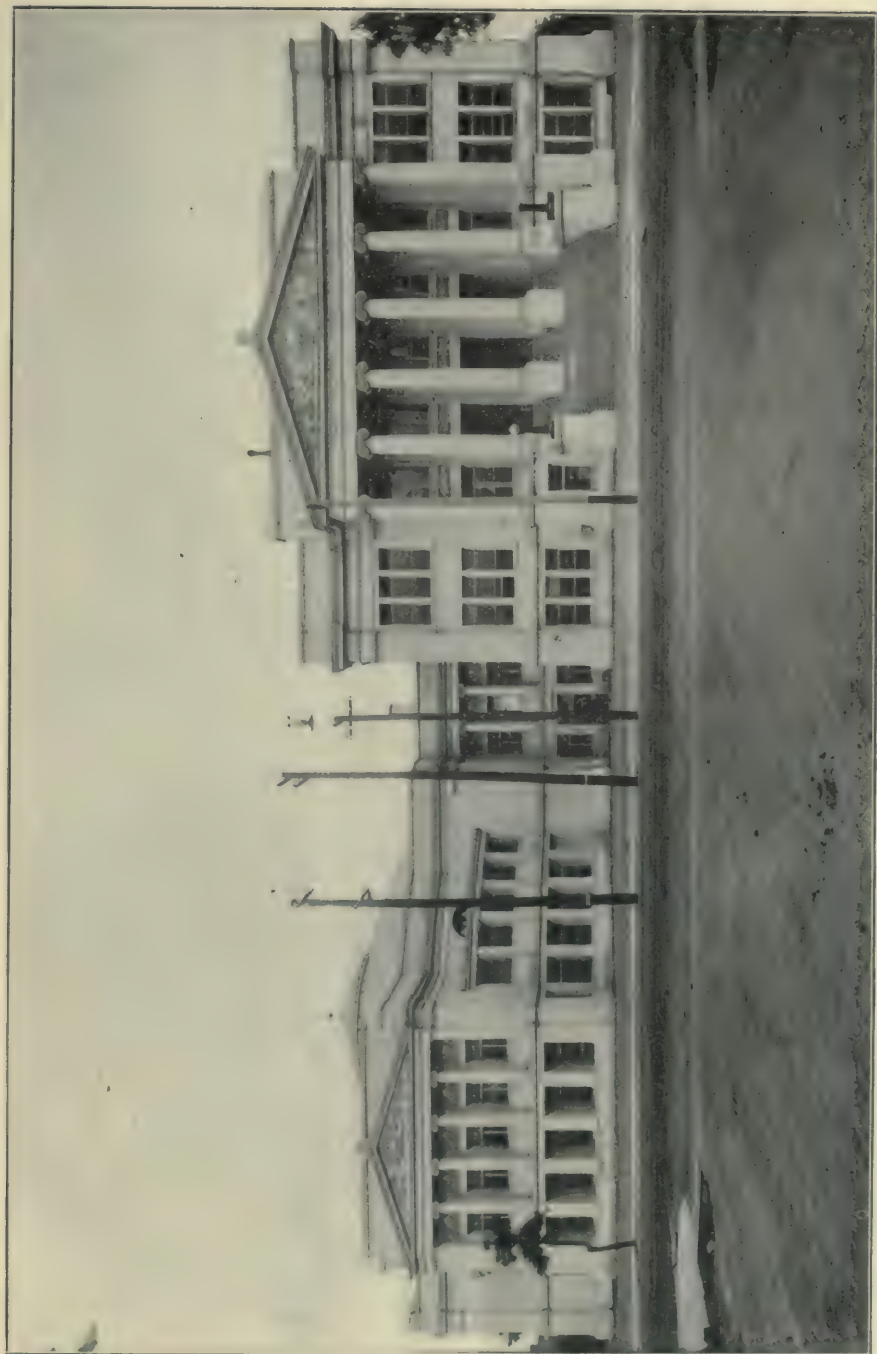
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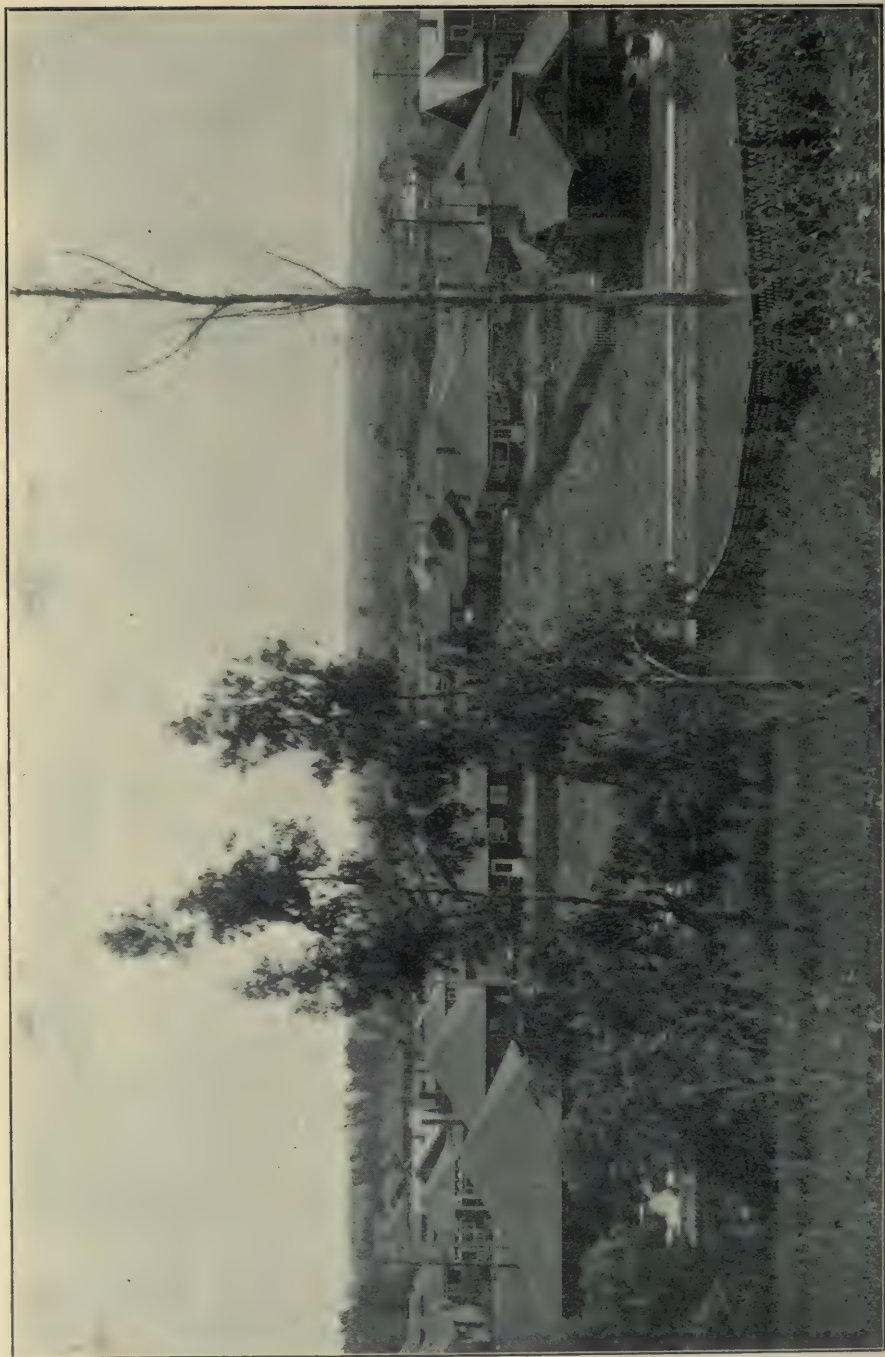


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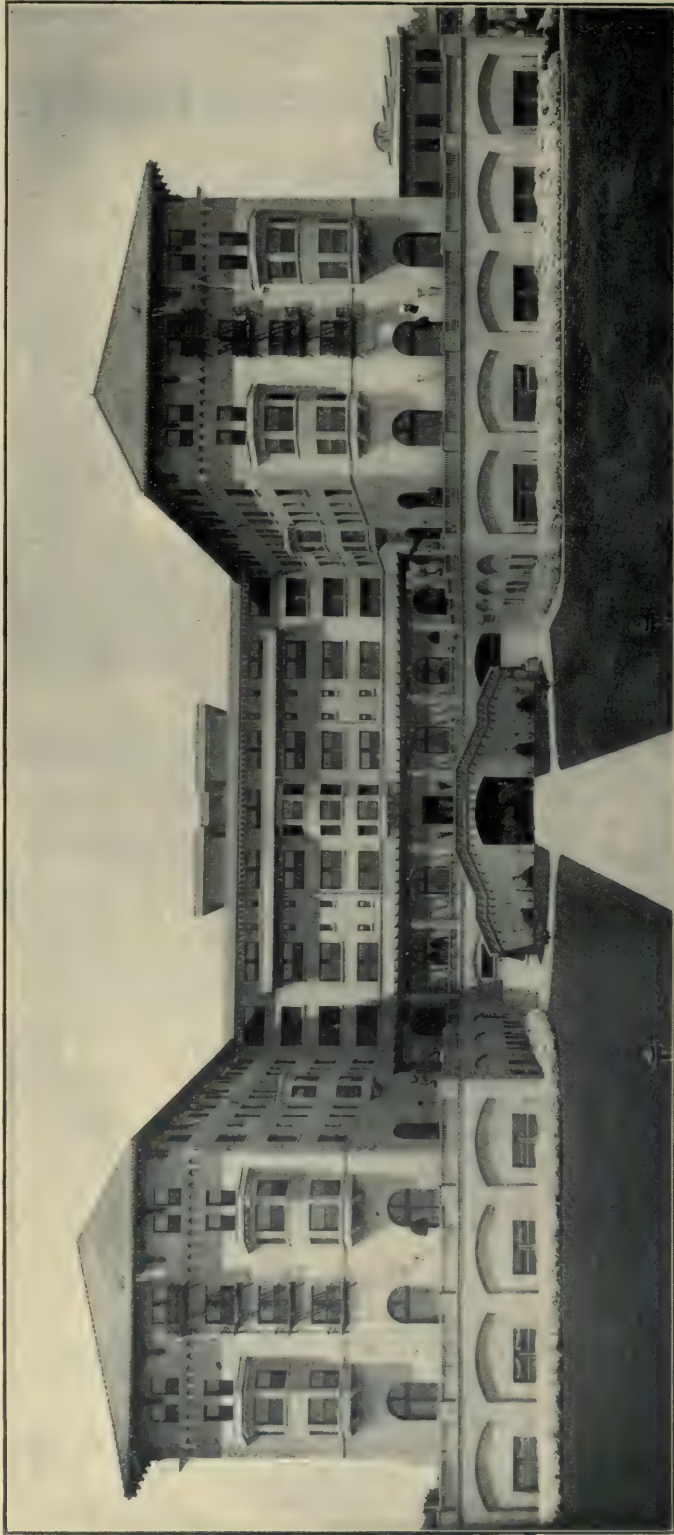
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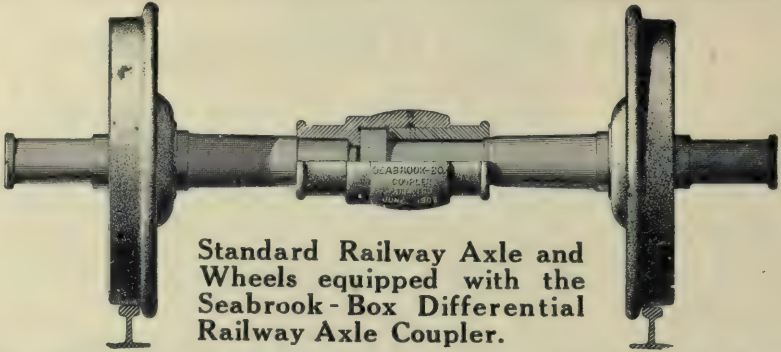
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Plant of The Frank Tanning Co., Redwood City, Cal.

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The line of low altitudes and short distances between

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Via El Paso

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LIMITS

Eastbound trip must begin on date stamped on back of tickets and passengers must be at destination within ten days from that date. Tickets will be good for return within ninety days, but in no case later than October 31.

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Stopovers

East-bound, stopovers will be permitted at any point east of the California state line and at or west of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans, within 10 days from date of sale.

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A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

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This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

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Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

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NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

The "New Perfection" is different from all other oil stoves. It has a substantial CABINET TOP like the modern coal range, with a commodious shelf for warming plates and keeping food hot after cooked—also drop shelves on which the coffee pot or teapot may be placed after removing from burner—every convenience, even to bars for holding towels. Nothing adds more to the pleasure of a summer home than a "New Perfection" Oil Cook-Stove in the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



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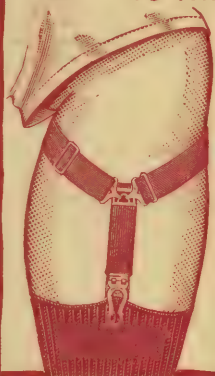
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BAKER'S COCOA

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AMERICA



Registered,
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A perfect food, preserves
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The gardens of California contribute their finest, full-ripe tomatoes for this Catsup. Don't be satisfied with inferior catsups. Any dealer.

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"Baby's Best Friend"

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Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Toilet Powder... It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.

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Specially prepared for the nursery.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor.

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In every size, to fit big and little men, all up to date and properly made. Underwear of all kinds and weights, socks in all grades and colorings, all the new collars, the latest neckwear, etc., etc. The man who misses an examination of our new stock of Men's Furnishings will be dollars out. The man who buys will be dollars in. Take your choice.

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I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skillful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them at wholesale.

I have constantly a very fine selection of Navajo silverware and jewelry. Navajo "rubies" cut and uncut, peridots and native turquois. Also the choicest modern Moqui pottery, and a rare collection of prehistoric pottery.

J. L. HUBBELL, Indian Trader

Write for my Catalogue
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The German Savings and Loan Society

[A member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]
526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	\$ 1,504,498.68
Deposits June 30, 1909	\$36,793,234.04
Total Assets	\$39,435,681.38

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M., for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS: President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhardt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Street. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. HEYER, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.



\$1.00 Mexican Palm Hat 50¢

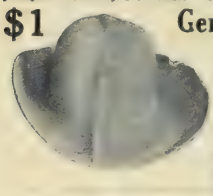
For Men, Women and Children—
All Sizes

Greatest hat bargain of the season. Over 50,000 sold and not one dissatisfied buyer. Guaranteed genuine Mexican hand-woven from palm fibre—colored design bium. Retail at \$1.00. To introduce our Mexican and Indian Handicraft, we send postpaid for only 50 cents. Three for \$1.25.

\$1 Genuine Panama Hat \$1.00

Imported Direct

An exceptional introductory bargain. Differs only from a \$10.00 Panama hat in being coarser weave. Weight 2 ounces, flexible and very durable. All sizes. Mailed prepaid for \$1.00; two for \$1.88. Money back if unsatisfactory. Catalog of Mexican and Panama Hats Free



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DIVIDEND NOTICES San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, Market and Sansome Sts.; branches, 624 Van Ness Ave. and 3039 16th St.—For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of all taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909.

E. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St.; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., near 22d; Richmond Branch, 432 Clement St. bet. 5th and 6th Aves.—For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter St.—For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends at the same rate, from July 1. Money deposited on or before July 10 will earn interest from July 1.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market st., opposite 3d—For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909. Money deposited on or before July 10 will draw interest from July 1, 1909.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco). San Francisco, June 28, 1909. At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eighth-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1909, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1909. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1909. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1909, will draw interest from July 1, 1909.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

\$90.00 Per Month For You

Will you work for \$90.00 per month? I train and supply the working force for most of the railroad mileage of the West, in telegraphy, Shorthand and Station Work. I give you a thorough and practical training and then I place you in a good paying position—mind you, I do not "promise to assist you," but positively guarantee you employment when competent. I have placed 150 during the past year. If you doubt this come to my office and I will prove it to you.

We are urgently in need of telegraph operators, assistant agents and stenographers and can promise employment to an unlimited number of students. We are conducting a Mail Course in Shorthand for the benefit of those who cannot conveniently attend the school. Hundreds of students taking the mail course have been able to accept service as competent stenographers after two or three months' study. We use Stidger's famous modern Shorthand, using but twenty word signs as compared with from 1500 to 6000 word signs in the various Pitmanic systems of shorthand. Ambitious young men and women should take advantage of this mail course and prepare for better positions during their spare hours at home. Complete cost of mail course is \$25.00.

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Standard relief for
30 years. Sold by all
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Make, Keep and Restore Beauty in Nature's own way



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with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. Beware of imitations. At all dealers.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	\$.50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50



Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17, $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; No. 18, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; No. 19, $\frac{3}{8}$ in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30c. per pair.

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100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
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The Shortest and Quickest Line
Between Los Angeles and
the Ocean

See Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean Park,
National Soldiers' Home, Playa del
Rey, Redondo.

Fish at LONG WHARF.

Port Los Angeles.

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Take the

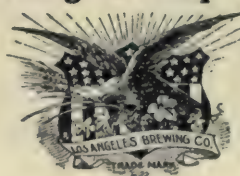
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One Whole Day for \$1.00

Showing a part of California's Finest
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Ocean. An Experienced Guide With
Each Car.

Cars Leave Hill Street Station 9:40
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Los Angeles Passenger Station
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Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

LAGER BEERS

Are a Home Product not ex-
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Manufacture

Why Not Try It?

PHONES

Sunset East 820

Home Exch. 820



Nothing Holds the Family So Closely Together As Music

The boys and girls love music; so, also, must you. Why not, then, have music in the home now?

A Good Piano for \$250.00—on Easy Terms.

A Splendid Victor for \$32.50—on Easy Terms.

A Late Style Edison for \$30.00—on Easy Terms.

Something New in an

Edison Phonograph

The New Fireside Model

This splendid new style will prove highly popular with everybody. Neat and compact and playing both the 2-minute and the 4-minute **AMBEROL RECORDS**, it offers exceptional qualities at a very modest price—\$22.00.

Every intending purchaser should hear and know the remarkable tone quality of this beautiful new machine.

Special terms will be arranged so that even the most humble home may have a "Fireside Phonograph." Investigate. Mail inquiries solicited.



THE PHONOGRAPH



Regarding Pianos

We would like you to consider that with all the offers of low prices and claims of superiority made for certain very ordinary pianos, the fact remains that the demand for the better grades, sold on their actual merits, is increasing.

People with sound reasoning faculties are not deceived by statements which will not stand when intelligent investigation and fair comparisons are made.

The FAIRBANKS PIANO will stand the closest investigation. If the intending purchaser will compare it with other pianos of its price and will make a careful, painstaking examination of its construction, of the materials used and of its tonal quality, it will be found to possess a higher order of merit than any piano of its price offered the public today.

The Fairbanks is the ideal home piano and every intending purchaser of a piano should investigate it. We are sole agents.

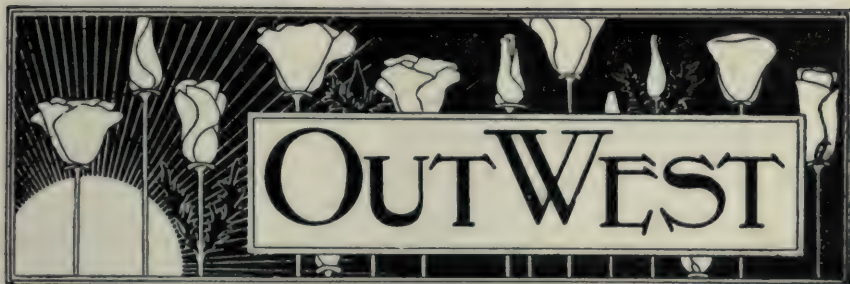
THE HOUSE OF MUSICAL QUALITY

Southern California Music Co.

332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.



A TAGALOG MAIDEN



Vol. XXX No. 6

JUNE, 1909

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FILIPINO

By J. N. PATTERSON.



WILLIAM H. TAFT stands in more intimate relation to the Filipino, whom he formerly governed, than any President has ever held towards a people essentially foreign and lying without the proper boundaries of the United States.

No President but Lincoln has ever been so closely connected with the lives, destinies and affections of a non-Caucasian race, and while the part played by the Martyr President in the future of the Negro was far more important than anything Taft has so far been able to do for the little brown man of the Pacific, there is many a Filipino heart which beats with affection for the genial Executive, and with hope for what the future may accomplish.

While with enthusiasm and impressive ceremony a great nation was welcoming a new President a few months ago, one of the lesser peoples of the world was celebrating the elevation of the former Governor of the Philippine Islands.

And though the inaugural crowds in Washington scarce remembered the Filipino, to whom the President had been both administrator and friend, the ancient city of Manila, where Taft first sat as an executive, and which throbbed to the pomp and ceremony of Spanish rule before the nation's capital existed, felt a vital interest in the march of the world's events. The emotional nature of the little brown man swelled with pride as, with hands across the sea, he welcomed to the larger office one who, as Governor, had treated him not only with justice, but with kindness and consideration.

The hopes of the Filipino of the masses for the future workings of the Taft administration are largely built upon a misconception or an inadequate understanding of our form of government, and of what the President can of himself accomplish. Yet it is quite remarkable how little thought has been given, or at least publicly expressed, since Taft's nomination and election, to his intimate

relation to the Filipino, his well known friendliness to their welfare, and the position he has always taken on the tariff and policies of government affecting the Islands.

Surely the Filipino was justified in an elation over the elevation to the chief office of the nation which governs him, of a man who had been in such close touch with him, and had enjoyed such opportunity to become familiar with the conditions of the Philippine Islands.

Even with a thorough understanding of the limitations of the President's power, he would be justified in self-congratulation over the election of such a friend as Taft had always proven, and in



VISAYAN BOY AND CARIBUS

the feeling that justice would be his wherever the President might have the decision.

However exaggerated his hopes for the future, the Filipino is entitled to his memories of the past, and the part he unquestionably has played in the career of the present President of the United States. He cannot forget that Taft's first prominence in the public eye was as Governor of the Philippine Islands, and that these costly possessions of a great country formed the first rung on the ladder of national preferment, which has led to the White House in Washington.

There is every reason to believe that but for the Filipino it might still be Judge Taft instead of President Taft, for if President McKinley had not needed a Governor for the Philippines, the



BAGOBO WARRIOR

recorded starting point of the President's national career would never have been, and it is quite improbable that he would now be President.

Whether he would have been selected for some other important executive position, and eventually risen to the chief office of the Republic, is an open question useless to consider. But it seems most probable that Taft would have landed on the Supreme Bench, if his bright star of destiny was determined to shine upon Washington, for Taft's training and inclination were in that direction.

The Filipino, who occupies such an interesting and important position in the public life of the nation's President, is a most interesting figure in the ethnological world, even if he is not an important one in the international.

To the majority of the people of the United States, who vote



GROUP OF BAGOBO WARRIORS

the power which rules him, the Filipino presents a very indefinite figure in the mind's eye. They for the most part think of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands as a race of certain characteristics and color, as they would think of the Japanese or Chinese.

On the contrary, the Islands are inhabited by numerous tribes, speaking different languages, and widely differing in physical appearance and the degree of their civilization.

To the emotional and better educated class of Filipino, who is concerned with politics, and is most popularly known as the organizer of revolutions and agitator for an independent form of government, the ascension of Taft to the Presidency means much, but there are more ignorant tribes which will not understand what the news means when they hear it, and some who may never hear of it at all.

The representative Filipino, if there must be one, would be selected from the Visayan or Tagalog races, who inhabit the Island of Luzon and largely compose the population of Manila. These two races, which have been more or less affected by the Spanish blood and have accepted the Catholic religion of the master race, contribute the politicians, the artists, the writers, the thinkers and the leaders of revolution.

Their civilization boasts a university which existed before the walls of Harvard were laid, and some of their painters, educated abroad, have won recognition in the world of art.

They have furnished men to the legal and medical professions and to business life who would compare favorably with those of races ranked far higher in the national scale. As a rule, their accomplishments are in proportion to the amount of Spanish blood in their veins.

They are temperamentally quick, excitable, emotional and impulsive. They are naturally excellent musicians, and the more highly educated men take to oratory like a duck to water.

The masses are apt to be crafty and scheming, and none too trustworthy in business dealings.

They make good artisans, and whenever encouraged and native ability developed, do well in the applied arts. They make a hat which, in fineness of texture and lightness of weight, far excels the Panama, while the jusi and pinal cloths, woven by the women, are highly prized for dress goods in the United States.

The Philippine Constabulary band, of over eighty pieces, is one of the largest as well as one of the best in the world, and furnished the musical sensation of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

When Taft sat in the Governor's Palace at Manila, he was

popular with this class of better educated Filipinos. He was a distinct success at pleasing the sensitive and none-too-well-satisfied native whenever he met him at the social functions, with which the official life of Manila fairly throbbed.

The heat was never able to wilt the Taft smile, though it might play havoc with his white duck suit, and his poise was no more affected than his very stable avoirdupois.

However long it might take to understand the workings of the constitutional form of government, the native quickly understood the genial Governor, as a man who could smile like a friend, shake hands like a comrade, and make a speech that went straight to the



VISAYAN WOMEN WEAVING JUSI CLOTH

Filipino heart, even if it did have to find its way through an interpreter.

As the Visayan and the Tagalog races furnish the higher class of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands; the Negrito, which is Spanish for "little negro," furnishes not only the lowest level of intelligence and civilization of the Islands, but one of the most primitive races of the world. They are stunted in stature, poor in physique, and live a wandering and nomadic life in the forests, subsisting on grubs, snails, and almost anything in the bird or animal kingdom which they can kill with their bows and poisoned arrows.

They have practically no knowledge or thought of the outside world, or of anything in life but their semi-animal order of existence, and the news of Taft's inauguration, when it drifts to them, will have little or no meaning.



VISAYAN MOTHER AND CHILD

They have the woolly hair and other physical characteristics of the African Negro, and their location on the Philippine Islands is an unfathomed mystery to the ethnologist, as all the other varying tribes would seem to be of Malay origin.

The Negrito in his poor, half-starved life of wildness has nothing in common with any of the other races of the Islands, and as he is said to be rapidly dying out, he will ere long cease to be of moment either to the United States government or the ethnologist.

The Igorot (generally pronounced and spelled Igorrote in the Philippine Islands), while a primitive, savage and war-like race, is one of the most interesting of peoples to the student. He is



SAMAL MORO CHILDREN

known to the world at large, through his exhibition at the Philippine Exposition in St. Louis, as a head-hunter and a dog-eater, and the possessor of one of the most beautiful copper-colored physiques that has ever delighted the artist or the admirer of muscular manhood.

It was the display of this rich bronze-colored body of the Igorot warrior at the St. Louis Fair that brought forth a protest from some over-delicate-minded individual or set of individuals, with the result that the order came from the War Department, then headed by the present President, to clothe the Igorot.

The wild hunter and warrior of the Islands, who was accus-

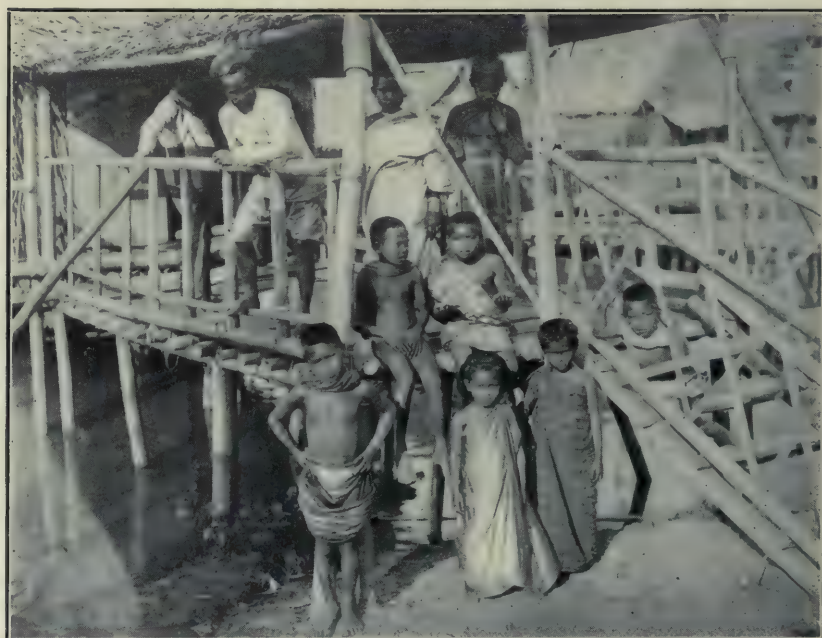


HOME OF THE TREE DWELLING MOROS
This tribe lives in the Lake Lanao district of Mindanao Island.

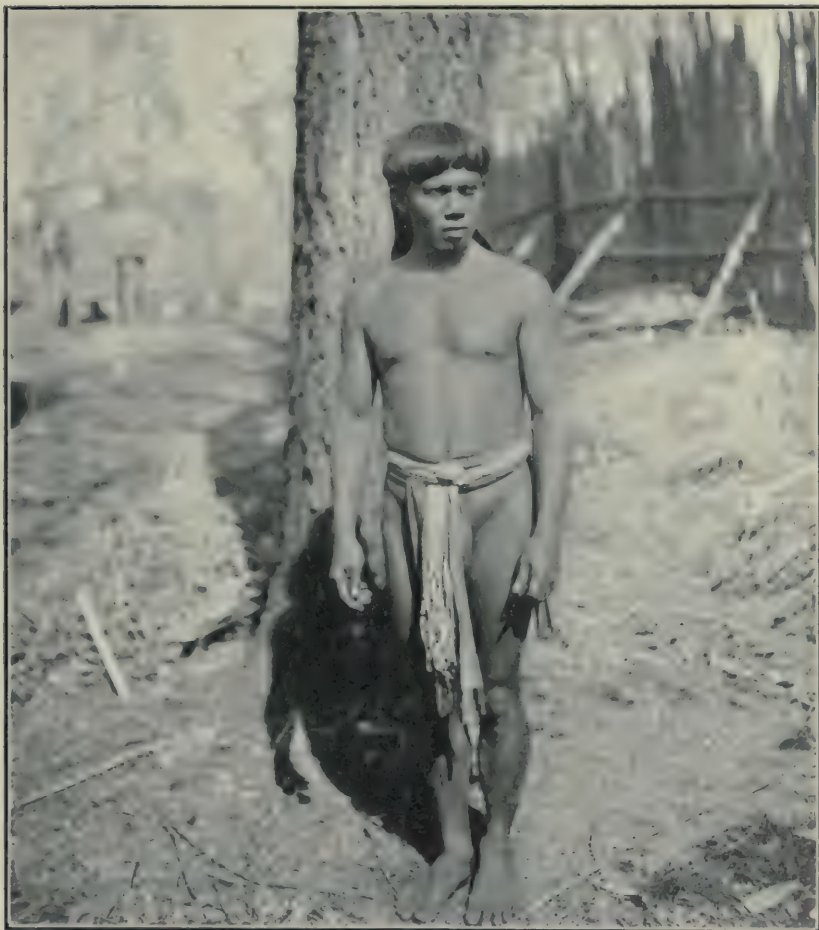


GROUP OF SAMAL MORO HUTS

This tribe occupies Mindanao Island, and is a race of sea-pirates and pearl-fishers.



GROUP OF SAMAL MORO CHILDREN



AN IGOROT TATTOOED WARRIOR
Type of Head Hunter

tomed to live and fight with but a loin-cloth and shield and spear, was miserable in the heat of the St. Louis summer in the clothes of civilization, and managed to get rid of most of them about as soon as the manager of the village had turned his back.

With confidence in the wisdom of the Secretary of War, who had been Governor of the Islands, and with pity for the misery of the poor Igorot, the scheme of a before-and-after display of photographs for the benefit of the War Department was hit upon. So one fine morning in Washington the genial smile of the Secretary of War looked down upon Antonio, the Chief of the Igorots, as photographed in all the beautiful splendor of his magnificent physique, with spear and shield, and long flowing hair of black.

And beside this likeness appeared a photograph of a most un-

comfortable-looking individual, wearing a derby hat, a very evident suit of store-clothes, ridiculous shoes and a most unpleasant expression, while he fanned himself the while with the kind of fan which is given away with such kind of clothes.

The Secretary had great difficulty in bringing himself to the realization that the two photographs were of one and the same warrior, but when he did, something stronger than a smile echoed through the official rooms as Taft enjoyed the joke, and it was very soon that telegraphic orders from Washington gave to Antonio and the rest of his people the right to remove the store-clothes and return to the brightly-colored loin-cloth.



CHIEF ANTONIO IN AMERICAN COSTUME

The Igorot, while listed as a primitive and savage race in the nomenclature of the ethnologist, is a remarkable example of truth, simplicity and honest virtues. The short contact with higher civilization, while being exhibited at the Philippine Exposition in St. Louis, did more to ruin the character of the savagely simple Igorot than a hundred head-hunting expeditions in the Bontoc province of Luzon or a thousand dog-feasts.

In the simplicity and honesty of his trusting nature, the Igorot as met by the white man is as brightly attractive as are the beau-



CHIEF ANTONIO OF IGOROT HEAD HUNTERS
This chief visited Prest. Roosevelt in Washington.

tiful' copper hues of his wonderful physique when viewed in the burnishing rays of the sun.

Though there may be some exceptions, it certainly is not characteristic of the Igorot nature to lie. He is faithful to his monogamous marriage relations to a degree that would shame civilization. Deceit, thieving and treachery, such as the knife in the back, are seemingly foreign to the Igorot calendar of crimes, and though he is not averse to battle and bloodshed, it is in the open form of combat, with the head taken as a sure trophy of death accomplished.

The Igorot is, with all his warlike nature, kind and tender to the sick. He is faithful to some form of religion, which embraces



YOUNG BAGOBO CHIEF IN BEADWORK SUIT AND IVORY EARDISKS



A TRICKY LANA O MORO INTERPRETER

a belief in the hereafter and a worship of the sun and other physical elements to a certain degree.

He is kind and loyal to the aged members of the tribe, and will travel long journeys in order to fulfill the last mysterious rites, which he regards as a sacred obligation to the dead.

In short, except for the shocking offenses of taking heads in battle and partaking of the flesh of the dog, the beautiful bronze-hued Igorot, who was gazed at in righteous but interested awe at the Philippine Exposition, could give lessons in the essential traits of real character to many of the unthinking, frivolous exponents of civilization who gazed upon him.



NEGrito METHOD OF MAKING FIRE

The Samal-Moro inhabitant of the coast region of Mindanao Island is, in company with his much fiercer cousin, the Lanao-Moro of the Lake Lanao district of the island, a follower of Mahomet, and quite apart in this respect from the more civilized Roman Catholic races of the Manila district or the savage pagan tribes of the deeper wilderness of the Islands.

The Samal-Moro, who is the former sea-pirate of the coast regions, is an expert pearl-diver and lives in split-bamboo cottages built over the waters of the ocean along the Mindanao coast.

He is friendly to the authority of the United States government, or at least his rulers are and he is more or less indifferent. The Sultans and Dattos have their oriental courts of a certain



A NEGRITO FAMILY

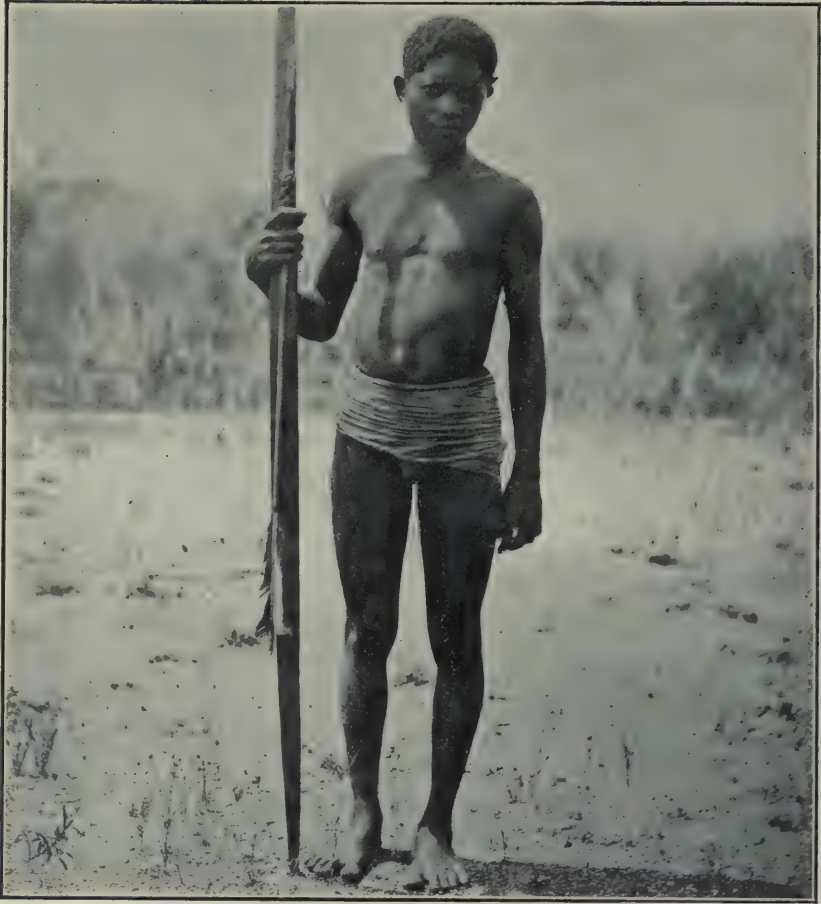
This is the most primitive tribe of the Philippines.

degree of ceremony and display, have their harems, and whenever the United States authority is not too watchful will take the head of a slave subject for a slight offense.

'The Sultan of Sulu (or Joli), famous in song and opera, is the ruler of a branch of this coast tribe.

Datto Fecundo, who was in charge of the Samal-Moro village at the Philippine Exposition, was a visitor to President Roosevelt at Washington by special invitation, and was so mightily impressed with the huge guns of the naval department and the immense piles of gold in the treasury that he swore to advise the Sultan of Sulu and all other rulers of his race never again to dream of the folly of opposing such a wonderfully powerful nation.

Chief Antonio of the Igorots visited Roosevelt at the same time, and the effect of Washington upon the imported chiefs was a



NEGrito MAN

shrewd and most successful administrative move in the game of governing far-distant and little-understanding peoples.

Datto Fecundo, while at St. Louis, dressed in gorgeous silks and was full of oriental ceremony and politeness, being far ahead in this respect of the masses of curious visitors whom he hospitably conducted through his bungalow.

The Lanao-Moros are unfriendly both to their cousins, the Samal-Moros, and to the United States authority. They have never been subdued by our government, and as they believe the number of white horses owned in the future will be in proportion to the number of Christians killed here in conquering them, it is practically necessary to exterminate.

The Bagobos are a friendly race of interesting and trustful personality inhabiting a remote district of Mindanao Island. They



AN IGOROT WOMAN

dress in beautiful hemp-woven, head-decorated clothing, hung with bells, and are a most interesting and pleasing people, though seldom visited by the white man.

It is to be hoped that the Taft administration will realize at least some of the expectations of these children of Uncle Sam's kindergarten.

HOW THE FORAGE SUPPLY ON OVER- GRAZED WESTERN RANGE LANDS MAY BE INCREASED

By ARTHUR WILLIAM SAMPSON, A. M.



ANY one who is familiar with conditions in the West must realize that stock-raising is, in general, the all-important industry in that magnificent expanse of country made up, for the most part, of virgin forest, rolling prairies, grassy meadows, and fertile valleys—a land of breadth and sunshine. True, owing to the more scientific method of growing crops in dry-land agriculture and to the development of reservoirs for irrigation purposes, agricultural land is being taken up with unusual eagerness by a progressive, intelligent class of people who are sure to succeed. However, the greater part of this country, by virtue of its irregular surface and unsuitable soil, can never be profitably utilized for other than grazing purposes.

My thoughts often revert to the first impression of Western grazing land. It was my highest ambition, when a youngster, to become a bold, daring cowboy. Accordingly, I persuaded my chum, a lad the same age as myself, to accompany me to Central Colorado. This particular country was a bleak sage-brush tract given over to cattle grazing. Having been raised on a farm in Eastern Nebraska, where intensive farming is practiced, it was impossible to imagine how people could exist where they did not grow corn and wheat, and raise a number of hogs to consume the crop. My friend agreed with me that if we ever got out of that "desert" without starving to death, we would never venture back. This vow has been broken by both of us repeatedly, however.

Possibly no State in the Union can boast of more excellent natural resources and more favorable conditions for the rearing of all kinds of stock than can the State of Oregon. There are scattered over the State thirteen National Forests, having a total of 16,221,368 acres, with an average area of 1,247,798 acres. Only three States lead in the amount of National Forest Land, those being California, Montana and Idaho, named in the order of total acres in excess. But note the grazing done on these Oregon Forests. In 1908 they supported 119,208 head of cattle, 7,350 horses, 932,027 sheep, and 705 goats. In comparing these figures with the number of stock grazed on National Forests in other States, we find that Oregon ranks second in the number of sheep grazed, and fifth in the number of cattle and horses. To the sheep industry the State owes much of its wealth. It is said that a man



FIG I.
A view of mountain bunchgrass range that has not been overstocked.

in the sheep business puts more money into circulation, in proportion to the amount of business that he does, than any other purchaser in the country, and he sends it into many channels. In his own community he is a constant and voluminous contributor to wealth, and his influence is felt in the far East where his product is fitted for the packer.

By virtue of the favorable natural conditions for stock-raising in Oregon, as well as in some of the other Western States, and possibly owing to the alluring profits enjoyed from the business, the industry grew rapidly from the very first, until finally the inevitable result was that the grazing lands were stocked beyond



FIG. II.

An overgrazed summer range which formerly bore a dense stand of mountain bunchgrass, but which has been nearly exterminated through range abuse.

their carrying capacity. At that time very few National Forests had been established, and the public domain was "free for all." Competition for range, particularly for summer feed, was very keen, and controversies and disputes over range between cattle- and sheep-owners were not at all uncommon. During this fight, which continued for several consecutive seasons, the over-stocking and mismanagement of the range decreased the forage supply more and more, until in some of the choicest localities the most palatable and nutritious forage plants were nearly exterminated. So seriously depleted were some of the public grazing lands that even after the individual permit grazing system was put into effect by



FIG. III.
A typical scabland glade showing contrast in the types of grazing lands in this region.

the Forest Service, which did away with the destructive methods, restocking of the areas by the plants originally most valuable has made little progress. Figures I and II show strikingly the results of conservative grazing as opposed to mismanagement and range abuse on summer grazing land. The barren area in figure II formerly bore a stand of grass similar in density to that shown in figure I. These areas are situated but six miles apart and at approximately the same altitude.

Naturally the greatest demand was for summer range, as the annual increase in the band is dependent on succulent tender feed during the summer months, after which they are put upon the market. Consequently the increased demand for summer range was keenly felt among the stockmen, and the question of range improvement was strongly agitated by men of foresight in various communities. The Government was finally called upon to examine the ranges and gather such information as might be of value in finding some practical means of improving the existing conditions. Because of suitability and convenience, the sheep ranges in the Wallowa National Forest in Northeastern Oregon were chosen as the place to conduct the investigations.

It is hard to conceive of a region having a greater variety of types of range land and wider variation in altitude than is found within this Forest. The entire region is rough and precipitous, and the altitude ranges from about 3,000 to 10,000 feet. In questioning a stockman one day regarding the peculiarities of the region, he turned to me quickly and said, "Can it be that you don't know how this country was formed?" Scenting a joke, I assured him that I had not the slightest idea of its formation. "Why," he said, his whole countenance smiling, "when the earth was completed there happened to be a lot of building material left over. This was fetched together and thrown off in a great heap in the northeastern corner of this State which we now call Wallowa County."

The lower ranges—that is, the winter grazing lands—are usually open and comparatively free from timber. On the areas of higher elevation, however, there is usually an abundance of timber composed mainly of yellow pine, red fir and lodge-pole pine, which here and there is interrupted by glades, or "scab-lands." On the open areas sheep scatter widely in search for food when allowed to graze undisturbed. (See Fig. 3.) And even the areas densely timbered, when not too loggy, are grazed successfully by sheep. In the beginning of the season, when the bands have been herded on the open winter range in the lowlands, they proceed into the timbered portion timidly and are easily frightened, but as the season

advances they graze the very densest timber and brush-lands with little or no hesitancy. (See Fig. 4.)

To be sure, when grazing forested areas the herder must keep his vigil, for such tracts generally afford a home for coyotes, grizzly, black and brown bear, wildcats and lynx. (See Fig. 5.) The coyote is by far the most commonly met with, and is the most dreaded foe to sheep men. Instead of being satisfied with one sheep for a feed, as the bear usually is, the coyote will often kill several head in a short time if not frightened away.

The investigations on this Forest were begun in the year 1907 and were continued through the season of 1908. A further study will be made along similar lines this year.

The chief aims of the range studies were to determine the relative importance of the native forage plants by observing their abundance, distribution and palatability, and to determine their life history so far as it concerns their reproduction; to determine what plants are reproducing under the present grazing system, and to develop a system of grazing from the information secured through these studies whereby the former productiveness of the range may be restored through natural reseedling.

Owing to the great variation in altitude and in the climatic conditions, the vegetation is of a different type in various parts of the Forest. Naturally, then, in order to study the class of forage characteristic to the various regions, small areas typical of large tracts of overgrazed ranges were selected upon which to base the range improvement work. It was found that the highest range areas had been most abused, so the greatest part of the work was done in that region.

In these stations the important forage plants were observed throughout the season, and the detailed studies of the life history and general characteristics of the plants were largely carried out in these small representative areas. Their relative forage value, however, was determined upon the open range by following the sheep as they grazed and noting their choice of forage. Innumerable times the writer has followed the sheep around on the different kinds of areas for hours, with a plant press under arm, collecting the plants of special value. To the highly practical stockmen this is an amusing sight, and as a consequence the investigator has been given the name "Flower picker," by which he is locally known.

After learning what plants compose the most important forage, attention was directed to the time and conditions under which the seeds germinate in the spring, when the plants shoot their flower-stalk, and when the seeds are matured and distributed. When well matured, a couple hundred seeds of each forage plant were col-



F.G. IV.
View of a dense forest of red fir and lodgepole pine which is being grazed by sheep.

lected and a germination test was later made to determine their fertility.

In order to find out to what extent the forage plants are reproducing, actual counts were made of forage seedlings on a number of typical overgrazed ranges. The average density of the seedling stand was obtained by counting the seedlings within a large number of areas three feet square. Since the seedlings on these lands are not quite as thick as the hairs on a dog's back, it was not seriously difficult to make a large number of counts. Of course in obtaining these figures it was the special aim to include all the range conditions found, and a sufficiently large number of counts were made on each kind of area considered to give entirely reliable figures. Some of these little squares within which the kind and number of forage seedlings were noted were staked at the corners so that they could again be observed in the spring and thereby determine the loss of seedlings due to the winter conditions. These isolated areas, marked off with white stakes as they are, are referred to by sheep-herders as "The Flower picker's ceminary," and, to be sure, they do present a sort of ghostly appearance at night about the time that the echoes of the coyote's howl and uncanny hoot of the screech owl are heard on distant hills.

The observations and experiments here conducted during the two consecutive years of investigation have revealed a number of interesting and important points.

On the high range down to an altitude of 6500 feet it was found that mountain bunchgrass (Fig VI) is the most important grazing plant in the Wallowa Mountains. Though its abundance has been materially decreased through overstocking, it furnishes the bulk of the feed during the summer, when it is succulent and tender, and it is also greatly relished by sheep late in the fall after the seeds have fallen and the leaves are nearly dry. Local stockmen who have used these ranges for a number of years claim that practically all the areas which are now almost without any vegetation, formerly carried a dense stand of this valuable grass. The numerous large dead grass-tufts which still remain on these depleted tracts fully substantiate this statement.

There are about 30 different species of grasses of considerable forage value on these ranges, besides numerous weeds and sedges and rushes, all of which are eaten with more or less relish by sheep at certain times through the season. Careful observations have been made on each of these important plants.

The time during which the flower-stalks and the seeds are matured varies widely among the different species and individual plants. This wide variation within a species in the same locality

seems somewhat unusual, but it was found that this variation applies almost exclusively to the more palatable and highly relished plants, and may, in part at least, be explained from the fact that for a number of years the most desirable forage plants have been eaten clean down "to solid rock," so to speak, and as a result their general vigor has been so lowered that they no longer have the strength to produce fertile seeds as they did under normal conditions.

The earlier appearance of the flower-stalks on the high range was July 1st, and they continued to be sent up until August 20th. In the case of the all-important mountain bunchgrass, the first flower-stalks were seen July 10th, and they were produced until in the latter part of August.

The seed-maturing period begun about August 20th, and the greater part of the seed crop was ripened by September 5th. Owing to the early frost and snowstorm, the seed crop ripened poorly in 1907. In the past season, that of 1908, however, there was a good crop of seed produced which was well ripened.

The seeds of the different plants whose germination power was tested in 1907 gave rather poor results, some of those tested showing no indications whatever of germination. In 1908, however, the results were much better; though, as a whole, the tests showed that the vitality of the seed was somewhat low. Perennial plants, or species produced from the same root each year, to which class most of the vegetation in this locality belongs, spread by sending up shoots from the root-stocks; and consequently, since they do not have to depend entirely upon seeds as the only means of propagation, the vitality of their seeds is naturally somewhat low.

It is evident that germination tests alone will not prove definitely to what extent the forage plants are coming in on the overgrazed range areas, as the conditions on the high mountain ranges during the germination period may, in certain seasons, be anything but favorable. In order, then, to determine whether the best range plants are reproducing and succeeding, a large number of seedling counts were made on typical areas in little squares three feet in dimension as before described. On each area examined, the number and kind of forage seedlings in as many as fifty to one hundred of these squares were counted, and the average of these observations was taken to represent each tract.

It was found that the best forage plants are reproducing very sparingly, and that there is a wide variation in their abundance in different localities. Certainly it was surprising to find that the best reproduction was on old packed bed grounds where the sharp cutting hoofs of the sheep had destroyed nearly all of the native grasses.



FIG. VI.
Mountain bunchgrass (*Festuca viridula*), the most excellent forage plant in the high mountains in Oregon. The much branched deep root system enables it to withstand unusual drought, and the dense growth of leaf blades furnish an abundance of feed. Natural size.

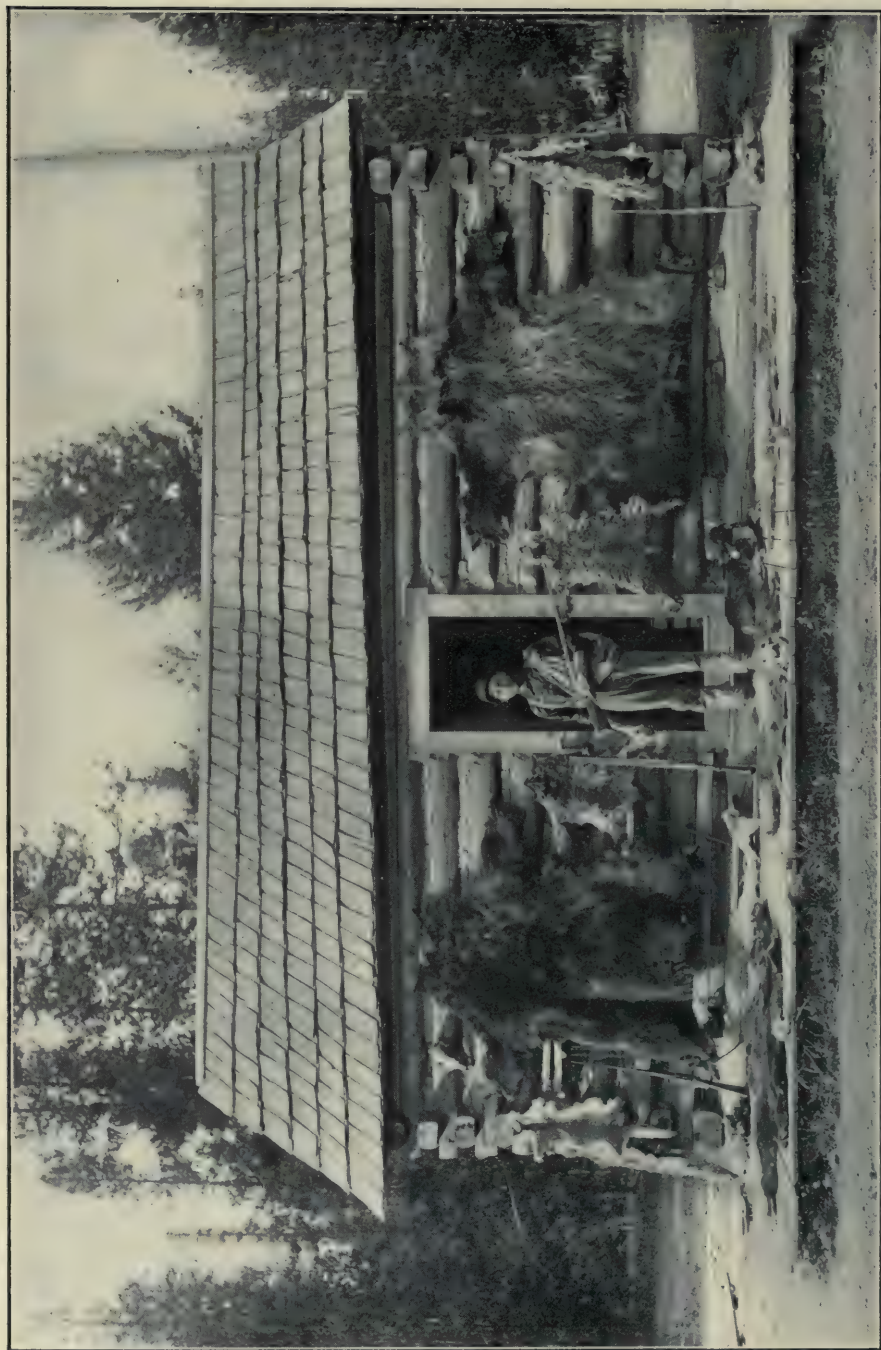


FIG. V.

A victor and some of his spoils obtained near sheep camps during summer of 1908.

The average number of seedlings obtained in these square unit areas for all counts made on such lands is 26.9, which exceeds by 17.4 the figures procured on any other type of range. But here comes another surprise: the most valuable forage plants are rarely found on these areas. Most of the seedlings were of sickle edge, which is a plant of practically no forage value. This plant is very vigorous and has a wide distribution locally. It produces an abundance of seeds which mature so early in the season that the stock does not interfere with the seed production, and it also spreads abundantly by root-stocks. These facts, of course, give it a great advantage over most of the grazing plants, which are invariably eaten down before they ripen their seeds.

The studies thus far conducted upon overgrazed range areas on National Forests in the West show that the present regulations are ineffective in bringing about the natural reseeding of the valuable grazing plants. Even under the most conservative and moderate practices of handling stock on depleted ranges under the present system of grazing the lands through the entire summer, it is questionable if the carrying capacity will be restored to what it was formerly.

One of the most aggressive and practical stockmen in Eastern Oregon, when questioned regarding the improvement of the summer ranges, said: "There is only one thing to do with these worn-out lands, and that is to keep all stock off of them until they have been reseeded in the natural way. This can never be accomplished as long as they are grazed throughout each summer."

There is no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the conditions that if this suggestion were followed, beneficial results would be derived, for upon the greater part of the range there are sufficient valuable forage plants still remaining to reseed the land. Such a treatment, however, would by no means be an economical one; for the entire forage crop during the reseeding period would be wasted. Moreover, it would be practically an impossibility to follow such a system, for the high range supplies the bulk of the late summer and fall forage; consequently it would be necessary to decrease the number of stock so materially as seriously to interfere with the many stockmen who rely on the National Forests for their summer forage supply. Just imagine the waste of this resource and what it would mean to the State as a whole if such a system were adopted.

The observations and other facts presented above furnished a key for a highly practical plan for reseeding overgrazed mountain ranges, which is now being tested. In drawing up this plan the chief aim was to interfere no more with the current grazing practice than was absolutely necessary in order to avoid any unnecessary disturbance

to the stock industry, which would be bound to follow if deprived of the use of any large per cent. of the forage crop.

During the two seasons of study it was found that about one-fifth of the grazing season still remains after the most important forage plants have matured and scattered their seeds, and that even after the ripening period the leaves of the most highly relished grazing plants are readily eaten by sheep. Thereupon in the spring of 1908, a system of range control was inaugurated whereby three overgrazed mountain areas were protected from sheep during the period required for the forage plants to mature their seeds. These areas had previously been allotted to three stockmen, and one-fifth of each tract was reserved from grazing until the seed crop had ripened, after which the areas were grazed by the bands to which they belonged. Moderate fall grazing after seed maturity would in no way interfere with the reseeding, but on the contrary it might prove beneficial, since the stock working back and forth would have the same effect as a harrow by tramping most of the seeds beneath the surface of the soil, and thereby insure a higher percentage of germination. Nor would the grazing of the plants after they had matured their seeds be detrimental to their general vitality, for there would then be stored in their roots a large food supply, which would enable them to withstand extreme winter temperatures and which would insure a vigorous spring growth.

Since this system was proposed numerous inquiries have been made by stockmen if it was the intention to reserve from grazing vast tracts of overgrazed land in a single year. To this question I will answer emphatically, no. Such a practice would make it necessary to decrease the number of stock on the National Forests, and that would naturally work a hardship on the stockmen. Nor would it be necessary to close large tracts, for seldom are large areas overgrazed in the same degree. In the beginning only the more severely depleted areas should be closed to stock during the period required for the grazing plants to fully develop and mature their seeds; and when these areas are sufficiently revegetated, others in need of reseeding should be treated in the same manner.

As the experiments on natural reseeding have merely been started, the time required for badly abused ranges to regain a reasonable state of productiveness cannot be accurately predicted. It is not to be expected, however, that the lands with sparse and invariably much weakened vegetation would reseed to a sufficient extent in a single season; but this same practice of partial closing should be applied for the second or even additional years until the increase in the carrying capacity becomes so manifest as to warrant the grazing of the lands during the regular period. In some areas that need improvement there is a sufficient number of vigorous forage plants to reseed the lands thoroughly in a single season, provided the year chosen proves favorable to the production of seed.

• The experiments thus far conducted indicate that overgrazed ranges may be improved by the economical method of treatment here proposed. After a thorough trial experimentally, if results warrant it, similar range development will be followed elsewhere. There is hardly a limit to the possibilities presented.

THE FABULOUS

By R. C. PITZER.

CHAPTER III.

"THE CHINK UPSTAIRS"



RIGHT and left the white mountains lifted their bare spires and scintillated under the morning sun. Beneath the pines of the flanking hills deep patches of dirty snow could be glimpsed, and everywhere rivulets and rills dribbled down the slopes into Kettle Creek.

The swollen brook gurgled and splashed down its channel, and the steep wagon-road, steadily ascending the gulch, was converted into a network of thin streamlets and red mud by the melting snows. The sharp frost-wind flowed downward with the waters, filling Luke Winne's lungs with compressed life, and quickening his blood until it raced the wind and waters. The soft chug of his horse's hoofs was musical, and the roar of the surrounding pines excited him like the war-chant of an army.

The gulch was serpentine, twisting upward tortuously, circling craggy hills and precipices, so that at no time could Winne see the road any distance in advance, while to the rear every sharp curve closed his view. Four burros in single file, each heavily packed and walking daintily, with head demurely drooping and long ears flapping at every step, preceded him up the way, and, ahead of them, Dow Scammel rode, hand on hip, one leg carelessly thrown over the saddle-horn, while he rolled and smoked cigarettes in never-ending succession. Studying the stocky bulk of the rider, and remembering his bow-legged waddle of a walk, Luke marveled at Dow's grace of movement on horseback, and shivered a little as he noted the thin shirt ballooning, the knotted neckerchief flapping, in the chill wind.

Luke glanced at his watch; it was not yet 11 o'clock. That morning had indeed been a busy one. Roused before sun-up by a pounding at his door, Luke had dressed and gone down to breakfast, finding Dow Scammel awaiting him. The mountaineer had given him little time for inquiries or conversation. Dow's briskness of action was only equaled by his energetic babble of small talk and joking gossip—a flow of words strangely at odds with his long, saturnine and sullen face. He had asked no questions, volunteered no information. "You'll have to talk it over with Dad," he said when directly appealed to; "Dad bosses and I ride. The cattle may be coming up from the Lava River country for summer grazing in our valley, so Dad had to stay to receive them if they come. Otherwise he'd have ridden over himself. He sent me to pilot you."

Luke had many inquiries to make, but so far he had found little opportunity to voice them. Dow had hurried him to the Elephant Corral, where fifteen minutes had sufficed to secure the four pack-burros and a saddle-horse. An hour later two loungers at the railroad station had finished opening Winne's boxes, and, with Dow's help, had packed the burros securely. At 8 o'clock they were on the trail, and since then Dow had silently ridden in advance, past camp after camp of prospectors, while Luke drove the burros after.

Dow half turned in his saddle and motioned. "Ride up here, Mr. Winne," he called. "I want to talk with you."

"But the burros—"

"They are trail broken. They will tail behind us without herding."

Luke turned his horse off the road and trotted to Dow's side. The mountaineer hitched his leg down from the horn, settled himself in his seat, and offered his tobacco pouch. "Smoke?" he asked.

"I can't roll one on horseback, thanks," Luke returned.

"I'll fix it for you. Notice the road?" Dow nodded at the mud. "Several trains are ahead of us this morning."

"One of them is Tracey's, doubtless. He left in the middle of the night. The game warden got after him—but of course you heard about that?"

Dow pursed his thin lips. "Tracey?" he inquired. "What Tracey? I heard of the trouble, but caught no names."

"I don't know his first name. And, by the way, Mr. Scammel, that reminds me of Johnson. Do you know anything about him? Is he really an employé of yours?"

"Of the Downings, you mean? I don't employ anything. But I don't sabe the question."

"Johnson—Josephus—the little man that shot out the lamps. He said he was a cow-puncher from your ranch."

"Never heard of him before," Dow returned. "Here's your cigarette. What did he look like?"

"Oh, little and dangerous—laughed like a rattlesnake burring. I wonder how he knew you were to meet me in Kettleton? I expected your father, and I had never heard of you."

"Probably he knew me by sight; saw me riding down the gulch, likely. Come to think of it, I came a ways with a shriveled little buccaroo along here somewhere. It may have been the same chap, pumping me. Or he may have seen me in town. I reached the hotel about dusk, asked for you, learnt that you were out visiting the camps, and so got to work arranging things for the trail. Dad told me not to let any grass grow under us, so I thought I'd better hump things. When Dad tells a man to do something, the man generally does it."

Dow's voice was pleasant, though a harsh note ran through it, but his face was the face of a silent, taciturn man, and any attempt at geniality seemed a trifle forced and at odds with his character.

"If you don't mind," Luke said in a moment, "I'd like to have you tell me something about your employers, the Downings. Your father didn't mention them at all in his correspondence with me, except to tell about the unsuccessful search for the Fabulous. I heard in town that Mr. Downing is dead, but no one mentioned a son. Is it possible that the ranch is run by the widow and—and—what was it they called her?—'Coon'? Or perhaps that's a nickname for Mrs. Downing?"

"Dad runs the ranch," Dow said, shortly. "There's just the two women. . . . So, you're the chap who corresponded with the governor all winter?" he added after a pause. "I fancied so, of course. You gave me many a hard trip from Buster, Mr. Winne. I stayed in Buster all winter on business, but whenever one of your letters came I had to ski-it over the range and deliver the envelope to Dad and take back Dad's reply. He's bug-house on placer-mining, and dead loony on the Fabulous." Dow shot a quick, searching glance at Winne. "What's the trouble, anyhow?" he asked. "Dad isn't noted for giving gratuitous information."

"Then you don't know?" Luke stammered. "It—of course I supposed you knew who I am. Maybe we'd better wait until I see your father."

Dow laughed barkingly. "It's merely Dad's way," he said. "'Dumb Jacob,' he's called up here. I'm in on the deal, all right; in fact, he will probably send me along with you to represent him. I know we're going after the Fabulous, and that you are a Musgrove, but I don't know the particulars."

"Not a Musgrove; my mother was. I have a little inside information on the mine, but as for particulars—"

"Ask Dad, eh? Wait till you know him. Not that he wouldn't tell me, but he lives behind a brick wall. Quite the antithesis of me. I'm in no hurry to hear the tale, Mr. Winne, but merely possessed of a pardonable curiosity to know what our chances of finding the Fabulous are. It puts a man on nettles to know there's a possibility of being rich before the summer's gone. But I'm an easy fellow to boss. Tell me there's a chance of our winning out, and you and Dad may order me about like a dog."

"At least, your father thinks there's a chance," Luke said, warming to his companion. "As we are to be partners in this affair, I see no reason why you shouldn't know what I know. The fact of the matter is that my mother was Dan Musgrove's sister. I'm his nephew; Orin was my cousin."

Dow whistled. "Joy!" he said, under his breath. "You know the particulars of their deaths?" he demanded.

"That's partly why we never announced our relationship, or claimed the money they left. Mother was always ashamed of Uncle Dan—he was the black sheep and twenty years her senior—and she hardly even knew him by sight. He had an essentially vagrant disposition. At sixteen he was flocking with tramps, getting into all sorts of trouble, and causing his people no end of worry. He came West when mother was five or six, married, and that was about the last his folk heard of him until he wrote mother one summer from Buster. Then came news of the deaths in a short newspaper paragraph. I was born a little later, and I didn't know I had ever had such relatives until, before she died a couple of years ago, mother told me of them."

"Hardly relations at all," Dow suggested. "I understand why you don't feel bitter toward the Downings and cattle-men in general."

"I can't say I like the idea of meeting any one who helped lynch Orin. He should have had a fair trial. But as for the way Uncle Dan was treated, that was cowardly. And when he was frightened into insanity they let him starve. Mr. Scammel assured me that he had nothing to do with the matter, yet they told me at Kettleton that Dumb Jacob had a hand in it all."

"I know positively that he did not. I've heard the story often. Hill rumor, Mr. Winne, nothing more; you know how a legend grows. This is a famous case in the hills, and most prospectors have heard of it, with thirty-year additions. Some boomer told you?"

"Yes." Luke was relieved at the explicit denial. "I hardly believed, however, and I'm glad to learn he really had nothing to do with it. It will make our business relations a trifle pleasanter."

"But I'm still in the dark," Dow persisted. "If your mother never mentioned these Musgroves until near her death, how did you find out anything about the Fabulous? A letter to your mother from Buster, I suppose?"

"Yes, she saved Uncle Dan's note. I found it in an old chest a year ago; it was the first thing I knew of the mine. Uncle Dan was wildly enthusiastic, wrote that he had a fortune in sight—enough for everybody—and that he and his family would move to Chicago and set up shop in boiled-shirted respectability, as he phrased it. I saw that the letter was dated at about the time of Orin's death, so I wondered if there was any chance of recovering the mine. I wrote to the postmaster at Buster for information of the Musgroves and the Fabulous, and the postmaster turned my

letter over to Mr. Scammel. That's how the correspondence began."

"I partly sabe. You learnt that the mine was lost, and, as Dad is loco on that particular subject, he probably persuaded you to come out and hunt for it." Dow turned his face aside, and flicked a boot with his quirt. "Out here," he went on, carefully picking his words, "the older generation is rather superstitious. Dad has a few pet crotchets regarding luck, misluck, ill-luck, and other pagan deities. Perhaps he got the silly notion that the nephew and cousin of the dead would be more likely to find the dead's treasure than a stranger would be. As you are the natural heir, I fancy Dad believes some super-normal influence will lead you to your inheritance. Unfortunately, I haven't the same elderly faith."

"Oh, but there was a map!" Winne caught a glimpse of Dow's flushed, twitching face, and stopped in confusion. "Uncle Dan told mother all about the strike," he lamely added, "and even gave some vague directions about the location. Your father thinks we may be able to spell out the general position by the help of the letter. At least he was so sure of a fair chance, from the notes I was able to give him, that he very generously advanced me three hundred dollars to cover my expenses out here. We are to share and share alike."

"You are lucky to get a pardner like Dad," Dow returned, "and me, for that matter, for of course Dad will take me in with him. I'm glad you've shown sufficient confidence in me, Mr. Winne, to tell me the whole story." A slight smile struggled to his lips and disappeared. "We will pull together much better now. I begin to feel a hunch," he continued, his voice growing a trifle boisterous. "By joy! I wouldn't be surprised if that letter proved a blood-hound and led us to the quarry. Luck, luck, Mr. Winne—it's a wonderful thing! Why, for thirty years Downing and Dad and a hundred others have gophered the gulches round the Musgrove camp without result, and all the time there you were growing up with the secret in your pocket, so to speak. But luck waited until you needed it before it showed itself, eh?"

"My father was a clergyman and didn't leave very much. I went broke; that's what stirred me up to write about the mine."

"It takes a hungry man to scent fried bacon," Dow laughed, "and a dead-broke chap to find money in a map, or letter, or any other unlikely place."

Luke winced. He had told Dow more than he should have told. Jake Scammel had particularly cautioned him to mention the existence of the letter to no one. And now, having made the blunder of being over communicative, he lapsed into a moody taciturnity. Dow

rattled along, however, either too pleased with himself to notice the bad impression he had made, or else subtly trying to efface that impression by an exhibition of careless and good-humored comradeship.

"You asked me about the Downings, a while back," he said at last. "As they are particular friends of mine, besides being my employers, of course I didn't like to talk about them to a stranger; but you are different now. They are more like relatives than friends, anyway. I'm named after the old man—Downing Scammel, abbreviated to Dow, or, as the boys insist on having it, Bug Dow, 'Bug' because I'm a weaver of gorgeous dreams, though I don't look it. As for the ladies, Mrs. D. is an old pioneer woman, sixty or so, white-haired, gentle, and as fine as they come. Miss June and I grew up together, went to school together; she's about five years the younger, but smart as a whip. 'Coon' is the fool name the boys have given her—'Miss Coon,' understand? But you won't until you know her. The dandiest girl in the state!" He brought out the last sentence slowly and with sincere conviction, and, as he continued to speak of her, his voice took a more sober, repressed, and natural key. "I was a big hulk of a kid, but I was her pal from first to last; we went through the University together. . . . Oh, yes, I'm a university man, though maybe you wouldn't guess it from my vocabulary—Plains; June's class. She and I have always been thick as thieves. And that reminds me," he laughed in his jovial key, "don't make love to her, Mr. Winne; you'd only be disappointed. She says she's too much of a boy herself to ever get hitched up, though I reckon little Bug Dow may make her change her mind. Don't congratulate me, however; commiserate with me. She'll lead her hubby an exciting dance; whimsical as a spoiled child, and twice as excitable."

He stopped suddenly and looked ahead with a black scowl on his face. His eyes glittered, and, moved by some sudden, passionate thought, a wolfish snarl twitched the corners of his mouth.

Winne glanced up the road in surprise. They were at the foot of a low, rocky knoll, covered with underbrush, across which knoll the road ran, leaving the creek to the left. At the knag a thick chaparral grew over dykes of red sandstone, and jagged, monstrous boulders, snow-capped and gloomy.

"Ugly place," Dow mumbled, noting Luke's surprised stare. "Red Hill—favorite ambush with greasers in the early day. Half a dozen murders and hold-ups here. The hill's haunted."

"I guess the ghosts won't bother us in daylight," Luke observed.

"No, I guess not. Come ahead and we'll see. This country is beginning to be legendary. I'm not superstitious, of course, but Red

Hill is a sort of a hoodoo, all right. Hey, look at those burros!" He wheeled his horse and galloped back, yo-hoing, after the errant train, calmly grazing toward Kettleton.

"We'll drive them ahead of us," he said, returning; "yo, you brutes, yo, you devils, yo! A burro's an idiot, doesn't sabe anything except grass and brays. But these jacks are going to the Fabulous Mine, eh? Tell you what, if we find the mine we will turn the burros loose as an offering to Pan."

"If!" Luke echoed. "I'm a little worried over a theory I heard propounded down in the Overland last night. It sounds plausible."

"What is it?"

"That the Fabulous Mine doesn't exist. Judge Walters says that he believes it was a story concocted by Uncle Dan to explain the possession of a large sum of money. Uncle Dan was in with the road agents, it's presumable he and Orin received a share of the plunder. He might have been crafty enough to fabricate this story of a mine in order to explain his sudden prosperity."

"Sounds plausible, as you say. But I wouldn't worry over that theory, Mr. Winne. There's not a possibility of its being true. The Fabulous is a lost mine."

"I hope so, anyhow. There's another thing against us, too. Everybody knows of the Fabulous, and any number of these boomers will be searching for it. Two prospectors I met last night, Macdonald and Creede, are avowedly hunting it."

"Macdonald?" Dow asked. "Not the 'Scout?' Not 'Sioux Mac?'"

"Yes, I believe so. He said something about going over the ground twenty years ago with Mr. Downing."

"Humph; we'll have to keep an eye on him. He will be nearer the real location than any of the rest. He knows as much about it as Dad, though Dad never could hit the exact spot. Once in the hills and you're in a labyrinth; a needle is as easy to find as a mountain."

"This deer-eating chap, Tracey, is another," Luke pursued. "At least, he wouldn't acknowledge it, but he seemed to know that I was going after the Fabulous; he even hinted something about my being a relative. I wouldn't be surprised if he knows more than he ought to know. Mac says that he's the mining expert of an hydraulic company."

"Bud Tracey, I'll bet a hat!"

"Know him?" Luke asked. "Has he been here before?"

"He's a stranger in Saw Valley, though he heard of the Fabulous years ago. I used to be acquainted with him. But he's not dangerous. What he knows of you he probably got by pumping and guessing."

"I don't think I told him anything," Luke flashed. "I'm not that green."

Dow laughed lightly. "Not necessarily," he agreed.

Luke, in a pet, spurred forward to the crest of the hill. "But look!" he cried, pointing to the left.

There a small space had been very recently cleared against a dyke of red sandstone; a long pile of boulders outlined what appeared to be a grave, and a clean, white board stood at its head. "Someone has died up here," he added, in an awed tone.

"That's no dream!" Dow ejaculated, as he swung from his horse. "Let's see who. Some tenderfoot got pneumonia, probably."

Luke dismounted, and the two men approached the rock-guarded grave. A thin stream of smoke was curling up the headboard, and drifting away in a blue thread; a smoke slightly odoriferous, pleasant and foreign. Upon a flat slab in the center of the grave stood a small bronze image.

Dow sniffed. "Smells like blazes," he remarked.

"It's a bunch of joss-sticks burning," Luke cried. "Chinese prayers. And that's a Buddha; I've seen them often. This must be a Chinese grave."

"Look on the board," Dow suggested. "Wouldn't wonder if you were right. Odd, though! I didn't know any Chinks were in the district."

Luke put the smouldering prayers aside for a moment, and bent down. "'Here lies the body of Bo Gee,'" he read, "'better known as 'Chinee Charley,' a yellow man with a white heart. On this spot, April 20, he cheerfully gave his life in defense of his employer, a man of an alien race. God be good to him.'—The twentieth April!" Luke cried, straightening. "That was yesterday."

"Must have been trouble around here," Dow said. "I wonder what?"

"Oh!" Luke shouted as a sudden remembrance came to him. "Tracey said that Whiskers kept a Chinese cook. And Whiskers left with the Pickett gang. And the Picketts were back in town last night. Johnson even inquired about Whiskers. Have they done murder?"

"Looks like it. I guess you've hit the bull's eye. Who's Whiskers?"

"But I didn't think, I didn't believe,—They tried to hold up the Overland, I suppose, but all that seemed rather farcical, comic-opera outlawry; it didn't impress me. This is murder, man! We must return and tell the sheriff."

Dow threw his head back and roared. "Leave that to the Chink's boss," he finally suggested, wiping his eyes. "Joy! you're a funny

chap, Mr. Winne. It's only a Chink. Seems to me that if there's any notifying to be done, the thing is up to Whiskers. Charley saved his life, evidently. If Whiskers thinks more of getting into the boom district than of running down outlaws, that's Whiskers' business. Come on—we've seen the show."

"But the whites may have been killed too," Luke protested.

"And erected the signboard afterward? And planted the joss-sticks and idol? Not quite likely . . . Funny thing, this Buddha." He picked it up. "I believe I'll take it along as a present to June."

Luke's jaw fell. "I think it was thoughtful of Whiskers to leave the god here," he objected, while something like disgust for Dow quivered at his lips. "It was Bo Gee's; he carried it with him, doubtless prayed to it. I think you should respect the man's religion."

"Eh? A heathen's? Oh, come now, Mr. Winne——"

"A man might think you a missionary!" Luke exclaimed in exasperation. "You have no right to steal a religious symbol."

Dow sullenly laid the image on its slab and turned away. "The devil of a fuss over nothing," he grunted. "Next man that comes along will swipe it. A fellow might think you believed in Nirvana and all that rot." His eyes snapped as he mounted and started the burros down the hill.

Both men were a trifle sullen, and rode silently, nursing the slight incident. Luke's impression of Dow had suddenly and decidedly changed for the worse. Palpably, the mountaineer hated to be crossed in any way, and resented the slightest dictation. But in a moment Luke forgot his annoyance, and the murder engrossed his thought.

"We ought to search about here," he suggested. "Whiskers hasn't gone back to Kettleton. He and his partner may be wounded somewhere."

Dow merely grunted in answer.

The burros, one at a time, turned a bend in the road at the bottom of the hill, and disappeared among trees flanking the creek. Luke and Dow followed at a leisurely walk. The bell of the leading burro ceased its clang, as if the train had stopped, and then the men heard voices among the pines. A moment brought them into a clearing.

Ten or twelve burros, packed and ready for the trail, were grazing, or standing with cocked ears exchanging interrogative stares with Winne's four jacks. In the center of the glade, before a smouldering fire, three saddle-horses stood, while their riders were grouped about a fourth horse, and helping a comrade to his saddle.

"Drive your burros on," shouted some one; "they will get mixed with ours."

"Right you are," Dow returned. "Yo, ho, there!"

At the same time Luke recognized the prospector who had shouted. "Why, it's Tracey!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Winne, that you?" Tracey cried. "Ride over. Hell to pay around here."

"I'll go with the burros," Dow said. "If they mix with this bunch, we'll never separate them. You get the news and follow me."

"I thought you said you knew Tracey?"

"I did—past tense. We don't agree. Ho, you tom-fool, get back on the trail!" He spurred after an inquisitive jack, herded the train, and drove it out of sight among the trees.

"This is Whiskers' outfit," Tracey said, coming up and shaking hands. "Saw the Chink's grave upstairs? There was a warm time there yesterday . . . Who's your inquisitive pal? His back seemed familiar."

"Dow Scammel. Tell me what has happened."

"Dow, over here?" Tracey looked after the vanished figure with a slight frown. "Last I heard of him he was in Salt Lake. Got kicked off the Downing Ranch. Must have eaten dirt and got taken back. . . . The confounded fool will marry him yet."

The other men rode up. One, with a white bandage across his forehead, was little more than a boy; his face was bloodless, and he drooped in the saddle.

"Mr. Clayton, Mr. Winne," Tracey said, formally introducing Luke to the leader, a slim, brown man in a peaked beard. "And Mr. Cavanaugh, from England. This other chap is my pal, Red Murphy. Mr. Cavanaugh is, like yourself, a tenderfoot, but he has had a rather rough initiation."

"Talk about the Wild and Wooly!" Cavanaugh said, with a sickly grin. "Clayton had the brass to tell me there never was any trouble out here. First day on the trail, four beggars tried to blow us to kingdom come. Killed our cook, and came jolly near making a general massacre of it."

"The Pickett outfit," Tracey explained. "You and I ran up against them last night. They're worse than we fancied. I've told the boys what they tried on in Kettleton."

"They probably made a break down the trail to head us off," Clayton said. "They figured that we would race back after the sheriff. They wanted me pretty badly, I guess."

"I don't understand how they learnt we had money with us," Cavanaugh speculated. "That was a secret between us and the Dumaine brothers."

"A leak somewhere," Tracey suggested.

"But tell me how it all happened?" Luke eagerly inquired. "I can put the story together up to a certain point. You two gentlemen broke camp at the same time the Picketts took the trail. You must have come along together——"

"They preceded us," Clayton interrupted. "Got to the crest of Red Hill and laid in ambush. We rode along like chumps; first thing I knew, Billy was in the mud with a cut on his head, and bullets were hopping around Charley and me. We broke for cover and had a lively skirmish. Charley stood up to it like a white man. The fellows rushed us—four of them in masks—and we had a tussle. Nothing to talk about—rather nasty for a minute. Charley got one with his snickersnee and chopped the mask off, together with part of the chap's face. I recognized him at once,—Walt, the black-bearded follower of Pickett. So I'm sure of the gang." He hesitated. "Charley saved my life," he continued. "Walt had a revolver at my chest when he was slashed. A little man put Charley out of business. Then a pack-train came along and the fellows cut and ran for it, dragging Walt with them. They got in the chaparral, and we concluded not to follow—too risky. The fellows that rescued us went on—can't stop anywhere when you're racing for gold, Mr. Winne—and we came here and camped. At dawn this morning, Tracey hiked along, trailing like a man who has jumped a board-bill. We've just finished clearing up the mess. We set the poor beggar's punk sticks burning, and planted the joss on his grave. Maybe they will keep the wolves away, and maybe the boulders will help."

"A very bad business," Tracey said. "Pickett will sweat for this later on."

Clayton smiled. "As soon as Billy and I get our business over with," he supplemented, "I guess Mr. Pickett would better hunt his hole."

"It's that little chap who annoys me," Cavanaugh put in. "I'm positive he is Johnson; an impertinent, foul-mouthed weasel. He killed Charley."

"Lot's o' powder an' not much blood," Tracey's packer grunted, and turned away to round up the burros.

Clayton laughed. "Very pat," he said. "I was as excited as Sam Hill, myself. May have played Scythian and shot the sun, for all I know; and Billy wasn't much better. The thieves didn't get a good chance at us, except at the first volley."

"Are you going to notify the sheriff?" Luke asked.

"We'll send word by the first back-trail people we pass. Can't do anything else. We're in a hurry to close a contract before anybody gets ahead of us. That's how we happen to have ready money

with us. The men wouldn't take a draft or check without identification, verification, and all that; and meantime someone else would butt in with the cash and get the mine away from us. All ready, Murphy? Will you ride on with us, Mr. Winne?"

"I'll have to gallop ahead and overtake my partner, thanks. By the way, there were four of these outlaws, you say? I wonder who the fourth was? Pickett's outfit was but three strong, and only three showed up in town last night."

"Walt naturally wouldn't be dancing saloon can-cans," Tracey laughed; "not with a Chinese slash across his face. Number Four was the gentleman who had his toes 'tromped,' perhaps."

Tracey rode forward as Winne bid the men good-bye. "I'll go on a bit with you," he said. Then, when they were out of hearing: "Let me give you some disinterested advice, Winne. Keep an eye on Bug Dow. I went through the Plains University with him and with Coon, and I positively know that he is crooked. If he was over here yesterday, he was mixed up in the Pickett business. Why, Mrs. Downing ordered him off the ranch a year and more ago! His Dad took a gun to him and drove him out of the Valley. That's the sort of a chap Bug Dow is."

Luke was thoughtful. "He doesn't favorably impress me," he said. "I've already told him more than I should about myself and my business. But—excuse me—how can I know that you aren't misinformed?"

Tracey flushed like a girl. "I once corresponded with June," he said, simply. "She told me."

CHAPTER IV.

TRAILING.

Dow was waiting some half a mile up the road, while the burros grazed over a treeless flat, munching the newly sprouted bunch-grass. Catching sight of his ambiguous companion, Luke involuntarily braced himself in the saddle and squared his shoulders as if to meet an assault. He was more than suspicious; he had already formed a theory which painted Dow in midnight colors, and made of him the heavy and cheap villain Tracey had angrily pictured. Luke's uneasy imagination not only saw in Dow a companion and accomplice of thieves and murderers, for he also built phantasmagoric romances about the Downing Ranch, and conceived in the young cow-puncher a persecutor of June, a crafty and an unscrupulous plotter, an insidious spy, a faithless son. How was Luke to know whether or not the son actually represented the father? Much more probably, the Chicagooan thought, Dow had spied upon or wheedled Jake Scammel until he learned of the existence of the map. In this case Dow was at present after that map. At any moment Luke might expect

treachery, violence, even murder itself if need be. He shivered, and the sole of his right foot itched, for there within the sock was concealed an envelope which contained Dan Musgrove's yellow letter to his sister, and his small, rude map of the district; a map which indicated the location of the Fabulous Mine.

At Luke's approach, Dow waved his hand cheerily. "What was the trouble, Mr. Winne?" he called. "Killing Chinamen isn't exactly an amusement nowadays, whatever it was in the old times. Some sort of a fight?"

"Road agents," Luke returned, briefly.

Dow lifted his black eyebrows. "They're beginning the game early," he observed. "Must be new to the business, though. Only cheap city-thieves would try to hold up a bunch of boomers. There isn't any money going in. All these fellows are hunting gold, not spending it. Most of them are like you and me, dead broke."

"Mr. Clayton, or Whiskers, has money," Luke returned. "And it wasn't a hold-up. It was a very cowardly attempt at assassination."

"Well, you can't expect robbers to have much chivalry," Dow philosophized. "All ready? We've got a long trail ahead of us."

"Three of the men were accounted for," Luke deliberately continued. "The fourth appeared and disappeared most mysteriously. No one knows who he was."

"The sheriff can find out by pumping the others. Hi, there, hi, hi! Mosey along! Hi, hi!" He struck a burro with his quirt, galloped to the bell-jack, and turned it from the road. "Hi!" he shouted, herding the others after. One animal broke away and started down the road. "There's a friend of yours, Mr. Winne," Dow continued; "head him back. Hell's Door is a long hike yet. We'll have to buck up, or we will get caught in Turkey Cañon."

"Aren't we going up the road?" Luke inquired, uneasily.

"No; this is a short-cut—Hell's Door trail. It saves us about twenty miles."

"Why not stick to the road? It's more comfortable."

Dow abandoned the burros and returned to Luke's side. He waved his hand toward the pure white range, stretching east and west, and towering above the surrounding mountains. "That's the Sawtooth Divide," he explained. "Saw Valley lies on the other side. Now, to the right, see that jagged spire—farther yet—that's Pharos Peak; Downing named it. Underneath it is Cape Horn, the head of the Sawtooth Pass. It's about five miles east of here. To the left, see those twin, bullet-headed humps of snow? They're the Daisy Girls; Dad named them. Hell's Door Pass lies just this side, fifteen miles to the west of here. If a bee-line were to be drawn from where we stand to the Downing Ranch, it would come pretty near passing

directly over Little Daisy. You can see for yourself how much the cut-off means to us."

Still Luke hesitated. His brows were drawn down, and his lips were compressed; there was, too, an odd expression in his eyes. Perhaps Dow noticed; at least he keenly stared at his companion.

"Rocky way," he commented, waving his hand toward a narrow gulch that opened into Little Kettle. "We go up that. Turkey Cañon, it's called. Farther along the walls get precipitous, and the trail wades in the bed of the stream. It's an old deer-track; few people use it except the cowmen, and an odd packer or two. Oh, by the way," he added, "did I give you Dad's letter?" He fumbled in his shirt.

Luke stared. "Eh?" he said.

Dow burst into a shout of laughter. "Just like me!" he roared, as he took a letter from his breast; "just like Bug Dow, by Joy! Blest if I didn't forget I had a letter of introduction. Dad said you were a suspicious cuss—excuse me, I'm quoting—and insisted on giving me a note to you." He handed the letter to the dazed Luke. "I'll take the lead," he finished, airily; "do you drive the burros after, and bring up the rear. You can read your love letter as we hike—as we hike."

He struck his horse and galloped away, singing. Luke followed, with oddly confused emotions; and in a few moments found time to examine the note. It was undoubtedly in Jake Scammel's thick, scrawling hand.

"Dear Partner Winne," it read. "The bow-legged buccaroo that hands you this letter is my son. He says he will fetch you here in twenty shakes. If he doesn't, he'd better. Don't tell him anything. He's a fool. But if you get in trouble anywhere, call on Bug and I reckon he'll make the fur hump. Ever y'rs very respectfully,

Jake Scammel."

"Took him three-quarters of an hour to pen that," Dow called over his shoulder. "Satisfied I'm the only and original?"

"Oh, yes." Luke's voice remained dry. His suspicions could not be so easily dissipated, though now they seemed unreasonable.

Dow shrugged his shoulders, and presently began humming. His voice died away, and they entered a sunless cañon, where a trickle of water wet their horses' hoofs, while, above them, almost sheer precipices towered for dizzy distances. In about an hour the right-hand wall of rock began to fall away, shrinking into a steep mountain-side; Turkey Cañon broadened, too, and they came out into a narrow flat.

"One-thirty," Dow gruffly called, reining in. "Here's the only camp we'll hit before night. Get off and stretch your legs."

"Lunch?" Luke inquired.

"Uh-huh. Help me get the stock out to graze; then we'll have a pot of coffee and some sandwiches."

Conversation languished. Both men appeared moody, and went about their tasks with lowered eyes. In addition, Luke was saddle-weary, and, when he found the opportunity, cared for nothing but to lie back on a blanket, his back against a rock, and smoke. After lunch Dow strolled away, returning presently with a clearer expression of countenance.

"Time to pike along," he observed. "I guess you and the stock are rested, eh? Saddle the horses; I'll attend to the burros."

Luke nodded. "Do we continue up the cañon?" he asked.

"No, we climb this hill to the right; you can see the trail if you study the slope. The gulch gets impassable farther along, with deeper sides than the ones behind us, and a bed full of boulders." In a moment he strolled over and looked at Luke's horse. "Don't know why I selected that bronc' for you," he observed; "must have been dreaming of the Fabulous. He has a shifty eye—likely a coward. Rather nervous, isn't he?"

"I had not noticed. He rides smoothly."

"Oh, yes, he's well broken. I think any sudden noise would make him jump, though. Not a buckner, but, worse, a runaway. Hasn't the right sort of feet for trail work, either." Dow examined the hoofs one after the other. "Too stocky; sets 'em down too solid; a good trail horse has to be something of a goat."

Luke apprehensively surveyed the trail Dow had indicated. "But if he is untrustworthy," he observed, with the timidity of the inexperienced, "dare I ride him up that?"

"That's nothing. The rub comes farther along. He will do, as long as nothing scares him. Just keep an eye on him and you will be all right. Not afraid?"

"Certainly not. Merely nervous, like the horse."

"Uh-huh, you'll pass. Let's be moving."

The mountaineer took the lead again, and before long they were skirting the hill-slope, gradually ascending higher and higher above the gulch, until the thin trickle of water was hardly discernible. Then the hill fell away into a sheer precipice. The trail skirted this, and Luke rode after the burros, blank space at his left hand, and at his right the long, bare, almost inaccessible mountain side, ascending to snowy vastness. The way seemed interminable, but as they rode the snow patches gradually grew from the summits, approaching to the sandy trail their octopus arms, until at times the way itself was directly over dirty snow; now thin, mushy patches, through which the animals waded, and now frozen, icy beds.

"How much longer will this last?" Luke cried in desperation. "I'm getting dizzy looking into this infernal chasm."

"Better get off and walk, then," Dow shouted back from his place before the burros. "I reckon walking'll be the safest for you, anyhow, if you're losing your nerve. We're just coming to the worst bit of it. After that things ease up. In fact," he added, turning in his saddle, "with that untrustworthy horse I'd advise you to walk. There's a shale bed before us—a bad place for tenderfeet. A man has to keep a clear head and pick his way, or he may go overboard. The shale slips, you know. I can gallop over, but most new-comers foot it."

"Go ahead," Luke ordered, bracing his knees. "I'm not afraid. I'll ride."

"All right; it's your funeral."

Dow had not exaggerated. The trail abruptly ended at a black slope of the mountain, a slope covered with loose shale, and running without a break in the angle from the hill-top to the edge of the cañon. There was not a trace of former passage; the sliding stones covered everything, closing behind a passing animal like quicksand. This infernal slope was perhaps two hundred feet wide, and Luke, examining it, wondered how even a deer could cross in safety. His timidity became utter fear as Dow rode out, followed by the burros. The animals' hoofs slipped and slid over the shale, a trickle of loose stones rattled below them, and jumped off into space. But when the Chicagoan found himself actually riding over the trap, his fear left him; he had no thought but to pick his way, following with extreme carefulness exactly after Dow.

Luke was half way across, when, above the rattle and clatter of stones under and beyond him, he heard a deeper sound. Dow, who had reached the edge of firm ground, shouted, and Luke glanced above at the long slope. His heart sprang into throbbing prominence, a terror seized and choked him, palsyng every nerve. An enormous boulder was bounding down the mountain, while behind it and beside it a rattling surface slide of stones followed. One terrible thought shot through Luke's mind; he was mounted on a nervous and untrustworthy horse. The time was endless; the boulder seemed to fairly crawl, accompanied by its stony train. Luke fancied he would have had time to dismount and run to safety, yet he did nothing. His horse, indeed, of its own accord quickened its careful pace, and the burros broke into a trot. Then the boulder crashed by to the rear, bounded down the lower slope, and disappeared. The flood of shale rattled around the horse's fetlocks like water, and the animal stood stock-still, waiting for the hard flood to pass. A low and distant crash, echoing up from the bottom of Turkey Cañon, told when the boulder struck. The horse resumed its cautious way, and, following the burros, daintily stepped upon firm ground.

"Gad!" Dow cried, dismounting and running forward, "that was nervy—damned nervy, Winne! Couldn't have done better myself. You just got out of its way and stopped, heh? And held the horse in at that! You're a born mountaineer."

Luke wiped his damp forehead. "What started it?" he asked, faintly. His nerves were in a spasmodic tremble, and it needed all of his self-possession to control them.

"That's a common thing up here," Dow rejoined. "Boulders have a habit of jumping when least expected. It would take a mathematician to tell why." He patted the horse and looked at its legs. "Cut about the fetlocks," he announced, "but not badly. I was mistaken in that animal." He examined it with a quizzical eye. "Yet I'll swear it has a mighty nervous glare. You can't always tell. Horse-character is about as hard to read as man-character. But in this case I guess it was the rider who knew how to manage a scary horse. Well, as no damage was done, we'll mosey along. Congratulate you on your nerve."

Winne did not reply. A horrible suspicion was struggling for belief in his mind. "Could the boulder have been started by human hands?" he asked himself over and over again; "and there of all places, where the misstep of a horse meant death?" But certainly if anyone had been planning to frighten Luke's horse, that one had met with a bitter disappointment. The animal, whose character Dow had maligned, had proved wholly trustworthy; had thought and acted when its rider was incapable of either thought or action; and undoubtedly had saved both its own and Luke's life. The Chicagoan patted his horse gratefully, and when an opportunity offered he washed and salved the animal's wounds.

As Dow had promised, the trail shortly grew less dangerous, and the bed of the cañon ascended in a series of cascades and narrow falls, while the precipitous sides fell away, until, after a long ride, Luke saw that the trail turned once more, without descent, into the creek-bottom. Farther along the waters forked, and Dow silently turned up the right-hand gully.

Luke set his teeth together; he was worn out by the long, arduous ride, and the sun was half eclipsed by bleak snow-peaks.

"Much farther to camp?" he forced himself to call.

Dow shook his head negatively. "All in, I guess?" he queried. "You'll sleep like a log."

Luke doubted, though he did not voice his thought. His situation was too dangerous to permit of unbroken rest. His nerves were on edge, and throughout that long ride after passing the shale slope, every move Dow made seemed, to Luke's excited fancy, a covert act of hostility.

After rounding a rocky knoll the trail abruptly turned, steeply ascending a dry gulch, shaded by an army of dwarf spruces. This gulch, seemingly, went forward into the solid snows of the highest peaks.

"Mosquito Gulch," Dow said, briefly. "Hell in July—myriads of 'skeeters. Water, grass, and wood in the flat below. Yow, but a rest'll feel good! I'm about done up myself."

He rode into the flat and dismounted. Luke stiffly climbed from his saddle, and without further words the men went to work unpacking for the night. The horses and burros were hobbled and turned loose to graze, the low tent was pitched in a spot of comparatively dry ground, and Dow took an axe, chopping fire-logs from the dead and rotting trunks that littered the near-by slopes.

"Find a hatchet," he directed, "and gather pine boughs. Put a foot-deep layer in the tent, more if you have time, spread a poncho over 'em, rubber side down, and make a double bed. I'll have supper ready by the time you get the bed made."

Luke obediently set himself to work, and walked back and forth until almost dusk. The exercise untangled his cramped muscles, and even the pulsing kink between his shoulders was worn away. He piled the pack-boxes and saddles together, too, and threw a poncho over them.

"All right," Dow called. "Grub pile!"

The fire jumped and crackled in the dusk; the air was frosty, but as the breeze had temporarily fallen the chill seemed rather invigorating than numbing; and the heavy scent of spruce-smoke but

added a zest to the rarefied atmosphere. When he had sprawled out on a horse-blanket, with the steam of coffee, the grateful smack of hot biscuits and bacon in his nostrils, Luke gazed about him with a feeling of content. After the wearying ride this was positive comfort, was almost home. The tent looked inviting, he could fancy his tired legs sinking among the soft needles, and in anticipation he tasted the luxury of complete relaxation.

"Wade in," Dow invited. "Got a can of peaches for dessert."

Luke nodded, and silently attacked his tin plate. When the men finally finished, night had fallen, and they lay back without words, Luke sucking at his pipe, and Dow at his cigarette, while they blinked the fire, until Dow finished his smoke and stood up.

"Lie still," he commanded. "I'm an old stager, and not tired, as you are. I'll clean up the mess."

Luke was well content to let the mountaineer perform the necessary camp-work. With the sense of after-dinner well-being, his sprawled limbs no longer aching, a feeling of deep contentment fell upon him. This was peace, this was home. What could compare with a fire-lighted camp in the hills, comfortable past expression, after a long and an exhausting ride? With his hands behind his head, Luke mused. He could no longer suspect Dow of being an accomplice of little Josephus; it was absurd on the face of it. Tracey was quite madly prejudiced. And as for his own wild idea that Dow had been the indirect cause of the boulder having fallen, that seemed, in the peace of the camp, sheer idiocy. His heart warmed toward his companion, and he felt a rather sneaking contempt of himself for his imaginative suspicions. With the usual timidity of tenderfeet, he had been doubtful of every Westerner he had met. Even Josephus-Johnson—but no; the Chinese grave was no figment, the exciting scene at the Overland Bar was no illusion.

Dow finished and resumed his seat. "Pass is about a mile above," he volunteered. "Second mountain to the right; Hell's Door. One side of the hill falls down into hell, about. There's a cabin near the crest with three prospectors in it. They think they found a mine last year, and they are gophering it out. Don't know much about them."

"Men are living up here?" Luke asked in wonder.

"Yep, stayed all winter, working like hay-hands. A tough proposition. Two oldish fellows and a young man named Poppleton."

Though he had in a great measure lost his suspicions of Dow, it gave Luke an indefinable sense of pleasure to know that human beings were near by. If Dow were even an outlaw, he would venture no outrage where help was within call of a rifle shot, and where murder would surely be discovered before a day had passed.

Dow flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "Say," he said, in embarrassment, "you were talking to Tracey about me, weren't you?"

"Why, yes," Luke stammered.

"I guessed so; you've been rather dumb since then. I suppose Bud gave me a black eye?"

"He doesn't like you."

"Hardly!" Dow returned. "He and I are what you might call enemies. As he has evidently warned you against me, I don't know but that it might be well to reciprocate. Have you known him long?"

"I met him in Kettleton last night. But I think he's a nice fellow."

"Yeh, I thought so, too. It takes time to know a man. May I ask just what he told you about me?"

"Why, I—I don't think—it was rather personal. I really don't care to repeat—"

"Uh-huh, worse than I thought. He's a nasty animal; reminds me of a coyote. It's not the first time he has struck me behind my back. A favorite method with him. But by God!" Dow pounded the earth with his fist, "if that hell-beast doesn't drop it, I'll put him out yet! Why, Mr. Winne, look here: He was my pal the first year at the University, and we roomed together. Coon and I were practically engaged then, and Bud knew it. He used to sit up in bed by the hour and listen to my ravings about her; used to cheer me up whenever she flirted with anyone else, and that was most of the time. Well, what did he do? Sympathized with me, advised me, talked Coon to me, and never hinted that he liked her himself. Went at things like a coward and a traitor, never let me see him courting her, pretended to be gone on a girl named Evelyn Wolfe, and all the time he was cutting me out. At vacation Coon was pretty cool toward me, and when we went down the next fall she took up with Bud. Made no bones about it—threw me over without an explanation. And that wasn't Coon's way, usually; she's as clear and above-board as any girl that ever walked. Tracey got her around his fingers, that's what!

"I went to him, like a man, and told him what I thought about him. Didn't say anything to June; she can do as she pleases, and I'll do as she says. That's the way it's always been. But what did Trace do? Complained to the Proctor that I had threatened to assault him, had me up before the faculty, and came near getting me expelled. Was that a man's way of doing business?"

Luke dug at the ground in embarrassed silence.

"If I'd been Tracey," Dow resumed, "I'd have taken off my coat and blacked the other fellow's eye. If I can't fight my own battles, I'll mighty quick chuck up the sponge. But that isn't Bud. And you'd think a girl like Coon would throw over a skunk who wouldn't fight for her, a skunk who had to call in a whole universityful of noodle-headed chumps to keep from getting a licking. Not any! She came to me, speaking Tracey's words every one, and said that if I threatened Bud again she would write and have Dad call me home. Now, do you think Bud Tracey acted like a man that time?"

"I used to be an amateur pugilist at school," Luke smiled. "I usually fought my own battles, and usually got beaten up."

"Yes, that's me. But we are men. There was nothing for me to do but to drop Tracey like a hot skillet. Yet I stuck it out; went through those three years of hell without a word, Coon treating me one day as if I were her brother, the next like a lost pup, and Tracey grinning at me whenever he saw me alone. A damned, insulting, black-hearted grin. It's a wonder I didn't murder him.

"Of course I wasn't an angel. I know what whisky tastes like; maybe I used to go on a bat now and again, when that school got too much like eternity. Coon always knew whenever I did anything a fool boy usually does. Tracey heard and blabbed.

"After graduation, when June and I came home together, she had

a mighty poor opinion of me, let me tell you; and she was engaged to Tracey. And Trace, as I blame well knew, wanted to marry her because he thought she was rich. I guess she is; it's a good ranch.

"Now, here's where I played the idiot. I got back home and started in giving Tracey a black eye to anybody who'd listen. And I got drunk about forty times the month, and rode around telling what I'd do to the traitor. Naturally Dad and Mrs. Downing got sore on me, and finally they ordered me off the place, after I'd made more than the usual fool of myself.

"Went down to Denver, met Trace on the street gallanting a fast woman, and that made me red-eyed. I wouldn't have touched him ordinarily, but to see him playing traitor to June just as he had to me, put the devil on my back, and I started in right there to murder him. I've got something of an education, Winne, but for all that I'm just a plain mountaineer, without frills or finesse. What I should have done is to have spotted that woman, found out all about her, and then have taken a page out of Tracey's book and notified June that her fiancé was playing double. But I went in with my fists instead. The girl yapped, and of course I was arrested, clubbed, and lugged to the station. Dad went down from here and paid the fines and got me out; then he sent me to Salt Lake for a year. I came back last fall, stayed in Buster over winter, saw Mrs. Downing a few times when I skied-it in with your letters, and now I'm going back to take up cow-punching again under Dad. Mrs. Downing acknowledges she was partly in the wrong.

"A bad biznai. I don't know, though," he resumed, after a pause. "Maybe that assault and battery was the best thing I could have done, maybe it was even better than playing the spy, à la Trace. Bud's city girl was at the trial, witness for prosecution, and it came out that he was living with her there. Dad reported everything to the folks, and June shook Mr. Bud Tracey like she would shake off a toad."

Luke quietly offered his hand. "I was mistaken in Tracey," he said.

Dow grasped Luke's proffered hand cordially—almost too cordially—and beamed. "I like you, Winne," he asserted. "You aren't as most Easterners are; you understand things. As for Trace"—he spat viciously—"he's out of the running. I'm not a chump, and generally I don't think anything of a man's birth, but it has always seemed to me that that skunk's parentage notched in pretty good with his nature."

"His parentage?"

"Uh-huh; his mother used to be a servant, and a hotel employee. She worked at the Alamo as head chambermaid; but she died while he was in college. So far as I ever found out, he never had a dad. He used to say Tracey Senior was a prospector who went out with pneumonia about the time Bud was born. But I found out by accident that Mrs. T. used to have another name then—Grove. She worked at a house where I afterward knew the young folks. Just what a fellow might guess from Tracey's coyote nature, eh?"

"Ya-ho!" Luke returned, stretching, "let's turn in, Dow; I'm done up."

[To be continued.]

PIMA MYTHS

By FRANK RUSSELL.

[Continued]



OW the tribes of men began to learn how they should provide for themselves, how they might gather food, hunt, and till the soil. Mavit, Puma, and Rsu-û-û, Wolf, joined their fortunes and went hunting together. One day Wolf said, "I wonder where is our brother, Coyote; suppose I call him." So he took the kidney of a deer and roasted it, and the wind carried the appetizing odor toward the south. When Coyote smelled it he said, "Surely, these are my brothers, who wish me to return." So he ran to the place where Puma and Wolf were living. When he reached them he was in great distress, for when he ate food it fell from him as wheat falls from the broken sack. Finally, Puma and Wolf stitched his skin until it retained the food he ate. Then they all went in search of wives. Coyote found a woman and called to the others, who came to see her. She became the wife of Puma, but Coyote said he would take her home. On the way he fell and pretended to be in great pain. The woman was frightened and knew not what to do. Coyote said, "I shall not get well unless you strip off my clothing and your own and carry me on your back for a few yards. That is the way my brothers treated me when I was in this condition before." So she obeyed and made their clothing into a bundle, which she carried on her head, as is the Pima custom. (A few sentences here are a little too naively frank for magazine publication.) This was the cause of much trouble, for she belonged to a tribe that had great magic power. They tried to induce her to return, but she would not. Furthermore, Puma refused to restore her to her friends. Then the Rsarsûkatc A-âtam, magicians, revenged themselves by driving the deer, the antelope, and every animal that is swift of foot and soft of fur and useful to human kind into a cave in the Aloam or Yellow mountain, which lies south of the present Pimeria and northeast of Baboquivari. This deprived the tribes of men of their chief support, and messengers were sent to see if some means could not be found by which the imprisoned animals could be liberated. One by one these agents failed to accomplish the task assigned to them. Year after year they returned without success. At last Coyote was sent to liberate the inhabitants of the cave, who exclaimed as they saw him coming, "Now we have a visitor who will do us harm." They thought to appease his appetite by offering a piece of meat in the hope that he would eat it and go away. When Coyote had roasted the meat in the fire and looked about him, he saw the gate of the

cave and this is what happened: "Where shall I put this meat? It is hot. Where shall I put it? It is hot," he said, and then ran straight to the door of the cave. Before the occupants could recover from their alarm he threw open the door and out swarmed the deer and other game animals as pour forth the bees from a newly-opened hive.

Coyote ran for his life and the people pursued him, but he escaped and went to live in the water in the west.

When A-anhitupaki Si'vany, Feather-breathing Si'vany, was a boy he was mischievous and troubled his grandmother. He went to the cave of the Winds and saw the bow. He made one like it and showed it to his fellows, but they handled it and so took away its power. He made several bows, but the people ruined them by looking at them or handling them. At last they ceased troubling him and he was able to kill rabbits and give them away.

Seeing that he was a good shot, the people told him to take his stand at the two hills and close the gap. He went as directed, but instead of shooting the deer as they were driven past he paid no attention to them, but occupied himself in building a fence of brush from one hill to the other.

Again they told him to perch in a tree above a game trail and watch for anything that might pass under him. He did so and saw the game running, but did not shoot.

A third time they drove the animals toward him and instructed him to shoot the pregnant ones, as they would be fat. He took his place and shot a pregnant woman instead of a doe.

The fourth time they told him to shoot an old one (meaning a deer with large antlers), and he killed an old man.

Then he showed that he had magic power, for he was able to go out and bring in deer without taking days of time like other hunters. He built a house (Va'aki, now one of the ruins of Salt river), married, and settled down. Vântre was a thief, gambler, liar and profligate who came to the house of A-anhitupaki Si'vany, who, knowing his character, did not wish to see him. Vântre brought four reeds filled with tobacco, lighted one and smoked it. A-anhitupaki Si'vany would not speak to him, and Vântre finally went away. This happened three nights, but not a word was spoken until the fourth night, when A-anhitupaki told Vântre he would be his friend if Vântre would stop lying, stealing, and the like. He would make the sticks called kintcs, and with them Vântre might win if he wished to gamble. He placed such magic power in the markings on the sticks that no one could win from Vântre. Elder Brother recognized the power in the sticks and told the people that they were powerless to win from Vântre. Elder Brother

told the man at whose house Vântre gambled that if he would let his son and daughter work for him (Elder Brother), he would arrange it so that Vântre could not win from others. The man agreed. Elder Brother sent the son to a roosting place of large birds to get feathers. The boy brought the feathers to the house. The girl was told to singe the feathers, grind them into a powder, and mix them with some pinole.

The next day Vântre came to the same place to gamble. Elder Brother said to the young woman, "Go to the pool with your *kiâhâ* and *ollas*. Take the pinole and make it ready when Vântre goes there." She followed Elder Brother's directions and went to get the water. Vântre said to the man with whom he had been playing on previous days, "I am going to the pool to get a drink of water before we begin playing." The others told him to go into the house to get the drink, but he went off, saying that he wished to see the young woman. When he came to her he said he wanted her for his wife, but she replied that she would not make any promises unless he drank her pinole. So Vântre was glad to take the drink. The first swallow seemed sour or bitter, but he took a second, a third, and a fourth drink. The moment he took the fourth drink, feathers began to appear upon his body; these grew out at once and he became a large eagle. The young woman took her basket, returned to the village, and told what had happened. The people then took their bows and arrows, went to the pool, and there found the eagle sitting on the bank. They surrounded him, but he flew away and found refuge in the mountains, whence he came from time to time to carry away men and women to his hiding place. As their numbers decreased, the people cried out for help to Elder Brother, who said he would kill the eagle after four days. He told the people to watch a sharp-pointed mountain after his departure, and if a cloud appeared at the left of the peak they would know that he had been killed; if the cloud appeared at the right they would know that he had done some great thing. Eagle was so large and strong that when he sat on the mountain top it broke beneath his weight. It used to be all flat and smooth, but it was his sitting on it that made the peaks and rough places. When arrows were shot at him he caught them in his hand. (This must be a true story, for there is a picture of him with the arrows in his hand, on the dollar. So the Americans must have known about him.)

When Eagle was away, Earth Doctor climbed the cliffs to his house, singing as he ascended:

Up the cliff, steep and smooth,
 Up the cliff, steep and smooth,
 Up the cliff, steep and smooth,
 Climbs Elder Brother.
 With his shining power,
 Up the cliff, steep and smooth,
 Up the cliff, steep and smooth,
 He climbs, step by step.

He then carried on the following conversation with Eagle's wife.

"Can this baby talk?"

"No; he doesn't say very much and doesn't seem to know anything; he's too small."

"Does Eagle ever sleep in the daytime?"

"No, not very often; but sometimes, if I sit down with him and scratch his head, he will go to sleep."

"Do that next time I come."

At that moment Eagle was again heard approaching with a roar that shook the mountain like a tree in the wind. He brought four living men, whom he threw from a distance upon the rock, where they lay groaning for a time before breathing their last. Eagle asked his wife if anybody had been there, and she said no one was about. He declared that he smelled someone, but finally concluded that he had been mistaken. After he had eaten he lay down, and as she sang the following song and rubbed his head he quickly went to sleep:

Haya yakahai yahai mo! Haya yakahai mo!
 I am sleepy, I am sleepy.
 Haya yakahai yahai mo! I am sleepy.

When Eagle returned, the baby tried to tell him what had happened, and his father inquired, "What made him say that? He never talked that way before; besides, I smell somebody. Some one must have been here."

"No, nobody; we have been here alone."

Then, in the form of a fly, Earth Doctor concealed himself among the dead bodies that were corded up like wood, and sang:

Himolavi! Die fly! Himolavi! Die fly!
 I shall sleep! I shall sleep!
 Himolavi! Let die! I am drowsy.
 I will sleep! Buzz-z!

When he had gone to sleep she began to whistle. He awoke and said:

"What made you whistle like that?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just playing with the baby; that's all."

So he went to sleep again, and again she whistled. He awoke again and asked:

"Why did you whistle?"

"Oh, I was just playing with the baby."

So the third time he went sound asleep, and she whistled softly, but he did not awake. Then she whistled louder, and Elder Brother came out and resumed his natural form. He beat the head of Eagle until it was flat. He cut Eagle's throat and that of his son, sprinkled their blood upon the dead bodies, whereupon they all regained their lives. He asked them where they belonged, and on finding where each lived he sent him home. When he came to the last bodies he found that they spoke a different tongue, so he sent them to a distant land, where they practiced their peculiar customs. The Pimas suppose that these were the whites, who became white from lying under the others until decayed.

Elder Brother then went home and told the people how to conduct themselves when they had killed an enemy, such, for example, as the Apaches. On his return he found the people singing and dancing. He arranged four periods, and each period contained four days. So to this day the man who kills an Apache must live sixteen days in the woods and subsist upon pinole.

While these events were occurring here, the people about Baboquivari wished to have Elder Brother come to them.

At the time when Elder Brother transformed Vāntre into an eagle, strange things happened to the people of Casa Grande. There is a game called *tâkal* played by the women. One day the women were playing *tâkal*, and among them was the daughter of Si'al Tcu-utak Si'vany. Suddenly a strange little green lizard dropped in front of her while she was standing among the other women. The earth about the spot became like the green part of the rainbow. They dug there and found some green stones (*stcu-uttuk hâ'tai'*), which became very useful for necklaces and ear pendants.

There were people living at some tanks on the east side of the mountains (*Ta'-atûkam*) north of Picacho, and among them was a man named Tarsnamkam, Meet the Sun. He saw the beautiful stones used at Casa Grande and wished to get some of them, but how was he to do it? He made a fine green bird, *stcu-utûk o'-ofik*, parrot, and sent it to Casa Grande, telling it to swallow all the green stones it could find about the houses. The parrot went to Casa Grande and was found one day by the daughter of Si'al Tcu'-utak Si'vany. The bird was kept several days, but it would not eat, so it was turned loose. It went about until it found a piece of turquoise, which it swallowed. The daughter of Si'al Tcu'-utak Si'vany saw this and told her father, who directed her to give the bird all the turquoises she could find in the house.

The people gathered to see the bird that ate stones, but as soon as it had eaten until it was full to the mouth it flew away. Tarsnamkam was glad to see it come safely home. The parrot vomited the stones, which its owner gave to the people to use, and there were plenty for all. Si'al Tcu'-utak Si'vany was angry when he learned that the bird had been sent to steal all his turquoises. He sent the rain for four periods, or sixteen days, to destroy Tarsnamkam, but the latter also possessed magic power and was not injured. At the end of the sixteen days Tarsnamkam sent a man with a fine football (rso'nyikivol), directing him to give it to Si'al Tcu'-utak Si'vany's daughter, whose name was Pia Konikam Of'(i). The messenger went near the woman's house as she was at work and kicked the ball so that it rolled close to her. She took it up and hid it under her dress and told the man there had been no ball there when he came up to inquire about it. He declared that it stopped close by her, but she again said no, she had seen no football. The man went off, but the young woman called to him to come and get his football. When he came back she searched for the ball, but it was not to be found. It had gone into her womb and become a child. When this child was born it was a strange-looking creature. The people wanted to destroy it, but the mother said it was her child and she wished to care for it.

The people wished to destroy the child, because it had long claws instead of fingers and toes; its teeth were long and sharp, like those of a dog. They gave it the name of Hâ-âk, meaning something dreadful or ferocious. The female child grew to maturity in three or four years' time. She ate anything she could get her hands on, either raw or cooked food. The people tried to kill her, because she killed and ate their children. She went to the mountain Ta'atûkam and lived there for a while in a cave. Then she went to Baboquivari for a time and then to Poso Verde, where she was killed by Elder Brother. As Elder Brother and the people were preparing to overcome the magic power of Hâ-âk they sang together:

Dazzling power has Elder Brother,
 Mastering the winds with song.
 Swiftly now we come together,
 Singing to gain control.
 Kovakova, kovakova,
 Kovakova, kovakova.
 Singing on the summit
 Of great Mo'hatuk mountain,
 Anayokuna, anayokuna, hayokuna.
 Sacred pipe of Tcu-unarsat,
 Sleep-inducing sacred pipe,
 Anayokuna, anayokuna, hayokuna.

Ha-ak flees from her pursuers,
But her spring and mortar stay.
Throw a great stone!
Throw a great stone!
The blue owl is brightest,
Throw a great stone!
The blue owl is brightest,
Throw a great stone.

When he killed Hâ-âk a great feast was made, just as when Eagle was killed, and to this day the cave remains there where Hâ-âk was killed, and two or three miles distant is a stone inclosure, Hâ-âk moakkût Place, where Hâ-âk was killed. The people formerly placed offerings within the inclosure to bring them good luck.

Another version of the same story states that Vaktcuktcithâp, the mosquito hawk, wished to marry the virgin at Casa Blanca, who had many suitors. He went to the Sun, who gave him a many-colored ball, which he took to the woman Pia Konikam Of'(i). When near her he kicked it as the Pimas do the kicking ball, so that it rolled near her. She placed it in the fold of her blanket and became pregnant.

After Hâ-âk was killed the people were invited to come and partake of the feast which had been cooked there. One old woman and her two grandsons were not invited to come. When the feast was over she told her grandsons to go and see if they could find any of Hâ-âk's blood, and if so to bring it to her. After the boys had brought the few drops of blood which they found among the rocks, she put it into a dish and told them to look at it after four days. When they did so they found two eggs in the dish. On reporting this to their grandmother she told them to look again after four more days. When they looked they saw two little birds, at which their grandmother told them to look again at the end of four days. When they came to look they found two very beautiful birds. After four days the people came and tried to destroy the grandmother and the boys in order to get the birds. The old woman told her grandsons that after another four days the people would come and take their birds away. So they must take them at night to a distant land and set them free there. She said that when they returned they would find her dead, as the people would have killed her.

After the people had killed Hâ-âk they followed the tracks of the boys, who had gone toward the east with their parrots. The pursuers raised a cloud of dust as they went along, which betrayed their presence on the trail to the boys, who exclaimed, "What shall we do!" At length they set free the parrots, which flew up into

the mountains, where they concealed themselves in the forest. Following their example, the boys hastened to the same place, where they successfully eluded the pursuers. After the people had abandoned the search the boys went back to their former home and found that their grandmother had been killed. She had left directions which they carried out. They gave the body proper burial in the sand. At the end of four-day periods she had told them to visit her grave until they saw a plant growing out of it; four days after it appeared they were to gather the leaves, and in time they would learn what was to be done with them. The boys obeyed her commands and obtained tobacco, which they learned to use through the instruction of Elder Brother.

After killing Hâ-âk, Elder Brother made his home at Baboquivari for some time. Hearing of the fact that the boys were living alone at their old home, he visited them. He inquired about their welfare and seemed to be disposed to befriend them. Finding the tobacco leaves, he inquired if they had been used yet, and was assured that they had not been. Elder Brother then revealed the purpose for which the leaves had been intended. "These are to be rolled in corn husks and smoked," said he; "I will give you, also, earth flowers to mix with the tobacco when you smoke, if you desire to gain the favor of the women." He showed them how to collect the bark of the tree which induces sleep. "Make this into a powder," said he, "and when you wish to overpower anyone just shake this before them." Then Elder Brother left the youths, who followed his instructions and found the love philter and the sleeping powder to be irresistible. But the people were incensed at their use of the charms and finally killed them.

Elder Brother continued to live in the cave at Baboquivari for some time. He went about the country from village to village seeking to do mischief. At last the people could endure his pranks no longer and drove him away. He went to Mo'hatûk mountain, north of the Gila, and the people there gathered to destroy him.

Elder Brother went into his house and the people came and clubbed him to death. They pounded his head until it was flat, then dragged him into the woods and left him there. The news was spread about the country that he was dead, but the next day he reappeared among the people. They were afraid, but gathered together and killed him again. After carrying him to the woods they cut his flesh and scattered the pieces, pounded his bones into powder and cast it to the winds, but the next day at the same hour he was about among them again. Again they killed him, and this time his body was burned to ashes. Yet he was among them the next day as before. Then a great council was called and they discussed plans for getting rid of Elder Brother. Some declared that if they did not kill him the fourth time they would never kill him. So they called on Vulture, who had been saved with Elder Brother

at the time of the flood, thinking that he must have magic power or he would not have survived the flood.

Vulture was a man who transformed himself into a bird with his own magic power, and had gone through the openings in the sky and thus saved himself from destruction during the flood. After he came down from the sky he wandered about the country and finally built a va'-aki, magic house, the ruins of which yet remain, south of where Phoenix now stands, between the Gila and Salt rivers.

Vulture was living in this va'-aki when the people came to him with their complaints concerning Elder Brother. They asked if he could do anything to help them. Vulture said he had never used his magic power, but he would test it. He asked the people to come to his va'-aki and he would make the trial in their presence.

After the people had gathered in the house and the doors had been closed, he brought on darkness with his magic power while it was yet daytime. The darkness was so heavy that the people could see nothing. A beam of light arose which grew stronger and stronger until during the second night of their sojourn in the house it became as brilliant as sunlight. There were four colors, four threads of light, that extended upward until they reached the sun. Vulture then ascended each thread in turn, telling the people that he must have magic power or he could not have done so. He told the people that in four days Elder Brother would fall dead. On the fourth night he reached the sun and remained there. All the people who were in the va'-aki saw these miracles performed.

Vulture told the sun to spit on the house of Elder Brother, on the four pools of water at the va'-aki where Elder Brother kept his magic power, on his dwelling places so that heat might fall upon him and smother him. The sun did as he requested. Toward the end of the four days Elder Brother acted like a lunatic. The heat became so intense that the cool fountains became boiling water and he was finally suffocated.

After his death his skeleton was exposed for a long time, until one day some boys were playing near where it lay. They heard a strange noise like thunder that shook the earth, though there were no clouds in the sky. The boys saw that Elder Brother was regaining life and power. He sat up and rocked back and forth like a drunken person. The boys ran and told their story to the people, who were perplexed and alarmed. They gathered together, bringing all their weapons, and finally surrounded Elder Brother, who was by this time in full possession of his power. As the people came about him with their bows and arrows in hand he began to sink down into the earth, and in spite of their outcry he disappeared before their eyes.

Elder Brother sank through the earth and found the people that Earth Doctor had assisted to reach that side in order to escape the flood. Elder Brother told the people there of his ill treatment and asked them to come through and fight with him and to take the land away from the Indians. After four months' preparation they set out upon their journey, first singing the following song:

We go; we go; we go; we go.
 Happy, we leave our homes.
 We go; happily we go.
 We run; we run; we run; we run.
 Happy, we leave our land.
 With pleasure hence we hasten.

Elder Brother told Gopher (Tcu'oho) to bore a hole for the people to come through. Gopher made a hole through the earth like a winding stair.

Coyote learned that these people were coming out in our country and he went about looking for the place of their emergence. He finally discovered them coming through like ants from their hills. Elder Brother told Coyote not to go near them until all had come forth. Coyote did not heed the caution, but went and looked down the hole and laughed, which caused the opening to close. Five gentes had come out, and it is supposed that those that were shut in belonged to yet other gentes. Upon their emergence Elder Brother and his followers danced and sang as follows:

Together we emerge with our rattles;
 Together we emerge with our rattles,
 Bright-hued feathers in our headdresses.

With our nyñyirsa we went down;
 With our nyñyirsa we went down,
 Wearing Yoku feathers in our headdresses.

This is the White Land, we arrive singing,
 Headdresses waving in the breeze.
 We have come! We have come!
 The land trembles with our dancing and singing.

On these Black mountains all are singing,
 Headdresses waving, headdresses waving.
 We all rejoice! We all rejoice!
 Singing, dancing, the mountains trembling.

About half of these people came out and followed Elder Brother's leadership until they had killed all his enemies and captured young and old that did not resist.

Elder Brother's greatest enemies were the people living in the large pueblos, the ruins of which yet remain scattered about the Gila and Salt River valleys. He and his supporters approached one of the easternmost of these pueblos on the Gila, which is now known as Casa Grande, singing:

Yonder stands the doomed habitation.
 About the pueblo runs its frightened chieftain
 In yellow garment with hand-print decoration.

They attacked and defeated the forces of Morning-Blue Si'vany, and then moved about eighteen miles northwestward to Santan, where they sang:

In their house of adobe they are staying;
 Their chief with magic power fears me.
 In their house of adobe we see their chief.

The chief of this extensive pueblo was Kia-atak Si'vany. His forces were defeated and his pueblo overrun by Elder Brother's

warriors, who next moved to the villages about four miles west of Santan, where they sang:

Some will truly see;
Some will truly see;
Will see their house
Behind the okatilla stockade.

The chief of this place was called Tcuf Baowo Si'vany, and after he had been overcome the conquerors moved across the Gila toward the pueblo of Sweetwater, singing as they approached:

There is the land of many beads;
There is the land of many beads.
Some one comes forth.
He knows what will befall him.

The leader, Ta'-a Si'vany, was easily defeated, whereon the victors moved upon the pueblo of Casa Blanca, singing:

It will be difficult,
It will be difficult,
To capture this pueblo
With its magic power.

They then attacked Tco'tcûk Tâ'tai Si'vany, who was the most powerful of all the chiefs who ventured to oppose them.

He knew that they would defeat him, yet he struggled bravely to save his people and at the last to save himself. He first took some soot from his chimney, powdered it in the palm of his hand, blew it into the air, and darkness immediately fell so dense that Elder Brother's warriors could see nothing. Tco'tcûk Tâ'tai Si'vany then threw down his dwelling and made his way through the midst of his enemies. But the god of darkness dispelled the night and the escaping leader was seen in the distance. Elder Brother's warriors succeeded in getting ahead of him and were about to surround and kill him when he wiped the tears from his eyes and blew the drops among the men about him. This produced a mirage which concealed him from view. But the god of the mirage caused the veil to lift and again he was seen fleeing in the distance. Again Tco'tcûk Tâ'tai Si'vany was headed and in danger; but this time he took out his reed cigarette and blew puffs of smoke, which settled down upon his pursuers like a heavy fog through which he continued his flight. The god of the fog drove it into the sky and he was seen escaping. He now realized that he had but one more chance for his life. When the fog had formed clouds in the sky he took his belt and threw it upward and climbed up and laid himself against the clouds as a rainbow. It was impossible for the god of the rainbow, unaided, to bring him down; he made several unsuccessful attempts before he hit upon the expedient of making some spiders which he sent after the rainbow. They formed a web over the bow and brought it to the earth and destruction.

Elder Brother's warriors were so astonished at the prowess of Tco'tcûk Tâ'tai Si'vany that they thought he must have a strange heart, so they cut it open to see, and, sure enough, they found within it a round green stone about the size of a bullet. The stone is kept to this day in a medicine basket which they captured

with his grandson. Before he had undertaken his flight he had told the boy, Kâ'kânyip, to go with his basket and hide under a bush; after the grandfather should be killed the lad should come, touch him, and swallow the odor of the body and he would acquire the power of Si'vany. But a warrior named S'hohany discovered the little Kâ'kânyip and after a time sold him to the Papago chief, Kâk Si'siveliki, Two-Whirlwinds. The box is yet kept by the Papagos living thirty miles south of Gila Bend. If it is disturbed a severe storm is produced and cold weather prevails in Pima Land.

After capturing the pueblo at Sweetwater and destroying its chief, the invaders moved against Vulture's pueblo, six miles west of where they fought the last battle.

They then sang:

Child of the Raven! Child of the Raven!
You of the dazzling power.
See my magic power shining like the mirage.

Elder Brother told his army to capture Vulture alive. "How can we identify him? We do not know him," said they. Elder Brother told them to capture the warrior with white leggings; they were the distinguishing mark of Vulture. They obeyed and brought the defeated leader to Elder Brother, who scalped him; this accounts for the naked head of the vulture today.

Moving on to Gila Crossing, Elder Brother and his party sang:

I am the magician who with the sacred pipe
Of Tcu-unarsat increase my magic power.
I am the magician of the downy feathers.
With the soothing sacred pipe
I bring sleep upon my enemy.

In the battle which ensued, Tcu-unarsat Si'vany was defeated, whereon the visitors proceeded to Mesa, and before the pueblo of A'-an Hi'tûpaki Si'vany they sang:

The small Blue Eagle alights;
The small Blue Eagle alights,
After emerging from the middle of the land.
To and fro he moves before me
As my staff already has foretold.

After capturing this pueblo, the conquerors moved against the Vi'iki-ial Ma'kai Si'vany, near Tempe, singing:

Look for him! Look for him!
Poor distracted enemy; take him!
Poor fear-stricken enemy; take him!

They then proceeded westward against other pueblos, which they destroyed, and afterwards returned to take possession of the Gila valley.

While the war raged along the Gila, some of the inhabitants of the Salt river pueblos sought safety in flight toward the Colorado. They descended that stream to the Gulf of California, the east coast of which they followed for some distance, then turned eastward and finally northeastward, where they settled, and their descendants are the Rio Grande pueblo tribes of today.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL-DAYS ON THE HASSAYAMPA

By LAURA TILDEN KENT.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME ON THE HASSAYAMPA.



AFTER Mrs. Dean's school was over and before it was time for the next term to begin, the Thornes decided to move away from Bell's Camp, where they had been living for the last two or three years. There was a tiny ranch in a tiny valley about three or four miles away—it was on the very headwaters of the Hassayampa, in fact—and since that particular claim for whose sake papa had wished to stay at Bell's had been so disobliging as to "dig out," it seemed very advisable to move. Isabel was in high spirits at the prospect, and so was Johnny.

Early one morning a wagon came to the door and a great many things were loaded into it. Isabel and Johnny were not yet out of bed, but when they were waked at last by the confused noise, they rose at once so as not to miss any of the excitement. It was rather surprising, on such an interesting occasion, to find papa and mama both rather cross.

A great many of the dishes were packed already, and when Isabel needed extra sugar for her cocoa, it was necessary to fish the sugar-bowl out of a tub, and then to remove a large piece of newspaper from it before she could come at any of its contents. That brought a breath of adventure to Isabel. It was quite as if she were shipwrecked on a desert island and had been obliged to search in the one chest washed ashore on the chance of finding needed supplies. Her mother took a different view of the situation.

"Isabel! I thought the cocoa was sweet enough! Now if you must have sugar—be careful not to break the sugar-bowl! Don't take anything else out of the tub. There comes papa now! Yes! This table. Isabel, don't stand in Mr. Jones' way!" That was the way mama talked as long as the wagon stayed, and papa, who was helping Mr. Jones to load, was even worse.

"Alice!" he called to mama every other minute. "Alice! Did you see what I did with that rope? We've got to rope the load now! John! *You* had it, did you? Now don't let me see you meddling with—— Isabel! Don't go out to that wagon! Where's that board? I put it right here. Oh! You've got it, have you, Jones? I thought—— Say, we'll need another box or two to make things solid. Where's that large box that was here by the door? No, we *didn't* take it. I don't mean that one.—A larger box.—Well, Great Caesar! *Anything* then! Now, Isabel, what did I tell you?"

Presently the load went away. Papa went with it to help unload,

and mama remarked that she was glad those men had gone so that she could pack in peace at last. Isabel would gladly have aided in this interesting work, but she was forced to content herself with helping Dot to dress—a thing that she could do every morning.

But finally every load had been taken, except the last one on which the family were to go. Mattresses wrapped in canvas were put in the bottom of the wagon. Bundles of bedding were flung in on these. Bed-springs on edge formed high side pieces, and between these and on the bedding sat mama and Isabel and Johnny and Baby Dot, and the cat—which had been tied up in a gunny-sack. A rocking chair had been tied in the wagon, too, intended for a seat for mama, but after the first jolt or two mama firmly refused to sit there. She as firmly declined a place on the high wagon-seat where papa and Mr. Jones were perched, and so she sat on the rolls of bedding with the children.

It was a very interesting and a very novel ride, and but one thing happened to mar Isabel's pleasure in it.

"See here, mama!" she said, when the family had journeyed over about half of its way. "See here! This poor cat can't breathe a bit! She'll be smothered to death when we get there!"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Thorne, "she can breathe very well. The gunny-sack is quite open."

"No, she *can't*!" urged Isabel. "She kicks all the time because she can't breathe—or see. How'd you like to have *your* head in a gunny-sack? Do you think she can breathe, Johnny?"

"Not very good," said Johnny. "We'd ought to've cut some breathing holes in. *Don't* you think she'll be all smothered to death, mama?"

"Oh, no!" said mama again. "She'll be all right."

"No, *Sir!*" insisted Isabel, whose imagination was now thoroughly roused, "she *will* smother, clear to death, and *then* how'll we feel? *Poor* Kitty! *Mama!* I'm going to let her have just her head out a little. Mayn't I, mama? I'd hate to have a gunny-sack on my head. And this sack has had onions in. *Mama!* It smells awful oniony! Can't I let her have her head out!"

"Oh, please! She does kick awful. She's going to have a fit or somethin', I think. Look!" Johnny held the sack up for mama to see, and poor Kitty certainly did kick.

"Well, you might let her have just her head out, but don't let her get her paws out, *at all*. If you do, she'll be sure to get away."

"No, she won't!" declared Isabel stoutly. "I guess we can keep a cat, can't we, Johnny? There's her head! *Poor* Kitty! See how big her eyes are! *Mama*, look! We aren't letting her get away! *See!*"

It was some time before they did let her escape. Isabel was experimenting when it happened.

"Look! The sack's all in humps and wrinkles under her! Johnny, you pull on the sack, and I'll hold her. There! Now, Kitty, you'll be comfortable!"

"Oh! Mama! Johnny! Get her! Oh, papa! Stop, stop! Kitty's got away!"

And papa did stop, but Kitty was nowhere to be seen.

"Never mind! I'll come over and get her in a day or two," papa promised.

"What'll she eat? And she can't find her way back! She'll be lost!"

And mama had to spend a good part of the ride still remaining in telling stories of cats that had found their way home over long stretches of barren country.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Thornes drove on to the ranch. It was a very interesting looking place. There were two houses close together, an ancient log structure that had served as a sort of stronghold in the old days when the Apaches were on the warpath, and a newer, but still a very old-looking, board house.

"Now, I don't know what you'll want to do about this," papa began explaining to mama. "I thought at first you could have a kitchen in the log place, but it really is pretty dirty. Jones and I have burned a wagon-load of stuff that came out of it—but there's about as much again. You'll have to decide pretty quick, so we can get the cook-stove up before Jones has to go."

Mama glanced into each room of that log building.

"No," she said. "Just look at the cracks—and the *dirt*! Who ever saw such a place?" The last sentence was a groan.

"Oh! mama, see the fireplace!" cried Isabel. "What did they have these holes in the logs for?"

"Those were to shoot through," answered papa absently, and he continued, "Now Alice, I thought myself, you couldn't do much with this old hole. We can use it to stow things in—"

"What did they shoot through the holes, papa?" demanded Isabel.

"Indians! Isabel, for heaven's sake, do keep still! Now, you'll find this other house small, but we can have another room or so built on by fall."

"Indians!" gasped Isabel. "Did they really shoot Indians here?"

"Lots of 'em. Now, we'll come—"

"Are they any Indians here now?" questioned Johnny.

"No! If you'll come in here, Alice—"

"Oh, mercy! Ain't it intrusting, Johnny? Ain't you glad we've came?" gasped Isabel, with a wriggle of delight and more than

usual disregard of the English language. "Come along! Let's see the other house!"

The other house was a very small shanty. There were two little rooms that had once been papered with newspapers which were now hanging in long shreds from the smoky walls. The "front room" had a full window looking out on a very narrow and rather desolate bit of valley much besprinkled with tin cans. Opposite, a rough mountain rose. There were two half-windows in the kitchen. The floor was uneven and black. A cupboard of rough, greasy boards stood in one corner—and that was the house.

"This place isn't very clean either, Alice. There must have been Mexicans in here last. Jones and I tried to scrub it yesterday, but—Yes, Jones, in just a minute!"

Papa rushed away and mama groaned aloud.

"For pity's sake! I never saw such a place in my life! They must have cut their bacon on these shelves, and never washed them! Isabel, just look at this floor! If I'd known what I was coming to, I shouldn't have left Bell's Camp!"

"Oh, mama!" Isabel protested, fearful that her mother might even now suggest returning. "It'll be nice when you get it cleaned."

"And it'll take me six months to clean it!" Mama glanced up at the roof of the lean-to kitchen as she spoke. "Isabel, look at the cobwebs—and the black rafters—and the *smoke*! They must have had a fire on the floor in here. But don't you tell papa that I don't like it."

"Alice!" Papa rushed in as he had rushed out. "I thought I could get Jones to stay and help scrub a little tomorrow, but he says he can't. We've taken a cart-load of old clothes and tin cans out of the house already, but it doesn't look very clean yet. We scrubbed the floors once, too, but they don't seem much improved. There must have been three inches of dirt in places. We took it out of that corner with a shovel! It's damp here yet where we scrubbed, you see"—papa indicated a muddy place as he spoke—"and the stove'll have to go up now. Jones—"

"No! John Thorne! Do you think I'd have a stove put up in all that filth? It'll have to be scrubbed with lye first."

"But Jones can't stay. He—"

"Let him go then! I'll help you put the stove up! No, I *can't* scrub such a place *afterward*!"

So Jones went, and papa got water and heated it over an open fire out-of-doors. Then he himself went down on his knees with lye and a scrubbing brush, and the kitchen floor had a cleaning such as it had not had, from all appearances, for ten years. Mama valiantly washed the greasy shelves, meantime, and while this un-

interesting work was going on inside, Isabel and Johnny and Baby Dot took an exploring expedition.

There was an old log barn near at hand—a log barn with a loft over its middle compartment and with “lean-tos” on each side of it. This was a very fine old building, but another and larger one took the attention of the children. Across the creek and beyond the barn was a frame building. Toward it the three made their hasty way, Isabel and Johnny racing neck and neck ahead, and Baby Dot panting and struggling behind.

They reached the creek, and Baby Dot had to be carried over. Then they came upon a great sawdust pile, through which they waded uncomfortably, and then to that mysterious long building which they entered through a doorless hole left in one end. They had never seen a sawmill before, and Johnny at least was highly delighted. Machinery always impressed him, and Isabel, soon tired of this place, had difficulty in getting him out of it until she found, at the bottom of a short track outside, a flat car on which refuse lumber had been carried to a little distance from the mill to be dumped down the hillside toward the creek. This car pushed easily, and Isabel was soon merrily trundling it up and down along its little track. She even gave Baby Dot a ride on it, and when Johnny appeared in the doorway whither he had been drawn by this new noise, Dot was whooping with delight.

The mill lost its attractions then, even for Johnny. Up and down, up and down that short track they went, riding and pushing by turns, until Dot, who had been riding continuously, complained that she was cold and demanded that she be taken home.

“Well, I’m hungry myself,” said Johnny. “Le’s go, Isabel. And I’ll tell you what! Le’s walk across on the long track!”

“The long track,” from which the rails had been taken, extended from the mill door to the old lumber-yard across the creek and just above the Thornes’ new house. It looked like a very long track indeed to Isabel and it certainly was a good distance above the ground just over the creek. Then it consisted of only the two side beams, where large spikes still marked the old position of the rails, and a board of perhaps a foot in width, on which the man who pushed the car to the yard had doubtless walked in days when the mill had been running. It looked like a dangerous journey to the lumber yard, but Isabel was ready for any new adventure.

“All right, only Dot can’t come. You’ve got to walk on the ground underneath, Dot. Go ahead, Johnny!” And they were off. Neither did they fall and kill themselves, though they paused above the rocky creek bed and speculated on the possible consequences of a fall. It was decided that nothing less than a broken

leg could result, and both Johnny and Isabel felt themselves swelling with pride at the thought of their own daring. The largest evil that came of it was the accident that happened to Dot when she tried to cross the Hassayampa alone—but after all, what are wet feet?

"I'm as hungry as forty bears!" the children chorused as they reached the house. "Are we going to have supper pretty soon?"

"Oh! I don't know whether we'll ever have supper again! Isabel, *don't* put your dirty hands on that clean shelf! I've had trouble enough to get it clean once. You and Johnny go and get some chips at the lumber-yard. Papa's getting wood, but the fire may be out by the time— Oh! there you are, John. Will you *please* put some wood in the stove? And if you could find that kettle of beans to warm up—"

"Don't you think the beds had better be up first? It'll soon be dark and hard to—Johnny, don't stand in that corner! I've got to put— Why can't the children bring in the chairs?"

"Dot, you look frozen. Oh! look at her poor feet. Isabel, did you let her get her feet wet? I told you— No, John, *not* in that corner. I'll have to have the kitchen table there. Isabel, you ought to have taken better care of— Yes, the cooky jar— Oh! I don't know where it is! Maybe it's in one of the tubs. John, I can't find the tacks. I thought you said— No, Isabel, you can't help— except by keeping out of the way. The hammer is in the other room on the floor."

"Alice! Oh! Alice! Johnny, where's your mother? Oh! Alice, is this where you want—? Isabel, if I tell you again to keep out of the way—!"

That is the way papa and mama talked all the time. If you will believe it, they were both crosser at night, after reaching this beautiful place where there had been Indians and where there was still a sawmill, than they had been in the morning. They said they were tired! Isabel was tired, too, but *she* didn't feel cross!

And then it grew darker. Supper was eaten in picnic fashion. It grew darker still. The doors were shut, but on looking out of the window Isabel saw the still leafless aspen trees swaying in a piercing April wind—swaying, swaying like white ghosts. The lamps had not been filled and the candles gave but a fitful light in the confused little rooms. The blackened muslin ceiling in the larger room flapped up and down from time to time.

Isabel was not cross, but oh! far worse, she was homesick! She could talk no more of the resources of a new home. She could only listen in sympathy as Dot wailed and wailed, as she did presently, "I *want* to go home! I want to go *home!*"

She made up her mind that she would cry, too, as much as she liked—after she had gone to bed. And she doubtless would have done it, but that she fell asleep so promptly in spite of that moaning, ghostly wind.

Maxton, Arizona.

THE LURE OF THE OPEN ROAD

By MARY L. DeLANGE.



THINK it was the absurdity of it that was so irresistible. You see, we had been sensible for pretty much all our lives, and that means more years than I am going to tell you. "We" means Margaret and I. We are sisters by birth, but friends by adoption, which is much more to the point. Well, we had been well-behaved stay-at-homes, content with afternoon teas and church socials and the rest of the ordinary amusements, when, once upon a time, a Man told us of a walking trip he had just taken, and set us on fire. "I went first to Del Mar," said he, "and after the long, dusty walk you can't imagine how delightful the hotel seemed. You can't really enjoy being a sybarite until you have been a tramp."

Still it did not occur to us that we could go and do likewise, until we repeated the tale to Nan. Nan is here for her health, and has to be careful not to over-do, but it sometimes seems as though her mind made up for the enforced bodily inactivity by doing more than its share of work. I saw the gleam of a great idea coming into her face even as I repeated my tale. "Girls," cried she, "let's take the same trip! You two can walk, and I'll go by train and meet you there. Wee Nell sent me ten dollars for my birthday, and I've been trying to know what to do with it, but if you will agree, we'll blow it in in that way."

Now Wee Nell is her small niece, who is only two-and-a-half years old, but who came into a very big heritage of love at her birth, so that all sorts of nice things are being constantly done in her name. "Do!" she urged. "I know we could not have as good a time in any other way."

I looked at Margaret, and her eyes were shining. Now, I am the strong one of our family, and Margaret the one we are careful of, so I temporized. "It is every bit of ten miles, and I don't know how Margaret would stand it."

She interrupted me: "Stand it? Of course, I could stand it! I've always dreamed of such a thing, but somehow it never came my way before. Yes, indeed, I'll go."

In a moment we were deep in plans. It was moved and seconded that we go soon, before "sober second thought" could get in its work. As no one else seemed disposed to be sensible, I felt called upon to say, "Wouldn't it be a good plan to wait a week, and walk a few miles each day to lead up to it?" but Margaret answered with fine scorn, "No, indeed, I am not going to get myself all tired out in advance of the walk. Besides, there will be more glory in this one walk standing out alone, with nothing to lead up to it."

Then we discussed how far our ten dollars would go. I advocated turning it over to the hotel clerk on our arrival, and asking him to please notify us when we had used it up, but was voted down by the other two. "I want to know what is coming," said Nan. "If you did that way, you could not go to bed with any certainty that you might not be wakened by the clerk in the tiny hours of the night with the statement, 'Your time's up!'"

"Or even worse," chimed in Margaret. "Fancy sitting down to eat your dinner and having just finished your soup, and the same terrible announcement breaking in on you. No, your plan won't do."

"I insist upon dividing our funds into three parts," said Nan, "and then we'll see what kind of a time we can have upon three 3's apiece."

"And let's start tomorrow morning," said Margaret. "If we get to thinking it over, we may be afraid to go, so let's not give ourselves time to think."

Now Del Mar is only about ten miles from us by wagon-road, but fully thirty by rail, as we are on a branch road, and must reach the main line to go there by train, and, counting on the delay in making connections, it would take Nan nearly as long as ourselves. We planned that she should come and take breakfast with us on the following day, when we would see if any one of us had weakened over night, and, if not, we would set forth on foot, and she would take the next train to the city, and from there to Del Mar.

Being, as I said, the only really sensible one of the party, I comforted myself with the thought that, if the walk proved too much, we could come home by rail anyway, and there would be a chance of a "lift" from a passing wagon or auto before we literally fell by the wayside.

Well, the morrow proved to be just the day for a walk—clear and cool, and a little cloudy—the kind of a day that Southern California so often gives us in the spring of the year. Nan appeared early, her whole face one interrogation point. "Certainly!" cried Margaret. "We start right after breakfast."

We tried to eat deliberately, and with the forethought of people who know that but a small luncheon is scheduled for them (for we had agreed to burden ourselves with as little as possible), but the Road called to us, and it was hard to wait. Very soon we strapped on two light satchels, containing only the most necessary toilet things and the aforesaid diminutive luncheon, and with hearts beating fast we started on our first long walk! We were going farther than anyone could have dreamed, for it was a voyage to the land of romance, a journey into the country of high emprise—we were to learn the lure of the Open Road for the first time.

Brave old Nan went with us for a quarter of a mile, and I know she longed to go the whole way, but never a word of that said she. "We'll see each other this afternoon, when I come in on the train, and won't we have a lot to tell each other! Last tag!" And with a wave of her hand, she left us, and we stepped into the unknown country almost at once.

We walked with a long easy step, taking plenty of time. Our road lay by the seashore, and we rejoiced in the salty tang of the air. Slowly and magnificently rolled in the great waves, and we would have stopped to watch them, as on so many lesser times, but for the call of the open. The tide was low, and for some time we walked on the hard beach, drinking in all the beauty as we passed. Then our road took an upward turn. There was a short climb up the cliffs, and the mesa road stretched before us, winding into the illimitable distance, and calling us, calling us, with a cry that our savage ancestors must have heard, and that must be as old as roads themselves.

All around us was the chaparral, mingling its varied shades of green in one harmonious delight. The greasewood was in full blossom, so that a glorified snow seemed to lie upon it. The red monkey-flower was the most brilliant note in the color scheme, though the yellow poppies almost rivaled it. The air was sweet with the scent of growing things. Sometimes a wild honeysuckle filled the air with its fragrance, and we drew in long breaths of the joy o' life. The sky had now become intensely blue, and in it we saw two large turkey-buzzards flying in wide circles far above our heads, the only other living things in our world. Once or twice we saw wavy lines in the dust of the road, indicating that at some previous time a snake had passed that way, but we saw no further sign of them, and the sinuous lines merely added zest to our enjoyment by their suggestion of possible danger.

Up and up we climbed. On the one side stretched the sea, its meeting line with the sky being lost in a hazy sapphire; on the other, distant mountains showed indistinctly, like the lands of faery. And ever and always in front of us was the lure of the Open Road.

We had not started early, and noon came to us when we were in a magnificent group of pines. It is on the very summit of the cliff, and from it the road descends sharply to the water again. We thought of eating our luncheon there, but it seemed a little too magnificent, too awe-inspiring. We remembered Ruskin: "We make railroads through the cathedrals of the earth, and lunch upon their altars," and with a long look around us, which took in the greater part of the earth, as it seemed, we walked briskly down the hill to the beach.

The water was sparkling in the sunshine, and looked most alluringly cool, and as by one impulse we sat down on the sand, and shoes and stockings were off before you could say Jack Robinson! And, oh! but that water felt good to our hot feet that had been doing such unusual stunts. I think if they could they would have sung out from the sheer delight of it!

Then we sat down, with four bare feet stretched in front of us for the sun to dry, and ate our frugal lunch. Several times earlier I had been glad that we had not carried more, but just then I rather regretted it. However, we ate very slowly, and talked of the dinner we would have at the hotel that night, and the appetite we would bring to it, and that sustained us wonderfully.

The bare feet insisted that they had not had enough of the water yet, so we stayed a while longer and gathered pretty shells for Wee Nell, the small donor of our trip, and then resolutely donned shoes and stockings again (and I don't mind owning that the former felt several sizes smaller than they had in the morning) and went on our way.

I suppose it would not be possible for humanity to remain very long at our high pitch of the morning. If it were, we should be spending all our time in hunting for elixirs of life to prolong it. The sun was warmer, and we walked with less spring. Once or twice we sat down by the roadside for a rest, and if a vehicle had overtaken us about that time, and we had received an offer of a "lift," our pride would have been put where our pockets would be if we had them, and we should have reached our destination in that prosaic way. But the fates meant us to be heroic, whether or no, and nothing appeared.

Stiffer and stiffer grew the muscles from their unaccustomed strain, when after a short rise in the road, we saw our goal nestling in some eucalyptus trees before us. With renewed energy we pushed on. "Would you ride now if you had a chance?" I asked Margaret. "Never," said she, "even if I had to go into Del Mar on all fours."

I must acknowledge that that little town had an annoying and inhospitable trick of walking away from us as we advanced upon it, but we persevered and at last overtook it, and found, to our joy, that we still had a half-hour before Nan's train would arrive. The hotel was a mile further on, but we assured ourselves that our destination had been Del Mar, and we had reached it, and we surely would not be so inconsiderate as to leave Nan to ride to the hotel all alone.

We had barely time to write a few hurrah postals to our friends, when the train came rushing in, snorting with impatience at having

to stop at so small a place, and visibly fretting at the delay, as is the way with all through-trains since the birth of railroads, and there was Nan, looking so immaculate in comparison with our dusty selves that we longed to throw mud on her, but with her thin, sensitive face alight with the joy of finding us there before her, as she accusingly said, "You rode the greater part of the way. I know you did!"

Never has a carriage felt more luxurious to anyone than did that hotel carry-all to our tired selves. It was surprising how quickly that mile was passed over, and we drew up at the beautiful new hotel almost before we started. Immediately a bell boy sprang from the ground, like the forces of Cadmus of old, and held out his hand for our baggage. There was an instant's awful pause, and then with dignity Nan handed him her small hand-bag, and we descended. Our short interview with the clerk assured us that our "three 3's" would amply provide for our comfort until the next day after breakfast, and we were ushered into two of the loveliest adjoining rooms imaginable. What particularly interested us were their large closets. We hung up our sweaters in them, but they looked very lonely. Then we placed our small hand-bags in the center of each, but I can't say they really looked as though they belonged there.

Next we had a bath, and, ye gods and little fishes, it was needed, for good honest dust of the road covered us from top to toe. Then we turned back the covers and went to bed, and lay there as flat as two pancakes, with no thoughts in our heads, or sensation in our bodies except the one delicious one of perfect rest.

In due course of time we rose and shook out our clothes carefully and donned them again, with our sole dress-up, a clean linen collar. We had decided that its bulk need not prevent its accompanying us, and I blessed our forethought as I looked at those we discarded. I was somewhat surprised to find that, though I was serenely happy in my mind, my legs showed a decided disinclination to do any work. Indeed, it seemed as though a strike on their part was imminent. I decided to humor them for a time, and so suggested that it was much pleasanter to sit on the hotel veranda than to gogallivanting through the grounds, to which both Nan and Margaret assented, the latter, it seemed to me, with suspicious willingness.

The hotel faces the sea, and we sat there and watched the sun traveling magnificently on his downward course toward the blue water, and felt at peace with all men, unless, indeed, I except the "inner man" (or woman) of each of us, which was quietly but persistently saying "dinner," "dinner," over and over again. Just as soon as the dining-room was opened we obeyed its still, small voice, and seated ourselves at a small table overlooking the water. Then we gave ourselves up to the joy of dining—not just eating, you

understand, but dining in the full sense of the word. Unquestionably, the Man was right: "To enjoy being a sybarite, one must first be a tramp." Our meager luncheon gave an added zest to our abundant dinner. Slowly and luxuriously we went through the various courses, while before our eyes the sun sank nearer and nearer the water, his edges becoming serrated like a glorified Japanese lantern, as he neared its cool depths, and then suddenly plunged into them with such impetuosity that I felt as though I should hear the sizzle if my senses had been keen enough. From consommé to finger-bowl that dinner was a triumph, and we three did it justice, yea, even more than that.

Again we sat on the veranda. If we had been men, we would have smoked. Being women, we talked. There was much to tell Nan, and she is a good listener. Had we met anyone? No, not a soul, and the emptiness of the Road had been one of its charms. Only one vehicle had overtaken us, and it was driven by a red-faced man with a side of beef in the back of his wagon. Had he spoken to us? Yes, simply to say good morning. Then he had slowed up, that we might have every opportunity of asking for a ride had we cared to do so, but when it was evident that we did not, had chirruped cheerily to his horse and driven on. He was a gentleman, you see—that pleasant form of the *genus homo* which is found, or found lacking, in all kinds of clothes. And had the walk been all we thought it would be? Oh, Nan, every bit of it, and then some. And here we stopped, a wee bit ashamed of glorifying our small exploit before the one who had planned it all but could not join in it. So, for a long while, we sat in the starlight, and talked not at all, and were wholly companionable and happy.

I found quite regretfully that my feet had not declared the strike off, in spite of my conciliatory treatment of them, and if it had not been for the help given them by my arms, which hung on to the banisters manfully, I verily believe they would have refused to take me upstairs. I managed to get them to bed, however, and then for ten long hours, I "knew nothing more."

I awakened in the morning, quite rested, but with a curious disinclination to get out of bed. Both of the others were up, however, and I struggled to a sitting posture, and watched them dress. A cautious essay at getting out of bed proved, beyond all cavil, that the strike was on in all its glory. I thereupon read the riot act sternly to the disobedient pair of twins, and ordered them to resume work. Very reluctantly, they permitted me to get out of bed and dress, but when it came to going down stairs, I almost thought their will would prove stronger than mine. By giving up all claim to any joint at the knees, however, and going down as stiffly as though they had been two sticks badly adjusted at the hips, the feat was accomplished, and breakfast was satisfactorily gone through.

And afterwards Margaret—Margaret, whom I had loved, cherished and obeyed—proposed taking a walk on the seashore! Verily, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an inconsiderate sister! I answered with dignity that I had no objection to going down to the beach, but I positively declined to go up those stairs for my hat, whereupon she actually tripped up them before my very eyes. Ran up, you understand, in a giddy, girly-girly way! It was

some comfort to me afterwards when, in a moment of confidence, she told me that it hurt awfully to do so, but at the time it took me in completely, and the humiliating fact was borne in upon me that our delicate Margaret had stood the walk a great deal better than my proud and robust self. Soon she and Nan were sauntering up and down the beach looking for shells, but I thought it much more ladylike to sit still and watch the waves.

Nan's train left at noon, and we found that we could go with her to Sorrento, and save a couple of miles on our homeward walk, besides giving us an entirely different road to return by; or we could, if need be, take the train with her to the city, and then out again to our suburban home. The latter course was gall and wormwood to me, as Margaret was plainly in good shape for the homeward walk, and yet the strikers showed no signs of yielding, and I had a horrible vision of their absolutely refusing to take another step while we were a number of miles from anywhere, and our being obliged to spend the night by the roadside in the company of snakes and coyotes and whatever disagreeable room-mates cared to spend it with us.

If only Margaret had had the consideration to give out as I had done, I would not have minded going all the way on the cars, but to remember for all the rest of my life (and I might live to be seventy) that she had given up on my account was too, too much. We took the carriage to the station in silence. Nan had her return ticket, and it was left to me to get ours, and positively up to the moment of my standing before the ticket office I did not know whether I was going to ask for it to the city or to little Sorrento. My impression is that I opened my mouth to say, "To the city," when the shades of my Puritan ancestors took possession of me even to my rebellious legs, and I said very slowly and distinctly, "To Sorrento, please."

It was just about train time, and I had a fearful moment of doubt as to whether I could possibly step up into the train or not. I imagined the "all aboard" being called while I was struggling ineffectually to get there, and so, with more discretion than politeness, I pushed ahead of the other two that they might give me a friendly boost in case of need. Whether they did or not, I don't know, but I found myself seated in the train, and wondering how on earth I was going to walk eight miles, when the length of the station platform had seemed as much of a "stunt" as I was capable of!

Opposite us sat two young men with suspiciously new outing togs, including puttees of the latest style and guiltless of a stain. I looked down on my well-worn elk-skins with vast pride. Unquestionably, I was the "real thing" which these men wished to imitate. The thought had barely come when the brakeman called "Sorrento," and setting my teeth hard I rose with alacrity, if not grace, and walked to the end of the car, and literally fell off as soon as it stopped. Before us stretched a long hill—our homeward road. Behind us stood the train, with Nan standing sympathetically in the doorway, and those two men looking out of the window. The time for arbitration had passed, and with a metaphorical pistol at their heads those two strikers were ordered to march up that hill on the double-quick—and they did! Really, it was fine, and my private

opinion is that the March of the Light Brigade was nothing to it. Nan told me afterward that she gloried in me, even though she was perfectly sure I sat down and cried as soon as the train was out of sight.

But I didn't. To my joy the worst seemed over with that first hard pull up the hill. At the top stood a grocery store, where we bought some crackers and oranges, and then gallantly went on our way. Soon we came to a prosperous ranch-house, and it occurred to us that some milk would make those crackers go down much more easily, so we stopped and asked if we might have some. We were answered by a nice elderly man. "Certainly, come in and sit down and I will get it for you." Two glasses of deliciously cool milk were produced. "May we trouble you for two spoons? We would like to have crackers and milk together." Then came a pause. Our host was gone for some time and reappeared obviously troubled. "Yes, indeed, here are two plated ones, but my wife has gone to the city, and has put away the silver ones, and I can't find them." Gladly we informed him that those answered every purpose, and he added some honey to our modest feast, which really was quite as perfect in its way as the dinner had been of the night before.

When it was over, we expressed our thanks, and added, "You will let us pay you for this?" To which the answer came cheerily, "Nothing less than a hundred dollars can be accepted here." We left the remainder of our crackers and our oranges as a slight salve to our consciences, but we sallied forth on our way rejoicing. We had been very tramps indeed, eating that for which we had not paid, true knights of the road, of which the men with the puttees were but vapid imitations!

Our homeward road wound through a cañon brilliant with wild flowers, many of which were different from those grown on the mesa. We were more shut in than before, but the walls which enclosed us were wonderfully varied and beautiful. On one hillside we would find bushes to the top, while another would be bare but for stones and low growths, and it was hard to tell which was the more beautiful. The strikers behaved well. I cannot say that they went back to their work with ardor, but they kept at it with the steady, dogged persistence of a pair of piston rods. Once we sat down and ate a cake of sweet chocolate, but otherwise we kept steadily on. At last we caught a glimpse of our own dear hamlet from a hill-top, and there is no telling how homesome it looked to us, but we quickly sank down and lost it. Steadily the piston rods kept on, however, with a certain joy in their even rhythmic motion, and then the ocean came upon us, and we knew that we were almost at home.

A turn of the road showed us two friends who had come to meet us. "A deputation of the leading citizens," we said triumphantly, "come to greet the illustrious travelers." One of them was the Man who had told us of his trip. "Well?" said he. "Yes," we answered, and he understood. We were not just the same two people who had gone forth the day before. We had learned the joy of the Open Road, and the desire for it would never leave us. We had tasted the delights of muscular effort, and we knew that it led to the joy of Heracles. Henceforth we belonged to the Open.

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If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

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OUT WEST MAGAZINE
Dept. OUT WEST REPORT Los Angeles, California

NOTE—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

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Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

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Become a Joint Owner of 18,600 Acres of the Finest Land in Tepic, on the West Coast of Mexico.

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THE LAND—One thousand acres of the land is under cultivation and 50 per cent of the remainder is susceptible to cultivation. **RICH, BLACK SOIL**, watered by one of the largest navigable rivers in Mexico. Partially fenced with good wire and stone fences.

THE HARRIMAN LINE will be completed in sixty days to within three miles of the plantation.

We will then be in close touch with the **WORLD MARKETS**.

Do **YOU** want to share in the **PROFITS** from this **LAND** with your **MONEY SECURED** by something **TANGIBLE**. By **REAL ESTATE** that, without improvement, will **DOUBLE** in value within a year? Improved and under cultivation this land will be worth \$25 to \$50 per acre.

Three Hundred Per Cent Profit in Five Years

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10,000 shares are **OFFERED THE PUBLIC** at **PAR**. **EACH SHARE** secured by **ONE ACRE** of the **LAND** itself. **IT IS NOT A SPECULATION**.

EVERY ACRE OF LAND is worth **DOUBLE** the **AMOUNT ASKED FOR EACH SHARE OF STOCK**.

EACH SHAREHOLDER will participate in the distribution of **PROFITS** from the land already under cultivation; additional acreage to be planted; cattle to be placed on the ranch; and from the rapid increase in the value of the land itself.

CONSERVATIVELY ESTIMATED, THESE PROFITS SHOULD EXCEED 300 PER CENT IN FIVE YEARS.

E. H. HARRIMAN says: "IN MEXICO, along the **WEST COAST**, is to be the development of the **NEXT CENTURY**."

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The demand for Mexican agricultural land is growing daily. **SMALL TRACTS** cannot be obtained except by payment of **PROHIBITIVE PRICES**. **AGRICULTURAL** and **TIMBER LAND** in the **UNITED STATES** is practically **EXHAUSTED**. It will only be a short time before all the **DESIRABLE TRACTS IN MEXICO** are **GONE**. Land **SIMILAR** to that in our **PLANTATION** is selling **TODAY** for \$10 to \$20 per acre. Each mile of the railroad completed, is increasing that value. **THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PLANTATION** will be in the hands of **COMPETENT, HONEST MEN, BUSINESS MEN OF STANDING**.

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The **LIMITED** number of shares offered the public and the **INTEREST** shown warrants the belief that the amount will be oversubscribed, so it is advisable to send your subscriptions at once. All money received from stock sales will go into the property, no money being paid for commissions or expenses. Every shareholder will receive a receipt from the bank stating that his money will be refunded unless at least 5000 shares are subscribed for.

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A Coconut Palm

scale in Mexico. With governmental encouragement large tracts of the cream of the Mexican Republic have been taken over by operating companies who agree to colonize them by marketing in small tracts to prospective settlers. As the lands pass from the companies, prices advance and it will be but a short time until \$10 land will be changing hands at \$100 to \$250 per acre. It was the same in the Southwest, the Northwest and Canada. Our experts after considering available agricultural land all over Mexico, selected the Playa Vicente Plantation, located in the most productive section of the most fertile region of Mexico.

Climate:—Equable, average 75 degrees past ten years. **Rainfall:**—About 100 inches. **Altitude:**—About 500 feet, no swamp or marsh land. **Soil:**—Produces four crops per year, reaching maturity with great rapidity and produces, among the products best known in the United States: Corn, bananas, tobacco, chocolate, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, rubber, sugar, rice, coffee, coconuts, vanilla, cotton, grape fruit, grapes, figs, nectarines, mangoes, olives, almonds, walnuts, apricots, prunes, pears, dates, kaffir corn, rye, barley, beans, peas, pumpkins, melons, beets, onions and berries. Also a great variety of timber.

20 ACRES of this land, when cultivated, will produce wealth and independence outside of increase in land. We have cut the Playa Vicente Plantation into 20-acre tracts which surround our townsite on the Xochiapa River.

PRICE and TERMS are out of all proportion to the value of the land as improved land in the same district, of the same character, is selling at \$100 and up per acre. Starting, we are going to offer a limited number of these 20-acre tracts at \$10 per acre—\$200 for a 20-acre tropical plantation which will make the buyer independent—on terms of \$20 as first payment and \$10 per month until paid for, when a deed will also be given for a lot in the townsite.

Don't Delay but write at once for our free, illustrated book which tells all about the land and answers all questions. Address

The Mexican Tropical Land Co.

**209-10 Union Trust Building,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

NOTE:—Send a first payment (\$20) in order to secure an early allotment with the assurance that we will return it if our book and detail description do not prove it satisfactory. Make checks or drafts to the Company.

The men behind this project are of the highest character and will furnish any reference desired.

Playa Vicente Plantations

State of Vera Cruz

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**Produce Four Crops Yearly
Soil is Always Producing**

Fertile - Healthy - Accessible

In a few years Mexico will be supplying the United States with the bulk of the products of the soil which we consume. The United States is becoming more densely populated each year. The productive acres are being cut up. The demand is getting greater—the supply less. The tide is turning to Mexico. The big transportation companies realize this and are rushing lines there.

In the Western United States and Canada all producing lands have been taken up at their original low cost and today bring their full high values. Colonization has but recently started on a large



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**Standard Railway Axle and
Wheels equipped with the
Seabrook-Box Differential
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THE SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLE COUPLER has been placed in actual service on Santa Fe Oil Car No. 96307, and has been doing regular work since March 12th. The car has been used on the run between the Olinda Oil Fields and Victorville, which is the other side of the Cajon Pass. This gives the car the hardest possible service. It has made one trip into Los Angeles, where a large number of people witnessed a very severe demonstration.

The service of this car demonstrates fully that the **SEABROOK-BOX DIFFERENTIAL RAILWAY AXLES** are 50 per cent stronger than the rigid axles.

It is pressed together in the same way that the wheels are pressed on the axle. There are no bolts, screws, rivets or flanges employed in this axle coupler. There are absolutely no loose parts except the journal movement which is perfect. It meets with the M. C. B. standards in every detail.

It does not in any way interfere with the vested interests.

It is interchangeable.

It is more efficient in every way than the rigid axle.

It adds to the life of the axle at least 100 per cent.

It adds to the life of the rails on curves more than 75 per cent.

All of the above statements are absolutely confirmed by the operation of the device, now on the car in actual operation on the Santa Fe railway. We are now equipping the idle axles of an electric car for the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company. We expect to begin at the earliest possible date to equip a passenger train, a freight train and a locomotive.

This device will save the railroads of the United States millions of dollars.

Stock is selling today at \$1.00 per share and may advance any day to \$2.00 per share.

It is the consensus of opinion by those who are qualified to judge, that this stock will eventually be worth from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per share.

For further information address

It adds to the life of the wheels 200 per cent.

It enables a locomotive to haul from 25 to 35 per cent greater tonnage without the expenditure of any additional fuel or labor.

It never has to be inspected.

It does away with 75 per cent of the flange wear.

It never has to be lubricated, as this is accomplished at the time of its construction by the use of graphite and will last the entire life of the axle.

It is endorsed by Railroad Officials, Superintendents of Motive Power, Master Car Builders and Master Mechanics all over the world.

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Bank References: Read the letter of endorsement on opposite page. Cut out Coupon and mail at once.

Please send me further information in reference to the Differential Axle stock.

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by the San Luis Rey river.
Water in abundance is ob-
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bought at reasonable prices. The land is adapted for fruits, vegetables, alfalfa, dairying
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Finest quail and duck shooting in America. Auto road complete from Oceanside to
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Rebuilding Corridors at San Luis Rey Mission

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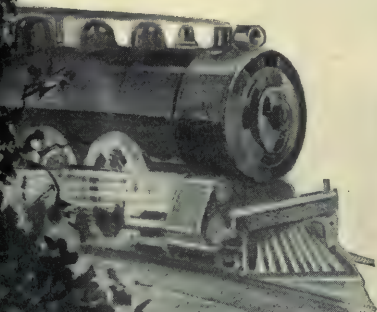
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ON Bright Angel Trail trip to the river—deep down in the earth a mile and more—you see the history of the birth and physical development of this earth and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. Trails are open the year 'round.

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†Tickets to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo will be sold at these special rates only on July 1 to 6; Aug. 9 to 14.

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East-bound, stopovers will be permitted at any point east of the California state line and at or west of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans, within 10 days from date of sale.

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\$63.25 from Los Angeles and other main line stations of the Salt Lake Route, going via Salt Lake City and returning via San Francisco.

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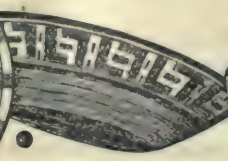
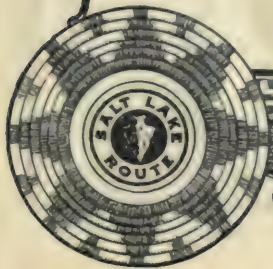
Side trip from Salt Lake City costs only \$45.00 for a four days' tour of the Park, seeing all important points of interest, and includes hotel accommodations.

A Through Sleeper from Yellowstone to Portland

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A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physician and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

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Your kitchen may be well planned—everything apparently handy—yet if there is not a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove in it, the one greatest convenience of all is lacking.

The "New Perfection" is a home and family stove—big enough and powerful enough to do all you'd ever ask a cooking-stove to do, and, best of all, it does its work without overheating the kitchen. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is built with a CABINET TOP just like a modern range. It is the most convenient stove ever made and is almost indispensable to summer comfort.

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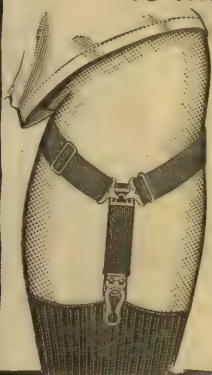
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The gardens of California contribute their finest, full-ripe tomatoes for this Catsup. Don't be satisfied with inferior catsups. Any dealer.

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The only oil that is really non-carbonizing, so pure, free and clear that it feeds regularly under all conditions of heat or cold. Made in the one grade only, which never varies—produced in only one place in the world—sold only under the name Zerolene.

Put up in cans with patent spout, that cannot be refilled—also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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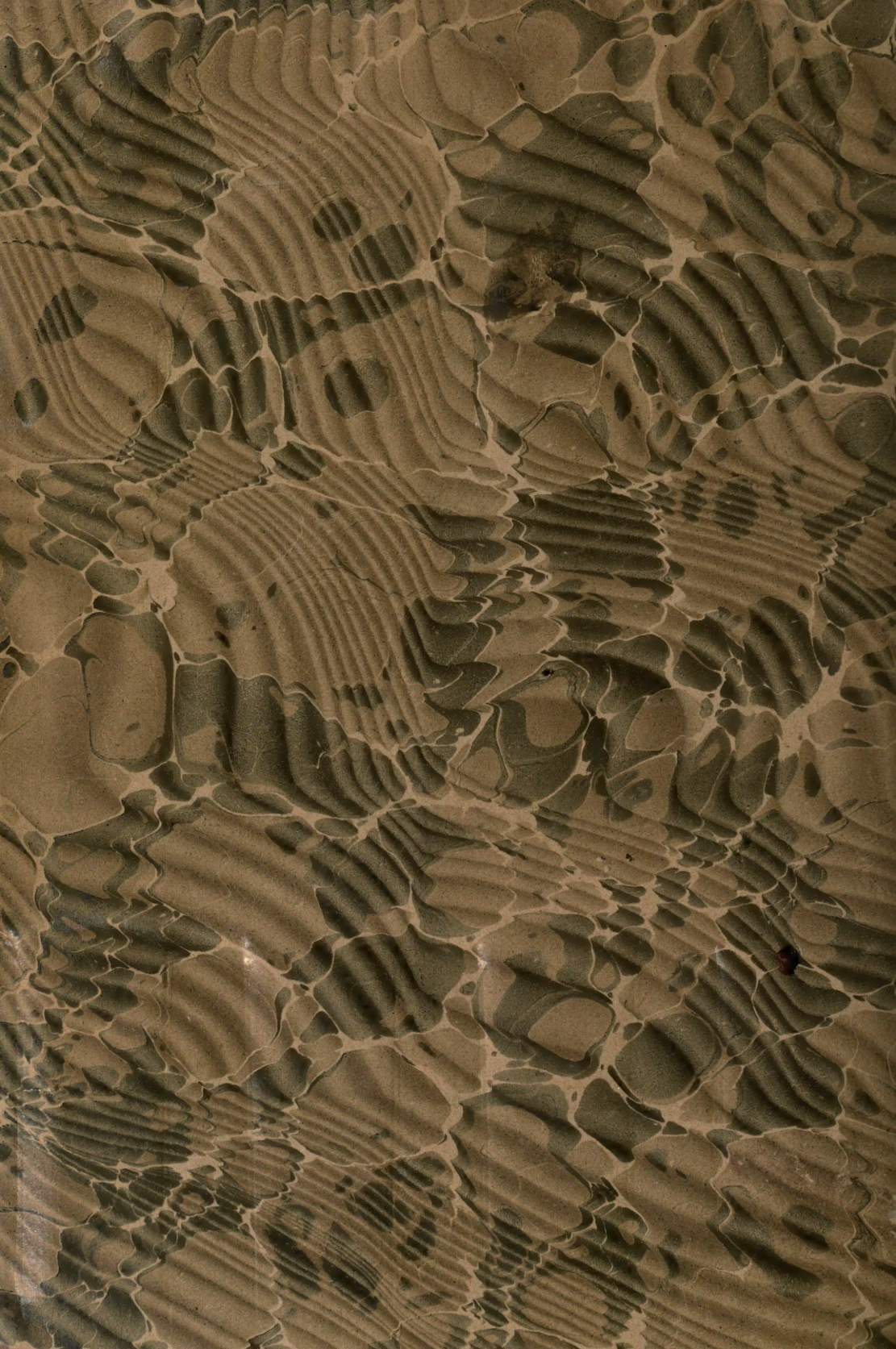
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have been established over 60 years. By our system of payment every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments









The background is a complex marbled pattern in shades of brown, tan, and cream, featuring organic, cell-like shapes and wavy lines. A diagonal strip of light brown, textured paper is pasted over the center-left portion of the image.

186479

